

Tell Me Nothing (feat. Young Scooter)

Gucci Mane

Everything is precious
Make everything count
How my nigga Scooter say
Count up! Turn up!
Stand up
It's East Atlanta's finest nigga
It's Guwop, turn up
Let's go!
Guwop yea yea yeaaaa
Yea yea yea yea yeaaaaaa
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Took my car to the babysitter cuz I drop my top off
Got babies, no babysitter
Hard nigga but I sell soft
Gucci Mane, I'm in the booth right now and me and Young Scooter bout to go off
And I smell like yo girlfriend mouth
I ain't even washed my dick off
Gucci Mane, I'm bout to life off
It's the real Gucci, no rip-offs
Don't get me mad, I get pissed off
And I just might bitch slap yo boss
You're not Chris Cross, you're not Rick Ross
I'm a mob boss on my clique boss
From the jailhouse to the penthouse
From the movin house to the roomin house
(Bridge)

Nigga can't tell me nothing
Nigga can't tell me nothing
Check me out, you better check me out
Because a nigga can't tell me nothing
Bitches can't tell me nothing
Broke bitch what you talkin bout?
Bitches can't tell me nothing
Bitch you don't know who you talkin bout()
Young Scooter & Gucci Mane, you can call me Goldmouth
Smoking all evening, sippin lean on those amounts
Bitch callin me for no reason
Wanna give me that slow mouth
Been there for that party,
Baby go and take them clothes off
Take them clothes off, baby gonna take them clothes off
Take them clothes off, baby gonna take them clothes off

Take them clothes off, baby gonna take them clothes off
I've been fienin for ya, baby gonna take them clothes off()
Baby take yo clothes off, she suck me til I doze out
Lambo with the doors off, bitch threw me her clothes all
Bricks with me, I get em all
Trappin house is trap I lost
Fienin for that pussy, you know Scooter wanna break you out
In my house I got a vault, I don't need no bank no more
All I want is free bands, you know I don't need no hoes
I could buy a nigga hoe
Make her go home with no clothes
OG kush, that's my cologne
By Julio, I'm going long
Brick Squad nigga, they putting on
Did a lot of plugs wrong
Ran off and threw the phone
Legal won't see me no more
Kitchen full of white girls and I know everybody want em
Really in the dope game, this rap shit is just promotin()
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Take them clothes off, baby gonna take them clothes off
I've been fienin for ya, baby gonna take them clothes off
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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