

# Millions Every Month

## Gucci Mane & V-Nasty

From the greater to the grave nigga  
I'mma be a paid nigga  
And I escalate with some thousand dollar shades nigga  
Tattoos on my face, that's why people think I'm crazy  
But Gucci Mane really love all that shit that's crazy  
Hundred K a day shit  
Hundred dollar blunt shit  
You can't fill my shoes unless you make millions every month bitch  
Millions every month, bitch  
Millions every month, bitch  
You can't fill my shoes unless you make millions every month bitch  
I'm a hood bitch  
Smoke that good shit  
Got a main ho, Hollywood chick  
Got a mansion up in the hills  
Keep bringing hundreds, I keep counting all the bills  
Ho what you talking?  
Go put on them heels!  
Go get that pussy why I try to get my deals  
She always pimpin so bitch keep yo head down  
All work no play, ho I'm in town!  
I keep a hundred clips, with a hundred rounds  
If you wanna stop me, bitch, you gotta knock me down  
With my coke up, with that baking soda  
Yeah I got my ho bitch, and she's a goner  
From the greater to the great nigga  
I'mma be a paid nigga  
And I escalate with some thousand dollar shades nigga  
Tattoos on my face, that's why people think I'm crazy  
But Gucci Mane really love all that shit that's crazy (?)  
Hundred K a day shit  
Hundred dollar blunt shit  
You can't fill my shoes unless you make millions every month bitch  
Millions every month, bitch  
Millions every month, bitch  
You can't fill my shoes unless you make millions every month bitch  
Verse 2 - Gucci Mane:  
Cold hearted like a mother fucking cobra  
I ain't feeling stopped till I get money like Oprah

Brick squad like a nigga froze up utopia  
Niggas ain't eatin' like the kids in Ethipoia  
Though you wanna get me and my money be provoking ya  
Time to change your mind, and make your job as boob of Tokyo  
Sucka tell no lies and he be growin' like Pinnochio  
Still screaming peoples and my nigga free Papa Joe  
Hotter than a hula dancer, colder than an eskimo  
If you think you're testin' me, you better eat the both of us  
Grab you by by your collar, but I hang you by your testicles  
Snitchin' ass nigga know the police was protecting you  
From the greater to the great nigga  
I'mma be a paid nigga  
And I escalate with some thousand dollar shades nigga  
Tattoos on my face, that's why people think I'm crazy  
But Gucci Mane really love all that shit that's crazy (?)  
Hundred K a day shit  
Hundred dollar blunt shit  
You can't fill my shoes unless you make millions every month bitch  
Millions every month, bitch  
Millions every month, bitch  
You can't fill my shoes unless you make millions every month bitch

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>