

Gucci Mane "Big Guwap"

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(Verse)

Bitch get out of my over, my motherfuckin apartment Damn, I got dope all on garment Cookin dope and trust tree, move the trap to south LA Now IA'm lean, gretcher housin, money pilin, money pilin All so fresh, donÂ't need a stylist I want a car, tinted windows Eye a cop, stop the mileage Stuffin bricks all in gumba Stuffin peas in the spare tier Gucci ainÂ't real, you a damn liar Save yo nigga a lot of fire IÂ'mma show you sucka niggas Wi Fi Serve more chicken than Popeye Strong clear Popeye One day I might die, but my song is on the strip fool That old schools got new schools, got one rule ÂdonÂ't cross me Red bottoms on my feet, course sliding the sparkly Baby, IÂ'm Spike Lee

(Hook)

All the purp, all the white All this grain, check out my flight Hope all night, nigga getting shot Man getting popped, big guwap Drop my top, suicide doors Boy no fools, they bought me a Rolls Money over hoes, recycling your clothes You niggas going broke, lÂ'm sure of my goals

(Verse)

In Mexico we cook up dope If a nigga broke, we sellin some I can see it in yo eyes that you niggas going broke Â'Cause you donÂ't got no president on you Bitches gone, your money getting low He used to buy bricks, I ainÂ't buyin no fool Money over bitches, canÂ't wipe no ho Money over everything, canÂ't go broke We blowin gas, smoking on slights Place your order, IÂ'll be there over night IÂ'm talkin private planes Hunnid bricks of white Still a young nigga, I live a mob life (LetÂ's go!)

(Hook)

All the purp, all the white All this grain, check out my flight Hope all night, nigga getting shot Man getting popped, big guwap Drop my top, suicide doors Boy no fools, they bought me a Rolls Money over hoes, recycling your clothes You niggas going broke, lÂ'm sure of my goals

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