

Gucci Mane "You Gon Love Me"

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(Intro: DJ Scream & Verse Simmonds)

Baby you gon love me See I know yall ladies Baby you gon love me

Yall used to fuckin with just us

Baby you gon love me

But you ever fucked with a trap god before?

(Hook: Verse Simmonds)

We ainÂ't lookin at the price tag, fuck that

Baby if you like that, you get that You gon love me, you gon love me You gon love me, you gon love me See I got enough to get yo life right

Money make you come, we gon be fuckin all night

You gon love me, you gon love me You gon love me, you gon love me

(Verse: Gucci Mane)

I canâ't lie, lâ'm into you

Baby what you finna do?

Yea IÂ'm on some other shit

My hoes donÂ't wear no tennis shoes

I put you on the money, baby roll with me you never lose

lÂ'll take you to a island, fly you places you ainÂ't never been

Every dayÂ's a business move, your boyfriend tighter than a drum

IÂ'm richer than the average nigga, baby I wouldnÂ't lie to you

When I say you fine as fuck, baby girl I ainÂ't tryna flatter you

But yo boyfriend is a rainbow and he tryin to overshadow you

Gucci Mane splatter you, IÂ'm the one she walkin to IÂ'm sippin Absolute, I change the longitude and latitude

Bitch show me some gratitude, wussup with this attitude?

You mad these bitches jockin me, they met me Â'cause

IÂ'm jockin you

(Verse: Verse Simmonds)

(Hook: Verse Simmonds)
We ainÂ't lookin at the price tag, fuck that
Baby if you like that, you get that
You gon love me, you gon love me
You gon love me, you gon love me
See I got enough to get yo life right
Money make you come, we gon be fuckin all night
You gon love me, you gon love me
You gon love me, you gon love me

I got that Rolex, morn sex, big dick, 4x Sodomize you in the bedroom, got you seeing something, itÂ's iTunes Then hit the rest of this bottle, get fucked up and I got you We gon tear them up, the baller call up, choppa tellin you a wife Soon as you hit the door they gon Kodak, expensive shit and they know that I keep you fly like you on that Louie always in contact Some say I score you but I canÂ't afford to We getting money, we getting money 10-17 and itÂ's time to Turn up, roll out, burn up til lÂ'm so stuck Poppin bands, I got Rollies Fuckin nigga so lonely ItÂ's whatever you like yea, itÂ's whatever you like Just know you shop til you drop and we gonna fuck yea tonight

(Hook: Verse Simmonds)
We ainÂ't lookin at the price tag, fuck that
Baby if you like that, you get that
You gon love me, you gon love me
You gon love me, you gon love me
See I got enough to get yo life right
Money make you come, we gon be fuckin all night
You gon love me, you gon love me
You gon love me, you gon love me

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