

# She Be Puttin' On

## Gucci Mane Feat. Waka Flocka Flame

She got a car, a job, a swag, she stuntin'  
She the type don't never ever ask for nothing  
She got a car, a job, a swag, she stuntin'  
She the type don't never ever ask for nothing  
She got a car, a job, a swag, she stuntin'  
She pay her own bills cause she got her own money  
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My girl independent  
Bitches all in her business  
Pink on the back of her boy shorts  
Bought everything she own  
Love it when she smile and moan  
Encore how she groan  
Ask around the hood, she known  
One of a type she can't be cloned  
"No hands" for her ring tone  
"Hard in the paint" her theme song  
That's my gutta chick  
Man I love that bitch  
The way she look and moan  
When she taking it  
And don't mind McDonald's  
Ain't no bougie bitch  
When I wake up  
Breakfast on the table,  
One rolled up  
Sprayed upon the table  
Baby 'po up  
Drinking out of the "a" cup  
Pass the syrup  
I'm finna fuck this food up

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Now she's stuntin', she's going in,  
These hoes can't tell her nothing  
She came home in a trench coat  
And under it was nothing  
I'm so curious, it's serious,  
My car so fast and furious  
But she'll drive a man delirious  
I hope all y'all hearing this  
She's got swag of a top model  
Curves like a coke bottle  
She know I go full throttle  
I'm walking with a slight wobble  
Got choppas like I'm Big Papa  
I'm Big Gucci, you a cock blocker  
These True Religion not the knock off  
My camera chain is an eye problem  
I'm a stunt stunt a bill on a half a mil'  
Ice crem Gucci Mane, can I live?  
Chick knows I got a rubber dick  
You know what gone in 60 secs is?  
A movie, I'm being me  
Just cooling and my DVD  
And my BVDs are so I-C-E  
Y to the G-U-C-C-I

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