

BIGA*RANX**"Gutta Love"**

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Listen...

Because she blond bad and sublime
She got her pictures in the magazines
Elementary she's gonna be queen
Pumpum nice so tight and clean

When she sex and flex and press her bress
Ina the tights jeans
Pop up the cherry from outta the ice cream
Gal you pretty like the sun upon the mountain top
I love your face your feet, your hips, your lips,
Your teeth your knees you look so sweet
I see your sihlouette when my eyes lips drop
I love your eyes your ears your smile your tears
I swear that I'got love my dear

Tell me tell me what a make bad so
You got to tell me where you learn to buss a wine so
Even if sometime I see the danger in your eyes
For real it breaks my heart when I see that girl cry

I love to love you love you baby long time
Our story come again yes ah rewind
Remember when we met yes ah ghetto time
Remember when we met yes ah gutta time
You call it
Gutta gutta love gutta love
Gutta gutta love gutta love
Call it
Gutta gutta love pure ghetto love
Gutta gutta gutta love
Pure ghetto love

Gal you got a glock ina your eye ball
And you know you could a wine untill the night fall
You made out of gold like an "chiney doll"
So I want to share my life with you untill the final
Mi go so please lord god bless mi bad gal
She iron my shirt and cook the ital

Her favorite dj like me is called I roy
So I put my fingers on her like an I pad

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For mi love you in the gutta gal mi love you any place
Could be castle could be palace could be london could
be paris
Remember romantic moments watchin'the gansters
and the
Police
Inspiration from the chalice make you wonder like alic

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