

Gucci Gucci (K Theory Remix)

Kreayshawn

(One big room full of bad bitches) And we stunting like
Gucci Gucci, Louis Louis, Fendi Fendi, Prada
Basic bitches wear that shit so I don't even bother Gucci Gucci, Louis Louis, Fendi Fendi, Prada
The basic bitches wear that shit, so I don't even bother
I put that on my partner, I put that on my family
Oakland city represent, address me as your majesty
Yeah you can kiss the ring, but you can never touch the crown
I smoke a million Swisher blunts and I ain't never coming down
Bitch, you ain't no Barbie, I see you work at Arby's
Number 2, super-sized, hurry up I'm starving
Gnarly, radical, on the block I'm magical
See me at your college campus baggie full of Adderalls
Call me if you need a fix, call me if you need a boost
See them other chicken heads? They don't never leave the coop
I'm in the coupe cruising, I got the stolen plates
Serving all the fiends over there by the Golden Gate
Bridge, I'm colder than the fridge and the freezer
I'm snatching all your bitches at my leisure And we stunting like
Gucci Gucci, Louis Louis, Fendi Fendi, Prada
Basic bitches wear that shit so I don't even bother Gucci Gucci, Louis Louis, Fendi Fendi, Prada
I'm lookin' like Madonna but I'm flossing like Ivana
Trump, you know I keep that work in my trunk
Got my hand on the pump if you wanna press your luck
I'm yelling "Free V-Nasty" 'til my throat is raspy
Young, rich and flashy I be where the cash be
You can't find that? I think you need a Google Map
My pearl-handled kitty-cat will leave and press your noodle back
Now Google that groupies follow me like Twitter
I'm rolling up my catnip and shitting in your litter
Why you looking bitter? I be looking better
The type of bitch that make you wish that you ain't never met her
The editor, director plus I'm my own boss
So posh, nails fierce with the gold gloss
Which means nobody getting over me
I got the swag and it's pumping out my ovaries And we stunting like
Gucci Gucci, Louis Louis, Fendi Fendi, Prada
Basic bitches wear that shit so I don't even bother Oh, all you basic-ass hoes out there
Man, I got rooms full of bad bitches
They don't need Gucci, they don't need Louis

We swagging, eh, meow

Songwriters

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