She Be Puttin' On

Gucci Mane

She got a car, a job, a swag, she stuntin'
She the type don't never ever ask for nothing
She got a car, a job, a swag, she stuntin'
She the type don't never ever ask for nothing
She got a car, a job, a swag, she stuntin'
She pay her own bills cause she got her own money
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My girl independent
Bitches all in her business
Pink on the back of her boy shorts
Bought everything she own
Love it when she smile and moan
Encore how she groan
Ask around the hood, she known
One of a type she can't be cloned
"No hands" for her ring tone
"Hard in the paint" her theme song
That's my gutta chick
Man I love that bitch
The way she look and moan
When she taking it
And don't mind McDonald's
Ain't no bougie bitch
When I wake up
Breakfast on the table,
One rolled up
Sprayed upon the table
Baby 'po up
Drinking out of the "a" cup
Pass the syrup
I'm finna fuck this food up

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Now she's stuntin', she's going in,
These hoes can't tell her nothing
She came home in a trench coat
And under it was nothing
I'm so curious, it's serious,
My car so fast and furious
But she'll drive a man delirious
I hope all y'all hearing this
She's got swag of a top model
Curves like a coke bottle
She know I go full throttle
I'm walking with a slight wobble
Got choppas like I'm Big Papa
I'm Big Gucci, you a cock blocker
These True Religion not the knock off
My camera chain is an eye problem
I'm a stunt stunt a bill on a half a mil'
Ice crem Gucci Mane, can I live?
Chick knows I got a rubber dick
You know what gone in 60 secs is?
A movie, I'm being me
Just cooling and my DVD
And my BVDs are so I-C-E
Y to the G-U-C-C-I

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