

Gucci Mane

"White Girl Feat. Esther Dean"

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Yeah, Hey!

Gucci always talkin bout he love somebody- he don't love nobody! (nuh uh)

Hey, matter of fact, nigga you owe me some money don't you?

Lemme hear you holler ???

Get Money!!

In a Benz, wit a spoiler kit, wit my spoiler chick, yellow diamonds on my neck and wrist, match this yellow bitch

She a trip, shawty she the shit, she know she the shit. if u don't buy her what she want then she throw a fit!

she a bitch, shawty mean as shit, but she super thick
And she act, silly like a git, give her candy sticks
she a pit! make her flip a brick, make her sick a chick-
since a chick, i been slingin dick, gucci mane the shit

i met a girl named suzie, i let her join my group-
i know she's not her groupie, so i let her in my coupe
i snatched her in my fenda while i stashed her in my tire

suzie is a money maker, but that bitch a liar
suzie rollin oh eight wire and what that girl on fire
pull us over down the road? as if she had some priors
ten bricks in my car, shawty singin like mariah, singin
like the choir, better yet singin like mya, bitch

well my name is Suzie, and Gucci think i love him
That sucker think i'm loyal, but i fucks wit all the hustlers

I be wit all the ballers, I be at all the spots
I might be in your kitchen nigga, cookin wit your pots

Chorus:

I think I love her
Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you dont' love me!
I think I love her

Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you don't love me!
I know I love her!
Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you don't love me!
I know I love her!
Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you don't love me!
I think I love her,

????

She sweet but keep, keep
she stains her eye ring,
two piece, she dime piece, in jeans they dead meat
She sweet, she so beat?,
she reek wit good teeth, two jobs she get G's, her
dates are my treat
How neat, she loves to eat
We eat! Bon Appetite
We speak, she so neat, and like me, she so me?

nigga, I weighs pop, but i, run the block,
this bitch is so hot, my click, i close shop
my wrist, froze wit rocks, i cop all the drops
i fold all the knots, expose the have-nots
my hoes pose wit pops, like young goldie locks, we got
white boulgung rocks, sip locks stock to cop
we never close this shop, we have it steamin hot
i'm suzie several glocks
a click clack p-pop pop

Chorus:

I think I love her
Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you dont' love me!
I think I love her
Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you don't love me!
I know I love her!
Nigga you don't love me,
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Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you don't love me,
Nigga you don't love me!

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