

## That's That

Gucci Mane

Whole lot of chains, don't let them get loose  
Sipping rich man juice that's a 4 wanna deuce  
All my cars they ain't got no roof  
And I'm pleading that guilty, they ain't got no proof  
Look in my closet, I ain't got no suits  
2 thousand dollar shirts, 4 thousand dollars boots  
Broke ass nigga ain't got no clue  
I'm so rich I can buy your troops  
Gucci going broke, you're a God damn fool  
Piss so bad, I'm a put it through school  
These rob niggas don't move like me  
When I move all the young niggas gonna move  
You can run up but what you gonna prove  
Gucci Mane put you on the God damn news

Whole lot of ice and a bunch of tattoos  
When you choose me baby, you know you can't loose

Baby got that back pack, and that's that  
Pocket got the fast stacks, and that's that  
Pull up in a what's that, and that's that  
Pull up in a what's that, and that's that  
If it's my show then the club packed, and that's that  
And you might not get your bitch back, and that's that  
Yeah I'm smoking on that loud pack, and that's that  
That droooow...

Got a bitch so bad, looking good with no pants  
Running down on the booth cause the bitch so bad  
Proceed on the jag, got her boyfriend mad, lined outside  
Bitch with the Georgia tats  
Smelling so bad she in all your hair  
Bossed up bitch she pluck your ass  
Red bottom heels and the matching package  
She riding around the city just dropping swag  
Real fat ass, take out of that, I gotta ask, I gotta ask  
Hunned yard dash for the cash I do  
Have a car so fast I lose your ass  
Hoe so bad that she got you blinded  
Kill you a cat, you should buy her diamonds  
All my life girl where you been?  
Bitch so fine, we move her in  
Hold up, stop, that devil trippin  
Last thing I need to do is move that bishop  
Yeah we good, and we're smooth  
What can I say baby, I'm a tycoon  
Gucci mane, I ain't for the job no boom  
But tell your girlfriend she can jump in too

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