

# Nuthin On Ya

Gucci Mane

They ain't got nothin' on ya...  
They ain't got nothin' on ya (they ain't got nothin' on ya)  
I swear them hoes, they ain't got nothin' on ya  
That nigga broke, he ain't got nothin' for ya  
I swear these hoes, they ain't got nothin' on ya  
I fuck with you cause you're very loyal  
And you're so fine, you make my blood boil  
I have to go and get another lawyer  
She took the charge, they ain't got nothin' on her  
I swear to God they ain't got nothin' on her  
We in the airport, she got somethin' on her  
We ball out in the mall in California  
We might just pull up in twin Californians

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Hoes, ain't got nothin' on ya  
I think that shit just paranoia  
She think I'm with another woman  
Another woman that gon' keep me comin'  
Dirty hoes, they ain't got nothin' on ya

It's nothin' - claimin' y'all, but they bluffin'  
Come home and I hit it hard, and she give me head, that's concussion  
I'm stuntin' - OG kush what I'm puffin'  
In the club you know me, I'll spend it all,  
And my homies gon' get to bustin'  
Got a quarter million to spend  
Just came home from tour and I crushed it  
Just bought my wife a pair of glass shoes  
'Cause her ass thick as a pumpkin  
They ain't got nothin' on her  
She don't want no other niggas, she fuckin' with a stoner  
And if I'm up in this bitch then I'm probably with the owner  
Hella bottles, hella marijuana, anything you want, my niggas got it  
We got liquor, we got mollies,  
We got bitches tryin' to ride, takin' pictures  
We just standing on the couches, they could try but...

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I fuck with shorty 'cause she very loyal  
We can tie the night like Memphis and Toya  
I won't ignore you and I won't divorce you  
Let's have two girls to his column - Rose and Portia  
I respect that girl, I accept that girl  
I'll do everything I can to protect that girl  
If I could do it all again, would've kept that girl  
But I'm unhealthy for you baby, I fuck up your world

You your daddy's little girl, but you's a grown lady  
And I don't see it like he see it 'cause we not related  
We got faded at my spot, I swear we so wasted  
After the twelfth shot of Patron, I swear I can't even taste it

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