Gucci Mane "Pretty Bitches"

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Hey, yeah, girl, hey, yeah Hey, yeah, girl, hey, yeah Hey, yeah, girl, hey, yeah Hey, yeah, girl, hey, yeah

These pretty bitches love me, them bitches love me These pretty bitches love me, them bitches love me I think them bitches love that I'm a bottle popper I think them bitches love that I'm a bottle popper

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She caught up in my love triangle I used to sell them things in triangle And that was when I was in the eighth grade Now I'm self made and I'm high paid

Nigga, you ain't even in my tax bracket I'm pulling Gucci denim off the clothes racket Gucci man, it's the Gucci crew Bricksquad Records, nigga, who are you?

What it do nigga, what's poppin'?
Find them early next summer we droppin'
We back again, yeah, we back again and we gotta win
She wanna be my friend

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I pull up in that black and red challenger

A competition where the challengers
I pull up in that 'Rrari with the other one
And thinking about goin' and gettin' another one

Gucci Man, I wander right from Africa to Pakistan Understand and over stand, Gucci man in overland What a fine ass, yellow bone, she got it going on

Now I got so many chains, no, they don't know what's going on

Found her number in my phone and don't know what be going wrong

Found her number in my phone and don't know what be going wrong

She had it going on

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Easier they know my name, magic city, throw some change

Flyest nigga in this, bitch and I don't even own no chain Take your chick with no complaint, she say my shit, oh, so great

And that's why be she feeling me, yeah, I got that Novacaine

Go for my debauch shit, forced to rock till I'm nauseous Stuck up when, she sober when she rollin', got no conscious

She owe these now Louis Vuitton, she work at that nudi bar

Thought they do it for the money, get your camera [Incomprehensible]

Dream, we can all burn till I am the highest, man Y'all a bunch of pussies, why the fuck I need an alias then?

Paper planes piloting, why your seller tiring [Incomprehensible]

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