

Hurricane Chris

"Guped Up"

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(Intro)

Work it work it work it

(Hook)

I'm in the club, you know wussup
Get money over here, we be guaped up
Get money over here, we be guaped up
Get money over here, we be guaped up
If I'm in the club you know wussup
Get money over here, we be guaped up
Get money over here, we be guaped up
Get money over here, we be guaped up

Big money, I make that
Yall boys ain't ballin, show me where your cake at
She got a body like a goddess
Droppin it, slidin down that pole, she go the hardest
Killin the whole party
Plus she got her own money, she be pushin the farrin
So tell the DJ to put this on replay
I'm pinnin money on er, you would think it was her b-day
B-day, with a back like that
I might as well throw a few racks yea
Bust it open, in your crack
Halley Pack, Hurricane, it's a wrap
I told er work it work it work it
From belly man that ass look perfect
Big bucks over here, hunnid dollar bills
Shorty whisperin in my ear, say she on the pill
Yea, I'm bout to take er to the room
Real live shit, no this ain't a cartoon
Now she say she wanna put it on me
I just hope lil mama notice she dealin with a beast
Hurricane

(Hook)

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(Verse)

Make it pop girl, go stupid
Don't stop, I'm lovin the way you do it
Bend it over like that, keep movin
Laid back like a mack I'm the coolest
Rubber band full of money,
Finna shut the club down, ain't a damn thing funny
Yall boys threw a whole lot of junk change
I got dough so I'm bout to make it hurricane
Shake it like you got, ass baby ass
You can leave with me tonight but I can't be your man
Let me see you get loose as I deuce
While I get my lean on, yea I'm sippin that juice
So tell me what you really wanna do
Baby put yo clothes on, we could leave in that coupe
Hundred racks in a black backpack, I'm the truth
Make the roof disappear on my car like poof
Haters mad cuz they not us
They ain't even gotta fake cuz I'm really guaped up
Guess guess who's back in a big black truck
Yea she came here with you but she leavin with us
Hurricane

(Hook)

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