

What It Takes (feat. Vic Mensa & Bandman Kevo)

Gucci Mane

(Listen to the track bitch) Burr burr burr
I'm in the zone they keep on gettin' offended
But ain't did nothing wrong
But tightened up all my business
And now I'm making millions,
Everybody's social
They really too emotional
I don't have time to hold 'em
I wanna be a billionaire, me too
So I can count a B cashing hundreds on you to
I get dirty money bitches know with Ciroc on my rida'
On the stage gettin' with Diddy Nicki Ricky Roze and Flo Rida
I rock Maris with the money ball like Stoudemire Omare
Hold a blunt with my left hand to show my automall is Paris
Look at all that I've accomplished,
I just bought me three Ferrari's
Spent five million in my company
If I offended you not sorry, Gucci[Chorus]
What it gonna be
What it ain't gonna be
Too many chains on me too many rings on me
Baby dancin' on me diamonds dancing on me
Tell my watch and my rocks not to freeze
What it gonna be
What it ain't gonna be
Don't dare anybody here to put their hands on me
Too many stacks on me too many rights on me
Got some killa and some gats and money
What it gonna be
What it ain't gonna be
Too many chains on me too many rings on me
Baby dancin' on me diamonds dancing on me
Tell my watch and my rocks not to freeze
What it gonna be
What it ain't gonna be
Don't dare anybody here to put their hands on me
Too many stacks on me too many rights on me
Gotta die on my life as what its gonna be be'l'ma street magician
And I keep on taking pretty girls to Lenox

New mustang with 80 in it
Watch her spend all 80 in 80 minutes
Sacks are full real true religion
I bought a car so sharp it make you feel suspicious
See I'm too flamboyant
They say its malnutritious
I'm in a rare edition,
Think I'm a mathematician
Don't nobody in here put their hands on me
Too many stacks on me too many rights on me
Gotta die on my life as whats it gonna be
Whatcha gonna do Gucci ain't gonna leave
Still poppin' bottles pouring liquor on chicks
No need to lie I'm such a freak
No need to hide you so unique
I'ma try beat your back down 'til you weep
Said you ran outta money there's more for me
Here's more for you cause you a whore for me
Don't be a hoe for free
Cause we can ball right now
We can do it 2, 3, 4 times a week
From zone 6 down to Camelton
I pull up in that yellow thing
I put rims on everything
Hoes think I gotta wedding ring What it gonna be
What it ain't gonna be
Too many chains on me too many rings on me
Baby dancin' on me diamonds dancing on me
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What it ain't gonna be
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Too many stacks on me too many rights on me
Gotta die on my life as what its gonna be be
What it ain't gonna be Come in to leave throwin' money high

Don't care where it reach
Spend 2 G's a week on haircuts
Like 4, 5, 6 sometimes a week
These girls petrified they scared to speak
I'm in the new gt with a Georgia peach
Gotta condo right out on the Florida beach
I ain't hard to reach so nice to meet
Every night we meet you prolly fight with me
Say its fine with me to spend the night with me
No rules everything alright with me
Now shake baby shake just right for me
Catch ball players in magic city
Show them boys how good my jumper is
Ain't no niggas no lies to tell,
Makin' all pros look like amateurs
I just showed my ass last night I had a blast
My jewelery was so bright haters put theirs in the trash
Pulled up in somethin' fast just to make them haters mad
Rims with paper tag paper bag full of cash What it gonna be
What it ain't gonna be
Too many chains on me too many rings on me
Baby dancin' on me diamonds dancing on me
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Too many stacks on me too many rights on me
Gotta die on my life as what its gonna be be

Songwriters

CHRISTOPHER GHOLSON, CHRISTOPHER JAMES GHOLSON, RADRIC DAVIS, RADRIC DELANTIC

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