

Stunting Ain't Nuthin

Gucci Mane

Yah
You dig
Uncle Jim
Dolph
It's just a whole lot of money

Nigga please, you ain't got as much guap as me
You don't wanna go dollar for dollar
You don't wanna go bottle for bottle
You don't wanna go bitch for bitch
'Cause all I ever fuck with is models
I'm a motherfucking player, my nigga
If she bad, I'ma slay her my nigga
Yeah
Stunting ain't nothin' to me
Pimping ain't nothing to me
Balling ain't nothing to me
Popping bottles, that ain't nothing to me
Driving foreign cars ain't nothing to me
That ain't nothing to me
Look at this shit, it ain't nothing to me

You don't even know what I'ma do when I'm in the zoo looking at the zebras
All these hoes is some fucking cheetahs
Uhuh, they some fucking cheetahs
Threwed off, nigga on the reefah
I've been drinking, drinking, drinking, drinking, drinking
Hennessy going all through my system
Don't let your bitch be a victim
These niggas looking sad, I'm running round with bags
I'm into popping tags, I ain't even gotta brag
Money talk for me, I'ma do the money walk down Hollywood leave my name on Hollywood nigga
Your pockets looking brittle, you a rat Stuart Little
Ten thousand dollar outfit, she can tell I'm a rich nigga
Came out my momma like a boss
Got these hoes singing Diana Ross
Making big moves constantly
EA need to sponsor me
Swagged up can't take it off of me
Eardrums we a damn monopoly
I remember I ain't have a pot to pee
Now a days I'm everywhere the guala be
When I follow bitch you gotta swallow me
I ain't tricking bitch, it ain't halloween
We can't kick it bitch ain't no soccer team
I don't wanna talk I ain't Socrates

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Stuntin ain't really nothing, I walk like a jack in a box
I drop the top
Don't leave it to just leave it to me
Gucci making two million a week
Gucci earrings two hundred a pop
I cop when I shop, I don't know how to lease
Running like I don't even know how to sleep
You remind me of my Bentley GT
On Magic on Monday I throw up the money
I'm at everyday of the week
I'ma ball hard like it's super bowl sunday
chewing the d
What in the hell is she doing to me
got me weak in the knees
Give her for the throat of the week
Gucci the goat got my foot on a throat
And my feet on the wood like I play in the league
Criss cross
And I feel like a pope all these crosses on me
If you still selling dope then I'm giving you hope

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Nah, that ain't nothing to me
Boy, I get money in my sleep
Buy a new car every week
Get a new bitch everyday, ayy
Fuck what you heard, fuck what you say
You don't wanna go shooter for shooter
You don't wanna go million for million
You don't wanna go bitch for bitch
I got bitches in Hawaii (yeah)
I got bitches down in Houston
Some millionaires and some boosting
Might call your bitch to make a movie
And you know it's x rated
Like you know my weed strong
And this Sprite I'm drinking medicated
Break out the dice, let's shoot
I'm selfish, I only buy coupes
Told a bitch to bring one friend
Hardheaded ass bitch brought two

Look one of them in the eye, said
"I already fucked you, why she brought you"
I'm a player, these bitches, they love me
In the club passing out bubbly
Bitch, I'm the shit like Can't a nigga tell me nothing
I'm out in Hollywood drugging
Young nigga paid and thugging
Dolce Gabbana tuxedo
Trap nigga like Nino
Just had a bad bitch trio
One Mexican and one Creole

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