

Trai D "Gutta Bitch"

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Dats why I love her
She my gutta bitch gotta gutta bitch [x2]
Dats my gutta bitch [x3]
I-i-i love her
She my gutta bitch gotta gutta bitch [x2]
[She badd] dats my gutta bitch [x3] [badd]

[Verse 1]

Sassy and she classy, fly and she flash it
Gutta, dats my gutta bitch, badd and she nasty
Don't be beefin wit me, she say you beefin wit her
You say you brawlin with me, den she be beatin you up
Plus she aint scared of nothin,
Ridin and she bustin, fightin and we fussin but we
endin up fuckin
She gutta and I love her, break bread got her covered,
That's a bet like a brother, same set same color,
She badd as she wanna be, and that's real talk,
And I can tell you what she gonna be, down for her
nigga
Money over bitches, she got me breakin all the rules,
Ballin out for her ass, my niggas tell me imma fool,
Don't trip, not at all cuz money aint a thang,
She breaking bread too, and her friends say the same,
Plus she hate suckin dick but she do it for me,
Expecting nothing in return, which is real as can be

[Chorus] [x2]

Dats why I love her
She my gutta bitch gotta gutta bitch [x2]
[She badd] dats my gutta bitch [badd] [x3]
I-i-i love her
She my gutta bitch gotta gutta bitch [x2]
[She badd]dats my gutta bitch [x3] [badd]

[Verse 2]

Outfit pricey, don't she look icy,
Gutta as it gets yea I like my chicks fiesty,
Always tryna fight me, I don't fight back,
Cuz she hangs up all mad then she calls me right back.
Look she wanna be my wifey, poppin rubberbands,
A beat downs likely if u push up on her man,

I don't think you understand she'll do it on tha double,
Tha baddest little chick I can't kep her out of trouble,
And when she hit me up, I put it down on her,
My calculator girl I can always count her,
Soon as I catch a case she gets a.d.d.
Cause when laws come around look she aint seen me,
All her purses gucci, coach, or they prada,
All her shades louis, dolce, and gabanna.
It get crazy when she jealous she callin by tha hour,
But damn that's why I love her don't know what I'll do
without her.

[Chorus] [x2]

Dats why I love her

She my gutta bitch gotta gutta bitch [x2]

[She badd] dats my gutta bitch [badd] [x3]

I-i-i love her

She my gutta bitch gotta gutta bitch [x2]

[She badd] dats my gutta bitch [x3] [badd]

[Verse 3]

We can eat at finer places, but she satisfied with fast
food,

Attitude is dat coo, but bitchy when in bad mood,

Thick standing 5"2, titties wit an ass too,

Tat on her tittie, got my name for a tattoo,

Riding through the city, I'd rather be with no one else,

Cause She Bumpin on my music, like she wrote the shit
herself,

She don't tolerate that bullshit, and I don't do the
same,

She'll give it to a heter, who talkin bad about my name,

I love her and I'll tell you that, I love ya, aint shit,

Gon n ask her how she feel and she'll say the same
shit,

Groupies Holla and she know that, and that's every
damn event,

I keep it real wit her ass, and that's 100 percent,

Niggas holla and I know dat, dats what I expect,

But I trust her like she trust me, so she always come
correct,

I can tell you all about her, but I doubt you'll understand

If you got you one too then nigga raise ya damn hands

[Chorus] [x2]

[Chorus] [x2]

I-i-i love her

She my gutta bitch gotta gutta bitch [x2]

[Badd] dats my gutta bitch [x3]

I-i-i love her

She my gutta bitch gotta gutta bitch [x2]

Dats my gutta bitch [x3] [badd]

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