

# Margaret, CRY IN MY GUCCI

I don't ever wanna fight  
I don't ever wanna cross the line  
You gotta, gotta do me right  
But I'm gonna buy the things I like  
Oh baby, hold up  
Get up the way  
I'll make you pay

I don't ever wanna fight  
I don't ever wanna cross the line  
When you break my heart  
And I swipe my card  
Is the only way that I get to  
Hold on  
So Hold on

And then I  
Cry, cry, cry  
Cry in my Gucci  
Cry in my Gucci  
Cry, cry, my oh my my  
When I get moody I want the the Gucci

Money to my happiness  
Money drive your crave  
My Gucci dress  
Cry, cry, cry  
Cry in my Gucci  
Cry in my Gucci

Boy you driving me insane  
I really gotta kill my pain  
I don't even meant the pills  
No I really mean the dollar bills  
Oh baby  
Hold up  
Get up the way  
I'll make you pay

My sorry is too late  
Get I get it on a silver plate?

And then I  
Cry, cry, cry  
Cry in my Gucci  
Cry in my Gucci  
Cry, cry, my oh my my  
When I get moody I want the the Gucci