

Candy Lady

Malow Mac

Gucci Mane:]

See she da candy lady on da candy mane, she got 3 blocks on her call her candy cane, like my glock 9 I keep her right beside me, first I make her drive then I let her ride me, a brand new gucci bag with a pocket scale, plus she bust open the bags with her finger nails, she gots carats on her wrist and diamonds on her neck, she in my drop top vet thumbing thru da jet, she say money make her cum trappin make her wett, everytime we have sex I try to make her sweat, I keep her with some work and keep her in a skirt we love blowing kush stay blowing purp See she da type of girl that a nigga like and she'll jump off she'll help a nigga fight she more than a lover she more like a sister I brought her a bag she buy me a pistol, it's early in the morning she water-whippin and what u call that I call it homecooking see that's my old lady she drive me crazy but da homies in hood call her the Candylady...(Wassup Flocka, wassup Juice, Joey, Wooh, Frenchie, man we got so much money we don't know what to do with man, wipe my ass with a hundred, boogars on my money, blow my nose with da money, it's gucci, it's da burr, burr, burrprint 3, geetin kinda cold in here, iced out, drinkin a cold soda, chillin in da a.c., hoppin out da igloo, in Austria East Atlanta)[OJ Da Juiceman:]

Candylady daisy, whippin up a baby, it's a street brawl and my baby brought a razor? got my truck rollar skating early in the morning like the? babygirl 100 she don't do no faking brought my girl then she brought me back a A-R babygirl 100 she don't do no faking brought my girl a bag and she brought me back a A-R French Monatana:

Now she da kinda girl dat a nigga like, always beat it up so she call me Ike, candylady take da niggas out da candyland, she got u spendin all your money like a ceiling fan, glock 4-5 fully loaded clip don't think that she goin pull it if she let it rip, she say she like my chain she want the same thing, first she got da bird with da pink rings See she da type of girl that a nigga like, and she jump off she'll help a nigga fight, she more than a lover she more like a sister, I brought her a bag she buy me a pistol, it's early in the morning she water-whippin and u call that I call it home cooking, see that's my old lady she drive me crazy but the homies in the hood call her the candylady[Waka Flocka Flame:]

Bust up in dis fuckin bitch, Flocka need a bad bitch, one night stand baby we can have a maverick, green chain cabbage, lil shawty not your average, light, fake, cute, oh my god, jump in my car I can make u a star, my swag to da roof Waka Flame b da truth, got goons dat told shoot, tell your man da bad back, all dat flirting can a nigga stab dat, she say she digging me(Flocka)she say she feeling me, I'm so fucking hot I burned her to da 3rd degree he so industry I'm so fuckin hood(Flocka)blowing purple tree and it taste so fuckin good(Flocka)See she da type of girl that a nigga like and she jump off she'll help a nigga fight she more than a lover she more like a sister I brought her a bag she buy me a pistol it's early in the morning she water-whippin and u call that I call it homecooking see that's my old lady she drive me crazy but da homies in da hood call her da candy lady[Wooh Da Kid:]

Babygirl my sister better off my best friend cus if I hop up on a nigga bet she jumping in fuck a nickel bag, kilo she shifting in, I ask her for 5 pounds but she bring me 10, that's why I follow her she don't want talopia just give her a cheeseburger and promise not to lie to her? If I got knocked she'll get money from all of my side bitches to bail a nigga out that's why I call her my main squeeze fittna drop with dat cool breeze, when I see her I freeze I like to watch her like HD, yea dats my baby no Beyonce and Jay-Z cus she walk up on you and rock-a-bye baby

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