

# No Love (feat. Yo Gotti)

## Gucci Mane

It's Gucci

Gotti 30 inches on the truck, nigga, no (?)  
And I don't give these cocksuckers no love  
I'm double cupped up, nigga, straight mud  
So, your first impression is a nigga sell drugs  
I got ball player money, I be pieced up  
And if you gettin' money, nigga, we can link up  
I might pull up to the club in a Brinks truck  
I'm smoking out the pound bag, nigga, straight bud  
Loose leaves, fuck the shoestrings, let the bitches hang  
I'm just a East Atlanta nigga, spend this East Atlanta game  
Make a girl sprain her ankle when she see my chain blang  
I wear so many diamond necklaces, her head turn like the exorcist  
Just came back from Texas, I just re-upped with the Mexicans  
Ran off on the plug, all while I delete all his messages  
Gucci Man, the glacier I started out as flexin' shit  
Bells of Kush and bells of purp, man two different addresses  
This white shit that I'm sellin' will make you go turn on your relatives  
Fuck your block, come shop with me, you know I got them better deals  
Kush so strong, gotta smoke it in the restroom  
Niggas say they got that gas, well Gucci got that jet fuel  
I put fours on the coupe, they said they wouldn't fit  
And I drop 30's on the truck, they say the same shit  
Told 'em 30 for a brick, they say I'm insane  
But it's a drought and they Gucci say the same thing  
All I rock is 'Sace, 600 for a T-Shirt  
I got 30 on my hip, extended clip, that how the heat work  
Cold-ass niggas, they should call a nigga A-C  
Got these niggas hot cause I dropped Freon in my A-P  
Froze!  
And when it come to hoes, yeah, I got 'em  
And he was playin' games with that chain, so I shot 'em  
Gotti! Realest nigga in it, don't you doubt 'em  
400 for that 'Rari, bitch, I'mma jump up out 'em

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>