

Trai'd "Gutta Bitch Remix"

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That's why I love her-
She my gutta' bitch.
Gotta' gutta' bitch.
She my gutta' bitch.
Gotta' gutta' bitch.
That's my gutta' bitch- that's my gutta' bitch- that's my
gutta' bitch.

That's why I love her- she my gutta' bitch.
Yeah!
Gotta' gutta' bitch.
Yeah!
She my gutta' bitch.
Yeah!
Gotta' gutta' bitch.
Yeah!
She bad- that's my my gutta' bitch.
Yeah!
Bad- that's my my gutta' bitch.
Yeah!
Bad- that's my my gutta' bitch.
Yeah!
Gotta' gutta' bitch.

I- I love her- she my gutta' bitch.
Aye!
Gotta' gutta' bitch.
She my gutta' bitch.
Gotta' gutta' bitch.
She bad- that's my my gutta' bitch.
Bad- that's my my gutta' bitch.
Bad- that's my my gutta' bitch.
Aye!
Gotta' gutta' bitch.

Verse 1

Aye, say-
Where all my gutta' chicks at?
Where my peeps fly?
From Florida to Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana-
Missouri do ya' hear me- they some bad mamajamas.
From Texas to Oklahoma- Mississippi got it bad.

I been all across the globe and I can tell you where they
at.

Let me see the Carolinas- carry some of the finest little
baddest and the hottest-

Got a body of a goddess.

I'm back and with the best-

Best!

And I put that on everything-

Curly- Ace- Bun B- Trina- an' Hurricane!

Verse 2

(Inaudible)

Ain't nobody got to ask her who she wit- five hundred
g's and I need good homes.

And I had to get a 4-1-1 900 before I let her get a
number to my phone-

I'm so cold even if my gutta' chicken ain't got no
pockets- her pockets are on swoll.

She brangin' protection and snappin' on whoever look
at her wrong.

I don't be trippin' she handle all her business like she
grown.

When I get visits from other chickens she don't thank
that I'm wrong.

I suppose, she don't like it when I'm away too long.

That's why I love her- she my gutta' bitch.

Gutta'!

Gotta' gutta' bitch.

Gutta'!

She my gutta' bitch.

Gutta'!

Gotta' gutta' bitch.

Gutta'!

She bad- that's my my gutta' bitch.

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Bad- that's my my gutta' bitch.

Aye!

Gotta' gutta' bitch.

Verse 3: Trina

Uh huh- Trina- yea.

I'm help my nigga go an get this cheese-

Gutta' chick- that's right, that's me.

Ova' the stove- cookin' dem bricks.

Fuck the Feds- don't snap, no clicks...

I'mma ride or die till the wheels fall off.

And if he get caught- I'mma pay the cost.

He's the boss and I'm his chick- and I'mma do whateva'
so we stay rich.

Feds askin'- tryin' to build him a case-

Tell 'em 'Gutta' gutta' better get out my face!'

Interrogating- I ain't with that.

Like I'm dumb, say 'Yea, I sling that.'

I don't know jack and I'm no rat- ain't did shit and if I
did then prove that.

3-0-5 I'm that chick and I'mma ride (inaudible).

Verse 4

I like dem G-U-T-T-A- she move dem bricks let me get
that K.

And she bad gotta see her shape- gotta see her face-
don't fuck wit fake.

Bet it all dog- my bitch don't play- look at dem tattoos
on her face.

Bitch got a problem- catch a case- fuck that mink she
tot dem K's.

It could free up everyday just to weave it up in braids.

Get her toes and nails done- gotta' show dem bitches
self-made.

She's so G-U-T-T-A- roll that dope and blow for days.

Got a whip on 26 with a Halle Berry face-

And uh-

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Gutta'!

Gotta' gutta' bitch.

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Gotta' gutta' bitch.

Verse 5

She a bad little boppa'- a real show stoppa'.

I love when she drop herself to da floor an pop up.

Back to the beat- movein' fasta' than a choppa'.

I betcha she could break a trill playa' off propa'.

About to get up on it shawty- ain't no hesitating.

I been lookin' at ya' body all night and I been waitin'.

I see dem boys standin' on the sidelines hatein'- I

rather 1 and 8 an watch'em all start skatein'.

It's U-G-K for life- all I beat is sweet dome.

Now pop it for da pimp- go get your boogie on.

I'm all about the dome like an old school strobe.

So all gutta' chicks get down on da dance flo'.

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Bad- that's my my gutta' bitch.

Aye!

Gotta' gutta' bitch.

I love her.

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