

Pretty Bitches

Gucci Mane

[Chorus]

These pretty bitches love me, them bitches love me
These pretty bitches love me, them bitches love me
I think them bitches love that I'm a bottle popper
I think them bitches love that I'm a bottle popper
These pretty bitches love me, them bitches love me
These pretty bitches love me, them bitches love me
I think them bitches love that I'm a bottle popper
I think them bitches love that I'm a bottle popper

She caught up in my love triangle,
I used to sell them things in triangle
And that was when I was in the eighth grade
Now I'm self made, and I'm high paid
Nigga you ain't even in my tax bracket
I'm pulling Gucci denim off the clothes racket
Gucci man, its the Gucci crew
Bricksquad Records, nigga who are you?
What it do nigga whats poppin'?
Find them dirty licks, all my weed droppin'
We back again, yeah we back again, and we gotta win
She wanna be my friend.

[Chorus]

I pull up in that black and red challenger
A competition where the challengers
I pull up in that 'rrari with the other one
And thinking about going and gettin' another one
Gucci Man I run the land from Africa to Pakistan
Understand and over stand Gucci man in overland
What a fine ass yellow bone
She got it going on
Now I got so many chains no they don't know whats going on
Found her number in my phone and don't know what be going wrong
Found her number in my phone and don't know what be going wrong
She had it going on

[Chorus]

A-T-L they know my name,
Magic City throw some change
Fliest nigga in this bitch
And I don't even own no chain
Take your chick with no complaints
She say my shit oh so great
And that's why be she feeling me
And I got that novacaine
Go for mine, that boss shit
Pour Ciroc 'til I'm nauseous
Stuck up when, she sober when
She going got no conscious,
She O-D's on Louis Vuitton
She work at that nudy bar
Told her, do it for the money
Get your Cam Newton on
Green we can all burn
'Til I am the highest man
Y'all a bunch of pussies
Why the fuck you near the lions den
Paper planes, pilotin'
Why you sell retiring
Way a nigga beatin' gals
You think I would ecyosin

[Chorus]

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