

Plain Jane (Remix) [feat. Rocko & T.I.]

Gucci Mane

I know my body took a lot of ink
Lungs smoke a lot of stink
Bladder piss a lot of pink
Because that lean I like to drink
My face got a lot of tats
My grill got a lot of gold
My mouth talk a lot of shit
My dick fuck a lot of hoes
My stomach be filled with shrimp, Legs limping like a pimp
Gazelles on my fucking frame, waves all in my temp
My mind it be on the prize, hands on with the nine
My traphouse it keep a line, because I'm selling Duncan Hines
Gucci Mane a millionaire, my house I be seldom there
I always be on the road, bank account got several 0's
My britches be True Religion, in the kitchen cooking chickens
Smoking Swishers, busting Phillies, bought two Raris, spent a milli[Chorus]
This watch right here cost ninety thousand plain Jane
But I'mma put some rocks off in it anyway
These haters they gon' hate on you like anyway (anyway)
So I'm gon' put some rims on my shit anyway
Anyway (anyway) Anyway (anyway)
I dumped her, I can find another any day (any day)
Anyway (anyway) Anyway (anyway)
It's not that hot outside but I'mma drop it anyway Maybach sitting way back
Said Maybach? Yeah it's out back
I mean Outback, with my Australian bitch
She got a fat ass and some big tits
I fuck with her cause her accent
Where the Hublot? Cause it accent
My Louis V shades
Plus it match the Ace of Spades
(?) Talkin Audemars got two of 'em
One plain jane, one iced-out
Nigga tried me, knocked his lights out
Got goonies but I'm hands-on
Run the check up for my man's 'nem
That's A-1 FBG
Free Boosie, Free B.G. (You know that's anyway)
I'm a Don ho; your house the size of my Condo

I just rap shit for the fun ho
Last of a dying breed
[Rocko, young dinosaur
Old school, still wear Tretorns
Where that money at? I want me some
With your main bitch and your little sis
Know what time it is nigga, threesome][Chorus]I drop the top like, "Fuck it"
I'm not in no lil' Cutlass
I pull up in a "What the fuck I don't know was it"
I know it cost my budget
I know the bitches love it
I got haters disgusted
I'm smoking on that mustard
I'm east Atlanta and I say it loud
Got a black Ferrari because I'm black and proud
I got a yellow one, it's like salt and pepper
When I put 'em together they stand out
I'm a biker, hitchhiker that's what you are with your thumb out
Got a Spyker with some rims on it, and the back tires they poke out
Got a lighter? Let me borrow that so I can smoke me on this ganja!
Versace shades Stevie Wonder. Can't see these niggas they under
Your label's a sandcastle: it's about to crumble
Like Barry Sanders don't fumble
It's Gucci Mane knockin numbers (Gucci!)[Chorus]

Songwriters

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