

Drove U Crazy (feat. Bryson Tiller)

Gucci Mane

[Intro]

It's Gucci

Tiller!

Brr Brr Brr[Verse 1: Gucci Mane]

Pull up in a lamb, it'll drive you crazy

Had to cut her off cause the bitch too lazy

She wanna ride the wave, but my waves too wavy

And your car too slow need to drive Miss Daisy

Jumped out the feds like "Fuck You, pay me"

Got her foaming mouth like the bitch got rabies

Got me running out the spot Like the spot got rabies

Cause I'm so much different then [?] Hugh Dave

Smiling in the camera like bitch I made it

Big Guwop got the whole club faded

Got a [?] and my ex bitch hatin'

Tell me how you feel when you see me skatin'

Nah don't call me baby

We ain't finna go to the mall Mrs. Lady

Standing tall Mrs. Lady like can you take it all Mrs. Lady

Can you take if off Mrs. Lady

Never get a love like this

Never ever ever meet a thug like this

Never met a plug like this

Never seen a nigga in the club like this

Never hug like this

Never pour Ace of Spades in the club like this

Never got drunk like this

Or beat from the back on the rug like this[Hook: Bryson Tiller]

Talk about how crazy I drove you

Talk about how crazy you drove me

Talk about them favors you owe me

Talk about them lies you told me

Talk about them colors you showed me

Talk about how crazy I drove you

Talk about how crazy you drove me

Talk about them favors you owe me

Talk about them lies you told me[Verse 2: Bryson Tiller]

Aye like mama say she fuck me tough yet

Aye like mama say she fuck me tough yet

Her ex boyfriend cut deep
Young tiller in the cut yeah
Aye, Young tiller goin' up yeah
At your head upper cut with it yeah
Still on the motherfuckin' come up
Child already know where I'm from yeah
Straight from the 502 hey, southside dirty crew hey
Now they watch all my moves hey
Everything little thing that I do and say
My old chick said she wanna get closure
She wanna get closer
I just think she want some exposure
Tell people how crazy I drove her
Tell people all the dreams I sold her
I said you cannot live on my shoulder
Already got too many burdens most of them give to my attorney
Got too many niggas in my face now
This ain't the time or place now
This for my niggas that stay down
Fuck all you niggas wanna hate now

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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