

Gucci Mane **"Mo Money"**

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(Oj Da Juiceman)

Ayyyyyyyy

So icy entertainment(2x)

Young juice

Ayyy producing pitburg, boy ayyy, oh 8 2 rida, where
my h2o rida, ohh aint that rhyme? So ICY

ENTERTAINMENT!.

(Gucci Mane)

Boy hot boy, I think I need I side jump, don't hit me on
that sidekick, cause I don't need a dodgecharge, Shy
turkie turkie, bake it ass with yo wife cook me, fold it in
your favorite chair, now she got some good pussy, red
pussy, throw that pussy, get money, high money,
shawty getting good money, what they got a big
diamond?

Young money, fun money, naw this aint young money,
sign you in a friction boy, juice got his own money, SO
ICY E.N.T, gucci got his own company, ball money, mall
money, yall making small money, bite on my lyrics
nigga, think it's yo money, blow money, dro money dro
money, mo money, flow money, mo money

Gucci Gucci Juicemane (haha) ya niggaz aint gettin no
money man

I'm on my C.E.O shyt right now mane, what it do
juicemane?

You know we got 60 dollar weekend?quarter a months,
million a quart, that's crazy man, 3-04 man, you know
what I mean, my niggaz know what I'm talking about,
h.r 4 chise sees rain, na what I mean, eight hundreds
so

Ima do me as low who the fuckin man, walking with a
waddle and we still popping bottles man, sex-in the
carbaby, girl bit my sex better, 9 mane mayweather,
but I wrote Keyshia a love letter(go) you aint baggy
baby babyshake yo bootyme, mane call nobody king
nigga I'm the king, in the pen for a murder I am not a

murder, nigga try to murder me, why I'm in the county for?

Shout out to my nigga Killer Mike for that body rock, set gucci mane chain, I'm a make your party-started, so icy boy packa boy, we can make party rough, rain T-pain don't try me with that sissy stuff sissy ass nigga, (ha!)

I am mr. P-E-R-F-E-C-T

Get on these nuts yea so icy boy, juciemán, I am mr. game root-pocket, I screw with american girls so icy ass, after this and this get off our fucking dicks, is GUCCIII!

(Hood rich bitch Hood rich)

I love trap girls, I don't want bus it baby, I don't have a bucket baby, wanna scare on my mercedez, stuck on glits on humma truck, go ride on my junie baby, think play with cha, go to our future Katy, they wanna a murder me, next thing you know my new nocatti, 4 5 in my pocketsscreen, I don't wanna hug nobody, see no evil hear no evil, later I see dead people, watch out scaring people so I call it mr. creeper creeper.

Boy hot I'm still stinging hot, I'm mr. perfect this the album, Gucci Mane mr. perfect, A plusses on our report card, on E.A on my father report

This the album baby, big shit poppin, I'm talking to you like it's a mixtape, you feel, I'm treat this shyt like a mixtape

Album shyt man, juiceman niggas so icy boys(Gucci King!)

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