

# LatinoamÃ©rica

## Flicts

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, thats all I gots to say  
Gucci Mane got long money, thats 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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