

Pretty Bitches

Gucci Mane

Ay yeah girl... ay yeah (Brrr, brrr, brrr, brrr) Gucci (brr-brr!)

The pretty bitches love me, them bitches love me I think them bitches
love that I'm a bottle popper
She caught up in my love triangle
I used to sell them things in triangles
And that was when I was in the eighth grade
Now I'm self made; and I'm high paid
Nigga you ain't even in my tax bracket
I'm pulling Gucci denim off the clothes racket
Gucci man, it's the Gucci crew
Brick Squad rappers, nigga who are you?
What it do nigga? What's poppin?
By them 30 next summer we droppin
We back again, yeah we back again
And we gotta win, she wanna be my friend

I pull up in that black and red Challenger
A com-pe-tition, where the challengers?!
I pull up in that 'Rari with them other ones
And thinkin 'bout it, I'm goin and gettin another one
Gucci Mane I run the land from Africa to Pakistan
Understand and overstand, Gucci Mane in Overland
What a fine ass yellow bonnnnnnnnnne
She got it goin on
Now I got so many chains on they don't know what's goin on
Find your number in my phone and don't know what be goin wrong
Find the number in my phone and don't know what be goin wronnnng
She had it goin on

Brr, brr, ay, lemme see, okay
A-T-L they know my name, Magic City throw some change
Flyest nigga in this bitch, and I don't even own no chain
Take yo' chick, with no complaints, she say my shit oh so great
And that's why she been feelin me.. and y'all got that novocaine
Go for mine, that ball shit, forced to rock 'til I'm nauseous
Stuck up when, she sober when, she rollin got no conscience
She OD's on Louboutin, she work at that nudie bar
Told her do it for the money, get your camera nudin on
Green we can all burn, 'til I am the highest man
Y'all a bunch of pussies, why the fuck y'all near the lion's den?
Paper planes, pilotin, Wale so attirin
Wale nekkid beatin gals you'd think I know Esiason
Burrrr!

[Chorus]