

# Black Beatles (feat. Gucci Mane)

Rae Sremmurd

Black beatles in the city be back immediately to confiscate the moneys

Rae Sremm, Guwop, Mike WiLL!

I sent flowers, but you said you didn't receive 'em

But you said you didn't need them That girl is a real crowd pleaser

Small world, all her friends know me

Young bull livin' like an old geezer

Release the cash, watch it fall slowly

Frat girls still tryna get even

Haters mad for whatever reason

Smoke in the air, binge drinkin'

They lose it when the DJ drops the needle Gettin' so cold I'm not blinkin'

What in the world was I thinkin'?

New day, new money to be made

There is nothing to explain

I'm a fuckin black Beatle, cream seats in the Regal

Rockin John Lennon lenses like to see 'em spread eagle

Took a bitch to the club and let her party on the table

Screamin' "everybody's famous"

Like clockwork, I blow it all

And get some more

Get you somebody that can do both

Black Beatles got the babes belly rolling

She think she love me

I think she trollin' That girl is a real crowd pleaser

Small world, all her friends know me

Young bull livin' like an old geezer

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Haters mad for whatever reason

Smoke in the air, binge drinkin'

They lose it when the DJ drops the needle Came in with two girls, look like strippers in their real clothes

A broke hoe can only point me to a rich hoe

A yellow bitch with green hair, a real weirdo

Black man, yellow Lamb', real life goals

They seen that Guwop and them just came in through the side door

There's so much money on the floor we buyin school clothes

Watch me break the money machine till her clothes fall

Pint of lean, pound of weed, and a kilo

I eurostep past a hater like I'm Rondo

I upgrade your baby mama to a condo  
My Chapos servin' yayo to the gringos  
Black Beatle, club close when I say so That girl is a real crowd pleaser  
Small world, all her friends know me  
Young bull livin' like an old geezer  
Release the cash, watch it fall slowly  
Frat girls still tryna get even  
Haters mad for whatever reason  
Smoke in the air, binge drinkin'  
They lose it when the DJ drops the needle She's a good teaser, and we blowin' reefer  
Your body like a work of art, baby  
Don't fuck with me, I'll break your heart, baby  
D&G on me, I got a lot of flavor  
15 hundred on my feet, I'm tryna kill these haters  
I had haters when I was broke, I'm rich, I still got haters  
I had hoes when I was broke, I'm rich, I'm still a player  
I wear leather Gucci jackets like its still the 80's  
I've been blowin' OG Kush, I feel a lil' sedated  
I can't worry about a broke nigga or a hater  
Black Beatle, bitch, me and Paul McCartney related That girl is a real crowd pleaser  
Small world, all her friends know me  
Young bull livin' like an old geezer  
Release the cash, watch it fall slowly  
Frat girls still tryna get even  
Haters mad for whatever reason  
Smoke in the air, binge drinkin'  
They lose it when the DJ drops the needle

Songwriters

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