

# Guwop Home (Ft. Young Thug)

## Gucci Mane

Mike Willy with me nigga  
Big Guwop home  
We no longer miss you, yeah  
I know Guwop home  
We all no longer miss you Dream, it's a young nigga dream, yeah  
Money talk like I'm Charlie Sheen, yeah (Wop)  
I'm a blood but I got on blue jeans (It's Wizzop)  
Nigga act so tough it's startin' scene  
In blue flame, yeah the trap god throwing green rain  
Nice guy, mean chain, pull up in a cream Range  
Orange seats, orange feet, what do all that orange mean?  
Old rich ass nigga, I got everything Rose gold watch, but my bottle pink gold  
Three red hoes walking round in red rose  
Can't stay the night I'm not the type to be on Skype, ho  
Wrote me off, said that I was gone, that was a typo  
Take a white girl out a trailer make her Iggy  
Take a black bitch outta Magic make her Nicki  
Pissy yellow Rollie, baby pissy in her feelings  
My young bitches show respect they call me Mr. Millions  
Brown skin chick and she love to wear purple  
Her nails purple, lips purple, pussy hair purple  
Big titty Amazon in my black Benz  
I'm rich black man got a couple white friends Dream, it's a young nigga dream, yeah  
Money talk like I'm Charlie Sheen, yeah  
I'm a blood but I got on blue jeans  
Nigga act so tough it's startin' scene  
In blue flame, yeah the trap god throwing green rain  
Nice guy, mean chain, pull up in a cream Range  
Orange seats, orange feet, what do all that orange mean?  
Old rich ass nigga, I got everything My teeth white like a toilet tissue  
Stop the cappin', boy you know you missing  
We hit the lobby then we saw you kissing  
Lil mama crazy she gon' try to kill you  
I got the weed, bring the molly with you  
I got the syrup, bring the Jolly Ranchers  
You talk to 12 we gon' off your body  
You tripping boy you need some knowledge in you  
Boss man from the 1248  
For the clan, nigga 12, 40 plays

Living good, everyday my birthday  
Pockets full of money, Master P, ay  
National bid day  
Free the Wop nigga, National Siblings Day  
Call the dentist day  
Pull up to the public, come and see the bae  
Run it up to the top  
Get out and ran it back to the top  
Flood your ear, your neck, your wrist, your fingers  
And put it all on rocks  
Say Guwop home and yeah it's official, grab some tissues  
What's wrong with you? Dream, it's a young nigga dream, yeah  
Money talk like I'm Charlie Sheen, yeah  
I'm a blood but I got on blue jeans  
Nigga act so tough it's startin' scene  
In blue flame, yeah the trap god throwing green rain  
Nice guy, mean chain, pull up in a cream Range  
Orange seats, orange feet, what do all that orange mean?  
Old rich ass nigga, I got everything (It's Gucci) Big Guwop home  
We no longer miss you  
I know Guwop home  
We no longer miss you, hey  
I can't wait  
Run it up to the top  
Get it out and ran it back to the top  
Flood your ears, your neck, your wrist, your fingers  
And put it all on rocks  
Say Guwop home and yeah it's official, grab some tissues

Songwriters

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