

Soulja Boy

"Guala"

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Stacks on deck, Soulja boy tell em
Big bank roll, pull up to the scene
And I'm stunting on them hoes
Big bank roll, pull up to the scene
And I'm stunting on them hoes
I'm all about my guala, guala, guala, guala, guala
I'm all about my guala, guala, guala, guala, guala
I'm all about my guala, guala, guala, guala, guala
I'm all about my guala, guala,
Yeah I pop my collar, take your girlfriend, man you
know I make her holler
On the highway in that Lamborghini throttle
Bees, stash, cash boy, and 100 on my collar
Got my chains on, and I got my shades on
Got my rings on and then my thangs on
I come through the hood and they say wassup soulja
Yeah I already know, I thought that I done told ya
You know I took over, 50 on that dashboard, all these
fucking bricks
I can make her bad boy, soulja boy I flicks
Off the top with 10 chains, bitch, vip, it's that money
gang

I'm all about my guala, guala, guala, guala, guala
I'm all about my guala, guala, guala, guala, guala
I'm all about my guala, guala, guala, guala, guala
I'm all about my guala, guala, x 2

You know I'm bout my guala, guala, guala, guala
I'm all about my guala, guala, guala, guala, guala
I'm all about my guala, guala, guala, guala, guala

I'm all about my guala, I'm all about my fetty
I manage streets grind yeah, you know I hustle heavy
A hunned on my chain, you already know the name
Soulja boy, sb's, I'm bumping out the frame
I had to drop the wire, you know I'm stupid fly
They see me in the club and they know that I'm that guy
Kicking pimping in the hood just like a samurai
Soulja boy tell em, I'm turnt up, to the sky
A hunned on my bracelet, I'm all about my guala

I'm up in the mall, 500 on my collar
I'm in the Gucci store, they know it's soulja b
I make it look easy, I'm repping this so deep

I'm all about my guala, guala, guala, guala, guala
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I'm in love with chanel, all these gold rings on my
finger you can tell
I walk inside the Versace store, I'm buying all the belts
I need the duffle strap and I need that Louie strap, lego
I'm posted on the wallâ€true religion jeans and them
bosses on my draws
Soulja boy I pose, sittin on the wall, got a Bentley with a
v12 in the call
Bet you know what it is bitch, you ain't fucking with my
campaign
When we hit the club you know we popping champagne
All in my belt there's lightâ€fitted
They can't get my city, tell them niggas get with me
I'm all about my fitty.

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