

Gelato

Young Dolph

I got gelato in the air
I got money everywhere
This bitch blowing up my cell'
Broke her heart and I don't care
I got pretty bitches walking 'round in their underwear
Bells of kush that's all I sell
I fuck bitches by the pearl
They say he ain't playing fair
That boy that be fresh as hell
All this fucking ice all on me that bitch couldn't do none' but stare
I got gelato in the air
I got pistols everywhere
They say God don't like hate
I might send that boy to hell

Smoking on some shit that you can't get inside my 'rari
With a Barbie, yeah he young, and he rich and retarded
Sitting at the house and that just turned into a party
Got some bitches and some molly want a beef and I don't squash it
Old rapper from the other side of town was hating so I fucked his baby mama
now he sick, ya dig
In the club standing on top of shit and smoking gelato
Pouring up activist giving bitches gold bottles
Got a lot of scales, a lot of work
Lot of chains on, no shirt
I've been counting too much paper it got my hands hurt
I'm in the backseat laughing at the haters close the curtains

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I just left the bank, I do what you can't
I just drunk a paint, you should be ashamed
Your bitch gave me brain, in eternally
Heard you got a hit on me homie I hope they've got a good aim
I got on six chains, three big diamond rings
Trap nigga with a hundred mill later I'll still be the same
All I do is smoke weed, I'm covered up with double G's
The same room sold a hundred P's and had a threesome at the double G

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