

El Espejo

Sergio Contreras

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, that's all I gots to say

Gucci Mane got long money, that's 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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