

I Think I Love Her

Gucci Mane

Yellow Benz wit a spoiler kit, wit my spoiler chick
Yellow diamonds on my neck and wrist, match this yellow bitch
She a trip, shawty she the shit, she know she the shit
If you don't buy her what she want then she throw a fit
She a bitch, shawty mean as shit but she super thick
And she act silly like a kid, give her candy stick
She a bit, make her flip a brick, make her sic a chick
Since legit, I've been swanging dick, Gucci Mane the shit
(Burr)

I met a girl name Susie, I let her join my group
I know she not a groupie, so I let her in my coupe
I snatched her in my fender while I stashed her in my tire
Susie is a money maker but that bitch a liar
Susie roll in '08 'Rari but that girl on fire
Pull us over calabroaty, said she had some pliers
Ten bricks in my car, shawty singing like Mariah
Singing like the choir, better yet singing like Mya
(Bitch)

Well, my name is Susie and Gucci think I love him
That sucka think I'm loyal but I fucks with all the hustlas
I be wit all the ballas, I be at all the spots
I might be in yo' kitchen nigga cooking with yo' pops
I think I love her
I think I love her
I know I love her
I know I love her
I think I love her

Soulja Boy, man, polo thug
I think I love this girl, man, huh, why?
She sweet but keep, keep, she stings her eye ring
Two piece, she dime piece and jeans, they dead meat
She sweet, she so deep, she reap with good teeth
Two jobs, she get cheese, her dates, are my treat
How neat, she loves to eat, we eat bon app

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