

THE DOLLARS

Gucci Hucci

Gucci Hucci selling coochie
Never met my father
Call my guy my motherfucker
If he thinks that he can holler
I don't do it for the followers
I do it for the dollars

I do it for the dollars (2x)

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Give it all motherfucker
Come on, kill all us
Smoke in the pit for marijuana
And he is a goner
Come on with the guns
Gonna close my eyes

All you see is bright lights
Ski mask, piss and hit with the motherfuckers
Go to sleep fast
Wake up in gucci
Can I have my teeth back?
Hit him in the head again, tell him 'relax'

Everytime I hit em back, that's real class
Everytime I hit the pole, that's free cash
And I'll drop it low like a throwback
And I smoke so much, I need a smoke stash

Pull it, spark it, hit it, hold that
So much money on me, I can't even hold that
And I'm shopping, the only place I show can

And I'm thinking about picking up a guy again
And I'm kicking it with an American Ashley
Pop a molly with them all, get nasty
Epiphany up in the rolls, fat stackies

Coughing, so damn high I can't sleep
And I'm so damn high that I can't speak
And I'll stay that high all damn week
Fantastic, girl, that's me!
Get em hooked like motherfucking toxines
Got em so sick they'll need vaccines
And I'm up all night no caffeine

And the emotional is magic
And the Da Vinci is classic
Wanna touch my ass? But you ain't got cash?
You'll be brushing from that slashing

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Really think she must've died
Choose one, drunk all night on rum, vrum vrum
I'm the only one who seems to get the job done
And I'm back from the dead like God's son
And I'm talking bout Brett, raw bits
In the back of the head, point blank
Throw him off the ledge, like bang bang
Sew em like thread, on the dank dank

And I gotta thank Keisha for everything
Come back like an all black boomerang
Call me Cat Woman, no Anne Hathaway
Gonna compensate on that a' way

Then I hop in the cab, that's a gettaway
And I did the same shit just yesterday
I'm the boss today, I'll be the boss tomorrow
Then hit them in the chest with the holotrip
And I never borrow shit, I got the goods in the bank
Then I'll fill it back up with the good shit

Then I might do a twirl on that fat dick
Don't you know I got that motherfucking magic?
Piss and drink is a must, call me, name by blank
He told me all the secrets, I just had to go and break
Everybody loves me like they love Raymond
And you know I keep it spice like I'm Cajun

Wet t-shirt covered in fregos
She gon' juggle all her dates, now there ya go
Let me take you on the snip of the yay-yo
Gotta motherfucking mountain on a ski-lo
Steve ballin', sipping on the hay-o
Puddin boy, got me thinking bout me hitting up the fray-o

Say he got the dough, and then he tried to bail
Cut him up, sent him to his mother in the mail

God forgive me, I got these dark forces in me
Hot like a fireplace
Smoking like a chimney
So many drugs in me, God, I swear I'm goin' Whitney
You know I keep that, fat bitch, and that fat dick,
with me at all times
Going to hell for doing this shit
Bitches was missing me, no, I'm still in this shit
Wanna run up on me, on my tums, so long bitch
I put a bullet in their head, make em go down with...

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Lyrics Submitted by babs

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