

# Booty Shorts

## Gucci Mane

Put on your booty shorts  
Ooh, I really like the sexy way you walk  
Ooh, I like the way you make your booty talk  
Every time you put on your booty shorts  
Believe dat, girl I don't holla at girls, girls holla at me  
I don't throw dollars at girls, they throw dollars at me  
Gucci, you conceited bitch I might be  
'Cause my chain so bright, Stevie Wonder might see Yeah, you got a man but ya man ain't me  
Add ya whole life savings times three  
The mouth full of dro and the clothes ain't free  
So you gotta be a dime piece to approach me How much 'unh can one girl take?  
How many cakes can one man bake?  
Playa on the real man, I don't know  
I just love it when they fresh and they ass cheeks show Everybody stare when I walk in the room  
Smokin' on purp got me high like the moon  
Chain front big like its New Year's Eve  
But my Rollie on fire like the first day of June Put on your booty shorts  
Ooh, I really like the sexy way you walk  
Ooh, I like the way you make your booty talk  
Every time you put on your booty shorts  
Believe dat, girl I neva seen a chick with a body like that  
Gucci Mane, Lil Flap, bitch, I got it like that  
Stuntin' in the club with my nigga, Big Kap  
Made the waitress come back with 20 mo' stacks Iced out, chain got a iced out grill  
Independent, I ain't got no deal  
Hood rich bitch, do ya know the feelin'?  
My watch worth damn near a quarter million Shawty got some shorts on oh, so small  
Say she like me 'cause my rims real tall  
If you want work bitch, you can call us  
You in big wheels baby, we some ballers Money ain't a thang to the boy Gucci Mane  
Old school Chevy, same color cocaine  
Ridin' through the hood, throwin' money out the brain  
And I'm lookin' for the girls with the booty shorts, mane Put on your booty shorts  
Ooh, I really like the sexy way you walk  
Ooh, I like the way you make your booty talk  
Every time you put on your booty shorts  
Believe dat, girl Candy Escalade, 26 inch blades  
Throw back money from back in eighth grade  
Ya dancin' in the club so I know ya get paid

But I betcha you'd look betta with these micro braids  
Girls in the club like dat there stank  
Showin' off three or four rubber band banks  
Me and HB keep a big bankroll  
Pulled up in a Hemi with the Lambo doors  
Me and yo chick in a red corvette  
I neva had shit, nigga what ya expect  
Neva seen a young man paint so wet  
Hood rich and my album ain't even dropped yet  
You'll neva see a man with a watch like mine  
Face real, pretty and a body real fine  
When we get home I'm a break her spine

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