

Heart Attack (feat. Young Thug)

Gucci Mane

[Hook: Young Thug]

Heart attack, baby when you (?)

You gone give me a heart attack

Don't slow it up baby roll it out I want a heart attack

Gotta act just like you know you giving me a heart attack

I ain't never ever above and back

I just want me a heart attack

Heart attack, heart attack, heart attack

Heart attack, heart attack, heart attack

Picture me not doing well from a heart attack, from a heart attack[Verse 1: Young Thug]

Got (?) my Tinder on her

She don't remember that designer on her

I don't remember how many times I bone her

And she the bomb like Lotus Flower on her

I ain't snitchin' but I told her I really wanna change into a pimp

Turn your little ass and (?)

All your jewelry (?)

(?)

Catch a dime by the strip club

And make you shake your little bit tail feathers

Told her "baby girl, knock off, knock off" just like Mayweather

(?) my fuckin' bae

She got a good job and her head perfect, it's super head

She get inside her own and bust it open (?)

When we first started like Superman, now I'm super dead[Hook: Young Thug][Verse 2: Gucci Mane]

Lamborghini with the doors up

Pull up and she chose up

Froze up so she chose us

Better ask these hoes, they know us

She watching me like a movie

Gucci Mane got his numbers up

Tell her, baby girl come over here, drop this ass right in front of us

Yea, she chose up, yea that bitch chose us

That bitch she chose up, the yellow bitch chose up

I got a dark skin friend and she fine as fuck

But when I hit the club she make the hoes choose up

Yea, they choose up

Jimmy Choo shoes up

Jimmy Choo glasses? That's just the shit my boo wear

I'm so inconsiderate, I'm not even caring
I got them big old diamond chains and thinking about marriage

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