

Soulja Boy f/ Gucci Mane, Yo Gotti

"Shoppin' Spree"

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[Intro] Soulja Boy tell 'em Ay, ay, ay, and your boy
(Young Gun) I got Yo Gotti in this motherfucker I got
Gucci Mane in this motherfucker [Chorus] Left ring ten
hundred cash, neck piece thirty grand Whip cost three
hundred grand, damn I'm on a shoppin spree Bracelet,
twenty bags, rims cost me five grand House cost five
hundred cash, damn I'm on a shoppin spree [Soulja
Boy] Ridin in a whip that don't release until 2010 Fifty
thousand dollars spent, just to make my rims spin Half
a million dollars spent on the house I live in Even more
spent, on the seat I sit my ass in Soulja Boy tell 'em
a/k/a the assassin Princess cuts, in my watch, like I
threw some glass in Damn, exclusive ish sent from
China If you lookin for me I'm probably in yo' girl's... I'm
lookin in the mirror tell me who's finer Bought a
Lamborghini didn't need a co-signer Ay~! What I spit
was just minor Every cut served Soulja Boy's headliner
Damn; now tell me you don't feel this Ay, you can't say
I'm just one hit Ay, are you .. are you serious? I'm quick
on track like +Fast and the Furious+ [Chorus]
[Interlude] I'm on a shoppin spree {*4X*} I'm on a
shoppin spree, I'm on a shoppin spree [Gucci Mane]
From a Cutlass to a Chevy, Chevy to a Lamborghini You
can't be me or see me unless you see me on TV I'm
shiny and greasy I wonder Stevie Wonder can see me
Necklace a jungle of VV, check my selectional pieces
Uhh, I got a stupid collection you see Chain worth a
milli you silly really a milli and twenty Huh, man I pass
out fifties and twenties I pass out fifties and twenties I
pass out hundreds & fifties We make more money than
chemists doctors and lawyers The dentist chemist the
doctors the lawyer money together couldn't get'cha
into a Garraro 160, drop, top 120 House like a million
and three, do the truck sixty-three G's Old schools a
hundred a piece, that cost me seventy-five G's Sixty-
five actually but my rims cost me ten of them thangs
Gucci, Yo Gotti the king, Soulja done did it again This is
team 82 G's, that be worth 82 ki's [Chorus] +
[Interlude] with variations [Yo Gotti] Money ain't the
option, let's give you a option You go to your stash
potnah an I'll come out my pockets Two hundred

hundreds, that like twenty grand Jus enough for me to
buy my bride a new band I'm like Soulja Boy tell 'em,
they think that I'm playin Or come down hurr to
Tennessee and see that I'm the man Ain't talkin 'bout
no rappin, I'm talkin bout that trappin I'm talkin 'bout
that brick I'll ram it straight up pistol package Ring
piece two thousand grand, neck piece four thousand
grand 'Fin to cop a Chevy but instead I went and
copped a Lamb' Whoo! Took yo' {bitch} on a shoppin
spree Gucci dis, Prada that, I think that {hoe} in love
with Ain't got security, I keep lots of thugs with me We
call them goons, cause I rock lots of jewlery Cocaine
everything, who the {fuck} ain't feelin me? Gun
powder on the market, realest {nigga} in the streets
[Chorus] + [Interlude]

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