

Trai'd "Gutta Chick"

Visit "[Gutta Chick](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[verse 1]

sassy and she classy, fly and she flashy
gutta, dats my gutta bitch, badd and she nasty
dont be beefin wit me, she say you beefin wit her
you say you brawlin with me, bitch 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,
thats a bet like a brother, same set same color,
plus she badd as she wanna be, and thats 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,
dont 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, boy she 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, dont she look icy,
gutta as it gets yea i like my chicks fiesty,
always tryna fight me, i dont 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 dont think you understand she'll do it on tha double,
tha baddest little chick i cant 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 thats why i love her dont know what ill do
without her.

[chorus]x2
dats why i love her
she my gutta bitch gotta gutta bitchx2
[she badd] dats my gutta bitch[badd]x3
i-i-i love her
she my gutta bitch gotta gutta bitchx2
[she badd]dats my gutta bitchx3[badd]

[verse 3]
we can eat at finer places, but she satisfied with fast
food,
attitude is dat coo, but bitchy when in bad moods,
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,
bumpin up my music, like she wrote the shit herself,
she dont tolerate that bullshit, and i dont do the same,
she'll give it to a hater, who talkin bad about my name,
i love her and i'll tell you that,i love ya, aint shit,
gon ask her how she feel i bet she'll say the same shit,
groupies holla and she know that, and thats every
damn event,
i keep it real wit her ass, and thats 100 percent,
niggas holla and i know dat, dats what i expect,
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 bitchx2
[badd] dats my gutta bitchx3
i-i-i love her
she my gutta bitch gotta gutta bitchx2
dats my gutta bitchx3[badd]

Visit [Trai'd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.