

## Gucci Mane

### "Smooches"

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No Ceilings..

O-Ok, I got this chrome on this Bugatti  
I'm strong in this Bugatti  
Two v8's ain't no such thing as driving calm in this  
Bugatti  
Bitch I'm bad  
I'm worse  
I pass the purp  
Don't fuck with me 'cause right now I'm higher than  
Cap-tain Kirk  
I swear I be the sickest nigga, You can ask the nurse  
And if you throw it in the bag, I bet I'll snatch her purse  
Ok I spazz, I curse  
You last, I'm first  
I'm on your ass- like dirt  
Behind that cash- get murked  
I'm talkin' big shit nigga- join my hitlist nigga  
What's the matter? Check your bladder, I'm the shit-  
piss nigga  
Shoot the witness, nigga  
Whole court in the streets  
And convict this nigga  
Oh, dickless nigga  
Man I'm runnin' with the blucka  
Young money motherfucka  
You think we gon' do our thing?  
Well ain't it sunny in the summer?  
And we coming for the commas  
And whoever among us  
And you know Imma bust my ass until my crew very  
humongous  
I said T.I. hold ya head  
And Mack hold ya head  
Wish I could, but I can't say some other names 'cause  
of the feds  
And to my bloods- cold red  
Man you know how we plead  
And if it cost to be the boss, oh well, I guess I gotta pay  
I-I'm a New Orleans nigga, I don't take no shit  
Take the brain off the whip, now it don't make no sense

Stunt hard on these bitches, I ain't promise tomorrow  
Now when they kicking it wit me, like Nomar  
Garciparra  
Flute rollin', killin' plants, the lil shop of horror  
And we roll them bitches thick- make 'em look like  
Toccara (Jones)  
Man I'm too much for these niggas, and three much for  
these hoes  
The World is in my hands, and I keep my hands closed

I love my baby mommas, they get my highest honor  
Gotta take care o' them kids, Man I know you heard  
Obama  
And I live on an island, Atlantic in my backyard  
I just tell my pilot- to land it in my backyard  
Quarterback- shotgun, you don't get any sack yards  
Bitch, I ball hard, breakin' all the backboards  
Pretty-boy Floyd, step up- I will crack yours  
And even at the White House, we pull up at the back  
doors

Walk around, like I'm thirty feet tall  
Tiger Woods- All these hoes tryna birdie these balls  
And the Porche 911, like emergency calls  
Man, I just be chillin', I'm cool like Lou Rawls  
Young money in the building, I'm puttin' up new walls  
Nigga, take your Mrs. Officer- and set some new laws  
My flow is like rubbin' two logs  
Young mula we the new shit, and new drawers  
(Uh) Now get off my dick- I ain't fuckin' witcha  
Watch me shoot to the bank, I'm a money pistol  
Weezy beat the beat up, like Sonny Liston  
Redbone do me good, then I friend her sister  
I mean a bitch, she never met her best friend or sister  
I leave her pussy microsoft like Windows Vista  
Young tunche, pop that coochie for a goon, hoe  
Bullet in you boy's memory, now you act like you dunno  
East side who I do it for- Eagle Street, right by the store  
Katrina wiped the city out- but couldn't fuck with  
Hollygrove  
Lost some real niggas, I knew from a long time ago  
But heaven or hell, I hopin' that they be where Imma go  
Take a nigga gal, and make her come give me a  
private show  
Still long hair, don't care, like a Navajo  
I'm the hardest shit- go in your ass and search  
I smash this verse, and I swag and surf

No Ceilings.  
(Hahaha.)

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