

# Don't Make No Sense (feat. Fabolous & 8Ball)

## Gucci Mane

Don't make no god damn sense  
Don't don't make no god damn sense  
Don't make no god damn sense  
Don't don't make no god damn sense I'm in a rush, I'm rolling kush  
I'm cooking dope, don't interrupt  
50 bricks came in a bus  
I intercept, I finished up  
Gucci Mane, I'm sinister  
Politics like a senator  
30 year prime minister  
Eat rappers for dinner bruh  
From selling dope to selling big houses like a realtor  
I pull up in a black and black maybach like a governor  
Some critics say they can't understand me, I'm a southerner  
Bad bitch rocking chanel but she's a foreigner  
Pull up in them twin maseratis, yeah they identical  
And I bought a new Kawasaki, Im popping wheelies bruh  
Miami Beach police pull me over, aye what the ticket for  
He mad cuz the bitch on the back ain't from America Now this shit really don't make no god damn sense  
Police chase but jumped the god damn fence  
Ain't no room in the house for all these god damn bricks  
So many bills at the spot, don't make no god damn sense  
Don't make no god damn sense  
Don't don't make no god damn sense  
Don't make no god damn sense  
Don't don't make no god damn sense Don't make no god damn sense  
Man it's a god damn shame  
They talking shit from the bench  
Get in the god damn game  
I mean you boys need to chill  
Them niggas hot champagne  
Nigga I do that shit  
You don't do a god damn thang  
And I'm really sorry  
I just got that calarrari, smoking northern castafari  
While I'm eating calamari  
And these suckas can't stomach that  
Guess they can't dodge us  
That Im making majors moves and they ain't making progress

Say hi Jess, yall meet pretty Jessica  
Know she got that good brain, I just keep on testing her  
Dont come with my package, Ima have to kill the messenger  
Smell some funny shit and Ima spray that air freshner  
Now this shit really don't make no god damn sense  
Police chase but jumped the god damn fence  
Ain't no room in the house for all these god damn bricks  
So many bills at the spot, don't make no god damn sense  
Don't make no god damn sense  
Don't don't make no god damn sense  
Don't make no god damn sense  
Don't don't make no god damn sense  
No off brand niggas run with my click  
Choppa so big, dont make no god damn sense  
Spent a whole lot of racks on a whole lot of packs  
Spent a whole lot of crack on a whole lot of track  
Got a bitch in every city with a whole lot of back  
Smoked a whole lot of weed, ate a whole lot of snacks  
Had 28 grams when I fell up in this bitch  
Smoked it all for I left, dont make no god damn sense  
Im on kush, she on pills in a short short dress  
Bitch ass so big dont make no god damn sense  
Gucci Mane was like ball where you get that bitch  
Bitch ass so big dont make no god damn sense  
Now this shit really don't make no god damn sense  
Police chase but jumped the god damn fence  
Ain't no room in the house for all these god damn bricks  
So many bills at the spot, don't make no god damn sense  
Don't make no god damn sense  
Don't don't make no god damn sense  
Don't make no god damn sense  
Don't don't make no god damn sense

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