El Verdadero Amor Perdona

ManÃ•

Hook: Jacuzzi on the roof, ugly hoes don't get the time of day
Cheifin on some sativa smell the reefa from a mile away
Pistol in my coupe, try my troops you'll get blown away
Gucci Mane got long, bitch, thats all I gots to say
Gucci Mane got long money, thats what them bitches say [x3]
I aint even gotta talk my money conversates
Verse 1: Bitches think I got a money tree, I drown the bitch with money
Ferrari with them bumble bees, Four Giovanna sittin up under it
"How many karats in that bracelet, baby?" I think about 200
Plus I hit the club with 50k lets keep that shit 100
I got a couple houses several spouses in my pent house smoking ounces
Came up selling keys and ounce, half a pound watch golden brown
My pants sag grams weigh em down, usta catch the train and go downtown
Just to walk around and window shop now I shut the mall down in every town
Every time I hit the scene fresher then I wanna be cover of the magazines, back of the limousines
Stacks in my denim jeans, hoes gonna remember me
Fo' fifty eight ship to me from italy, six 12 sittin outside the facilities
911 Gucci's ice game killing me
Came along way from drug dealing
Waking up rich is a great feeling
Couple mill stashed for my grandchildren
Just hand counted me a coo' half million
Up on em, pull up on em, like a bird drop low and shit on em
Pissed em, spit on em, Tell them haters Gucci got rich on em
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Verse 2:
Every city I make magic, I make money disappear
Cause its a tragedy how clear these diamonds blingin in my ear
It's so many that wanna marry me, I'm married to the game
Cocaine put me in position, swagga brought me outta fame
I need accountants to help me count it Rolls Royce I mount it
Corvette painted candy, drop the top that bitch is crowning
Houses in Zone 6 All my niggas Hustlas, and robbers dont fuck with us

Niggaz better off fucking with Angel Dust
I'm racked up like a pool table Stay draped up in Purple Label
Drink purple drank, smoke purple weed, got a purple car and long paper
Everyday thank the lord that I wake Everyday live it like its my last day
Shine so bright rock stupid ice More karats in my chain then a carrot cake
Money shout he running out, I'm bustin out cant close the vault
Aint my fault its yo fault, nobody stay here this my money house
Stash house stocked up try fuck shit get chopped up
I'm rocked, stay blocked up, aint locked up, but I'm gwapped up
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Guy talks....
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