

Gucci Mane, Make Love (feat. Nicki Minaj)

Gucci

Wanna make love, love, love

King of the streets
And when these suckas see me
They should bow to my feat
And kiss the ground underneath
I look down at the beef
That shit childish to me
200000 to see me
And it's been sold out for weeks
Can't brush shoulders with me
These stones in my choker are 2 karats apiece
Look like boulders to me
Damn, who colder than me?
You think he colder than me?
You more bipolar than me
You talking crazy
I;m tryna book Beyonce for my wedding cake
I;m the type of nigga
Spend millions on a wedding cake
Niggas hate, but hesitate
They hate to see you elevate
I just left out he gym
I'm about to take a swim and mediate,
Now its time to celebrate
Ask me why I'm smiling
I say: Cuz I make 2 million a day
And I might take your bitch and pay her bills
That's how I feel today
And I just wanna fuck
Don't wanna chill, that's how I feel today

I'm making money
Like I'm making sweet love
I wanna make love, love, love
She say
The money make her wanna make love
Wanna make love, love, love

Nicki Minaj:
Ain't talking housewives
But I'm in the Porsche
First I;ma scorch her
Then I;ma toech her
That I;ma torture her
Ten I;ma off her
A million dollars for show
Ain't talking housewives
But I'm in the Porsche
First I;ma scorch her
Then I;ma toech her
That I;ma torture her
Ten I;ma off her
A million dollars for show
They made their offer
Go against, Nicki, it's gonna cost you!
Coz now it's fuc* you, intercourse
I rep Queens, where they listen to a bunch of Nas
I;m a yes and this bitches is a bunch of nahs
Trying to win a gunfight with a bunch of 5's
J don't see her
Bitch, I'm the greatest
No Kendrick & no Sia

I'm the iPhone, you're the Nokia
Everybody knows you jealous
Bitch, it's so clear
Tell them bum ass biutches to play their role
She see my sexy ass every time she scroll
I got it in the can, Dole
Youe career gonna be with AnnA Nicole
Witcha dumbass face
She ain;t eating
But I swear, she got some bum ass taste
Thex the man like, Dwag, how that bum ass taste?
Pay your rent and stay in your bum ass place
Ow, you the queen of this here?
One platurmu plaque
Album flopped, bitch, where?
I took 2 bars off just to laugh
You see, silly rabbit to be the queen of rap
Ypu gotta sell records
You gotta get plaques
S – plural – like S on my chest
Now sit your dum bass down
You got an F on your test

I'm making money
Like I'm making sweet love
I wanna make love, love, love
She say
The money make her wanna make love
Wanna make love, love, love

I love to see the money stack up
Hope that we don't ever, ever break up
Wanna make love, love, love