

Gucci Mane "Long Money"

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Chorus

Jacuzzi on the roof, ugly hoes don't get the time of day
Cheifin on some teefa smell the reefa from a mile away
Pistol in my coupe, try my troops you'll get blown away
Gucci Mane got long money, bitch, that's all I gots to
say
Gucci Mane got long money, that's what them bitches
say [x3]
I aint even gotta talk my money conversates

Verse 1

Bitches think I got a money tree, I drown the bitch with
money
Ferrari with them bumble bees, Four Giovanna sittin up
under it
"How many karats in that bracelet, baby?" I think about
200
Plus I hit the club with 50k lets keep this shit 100
I got a couple houses several spouses in my pent
house smoking ounces
Came up selling keys and ounce, half a pound watch
golden brown
My pants sag grams weigh em down, usta catch the
train and go downtown
Just to walk around and window shop now I shut the
mall down in every town
Everytime that I hit the scene fresher then I wanna be
Cover of the magazines, back of the limousines
Stacks in my denim jeans, hoes gon remember me
Fo' fifty eight ship to me from italy, six 12 sittin outside
the facilities
911 Gucci's ice game killing me
Came along way from drug dealing, waking up rich is a
great feeling
Couple mill stashed for my grandchildren
Just hand counted me a coo' half million
Up on em, pull up on em, like a bird drop low and shit
on em
Pissed em, spit on em, Tell them haters Gucci got rich
on em

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Verse 2

Every city I make magic, I make money disappear (abra
kadabra)
Cause it's a tragedy how clear these diamonds blingin
in my ear
It's so many wanna marry me, I'm married to the game
Cocaine put me in position, swagga brought me outta
frame
I need accountants to help me count it, Rolls Royce I
mount it
Corvette painted candy, drop the top that bitch is
crowning
Houses in Zone 6, All my niggas Hustlas, and robbers
don't fuck with us
Niggaz better off fucking with Angel Dust
I'm racked up like a pool table Stay draped up in Purple
Label
Drink purple drank, smoke purple weed, got a purple
car and long paper
Everyday thank the lord that I wake Everyday live it like
it's my last day
Shine so bright rock stupid ice More karats in my chain
then a carrot cake
Money shout he running out, I'm bustin out can't close
the vault
Aint my fault it's yo fault, nobody stay here this my
money house
Stash house stocked up try fuck shit get chopped up
I'm rocked, stay blocked up, aint locked up, but I'm
gwapped up

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Guy talks...

Chorus

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