Hate Me Some More

Gucci Mane & V-Nasty

Well my trap house be bucking hard all the time
Money sticking out my pockets like a porcupine
I hope this cocaina cross the borderline
I made a million dollars just with this lil fork of mine
I'm in the kitchen whippin deuces up like half the time
The other half the time I'm busy somewhere on the grind
Don't give a fuck about what they say, my nigga: crime pays
Gucci! Twenty thousand in singles but I tossed it
I used to have a top but then I lost it
I used to have a conscience but I lost it
I boss so hard that I'm exhauseted! It's Gucci!
Hate me some fuckin more!
I love it when you hate me
It make my money grow
Where my money? I think it's on that new shit
On my fucking block I ain't never gotta prove shit
Every time you see me, you know I'm rocking new shit
I got a new whip off of a new bitch
Shit I do this, you know what the truth is
Bitch ain't like me cause I'm
The bitch is bummy, no money, she is useless
I got them fuckin choppers that'll really go through shit
Hold up, I'm way better than the average
In my city, I ain't nothing but a savage
So many cars, garage look like traffic
When I pull my whips out, you know I'm causing damage
I'm a quarterback, I take a quarter out
And but a quarter back and help harvest that
It's that ice check when I rob my chain
When the girls see me, catch a heart attack
Told her scrubbin, that's a well-known fact
? what you know about that?
Kill the ho, where your hoes at?
Nigga, beef with me, now how smart was that?
I'm goin in like a curfew
Like yesterday you old news
In the studio with chrome tools
No engineers, no? dudes
I should walk around with toilet tissue

Til the end time bring?

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