

Black Beatles (feat. Gucci Mane)

Rae Sremmurd

Black Beatles in the city
Be back immediately to confiscate the moneys
(Ear Drummers)
Rae Sremm, Guwop, Mike WiLL!
I sent flowers, but you said you didn't receive 'em
But you said you didn't need 'em That girl is a real crowd pleaser
Small world, all her friends know of me
Young bull livin' like an old geezer
Quick release the cash, watch it fall slowly
Frat girls still tryna get even
Haters mad for whatever reason
Smoke in the air, binge drinking
They lose it when the DJ drops the needle
Getting so gone I'm not blinkin'
What in the world was I thinkin'?
New day, new money to be made
There is nothin' to explain
I'm a fuckin' black Beatle, cream seats in the Regal
Rockin' John Lennon lenses, like to see 'em spread eagle
Took a bitch to the club and let her party on the table
Screamin', "Everybody's famous!"
Like clockwork, I blow it all
And get some more
Get you somebody that can do both
Black Beatles got the babes belly rollin'
She think she love me, I think she trollin'
That girl is a real crowd pleaser
Small world, all her friends know of me
Young bull livin' like an old geezer
Quick release the cash, watch it fall slowly
Frat girls still tryna get even
Haters mad for whatever reason
Smoke in the air, binge drinkin'
They lose it when the DJ drops the needle Came in with two girls, look like strippers in their
real clothes
A broke ho can only point me to a rich ho
A yellow bitch with green hair, a real weirdo
Black man, yellow Lamb', red light go
They seen that Guwop and them just came in through the side door
There's so much money on the floor we buyin' school clothes
Why you bring the money machine to the club for?
Pint of lean, pound of weed, and a kilo

I eurostep past a hater like I'm Rondo
I upgrade your baby mama to a condo
Like Chapo servin' yayo to the gringos
Black Beatle, club close when I say so That girl is a real crowd pleaser
Small world, all her friends know of me
Young bull livin' like an old geezer
Quick release the cash, watch it fall slowly
Frat girls still tryna get even
Haters mad for whatever reason
Smoke in the air, binge drinkin'
They lose it when the DJ drops the needle She's a good teaser, and we blowin' reefer
Your body like a work of art, baby
Don't fuck with me, I'll break your heart, baby
D&G on me, I got a lot of flavor
15 hundred on my feet, I'm tryna kill these haters
I had haters when I was broke, I'm rich, I still got haters
I had hoes when I was broke, I'm rich, I'm still a player
I wear leather Gucci jackets like it's still the 80s
I've been blowin' OG Kush, I feel a lil' sedated
I can't worry about a broke nigga or a hater
Black Beatle, bitch, me and Paul McCartney related That girl is a real crowd pleaser
Small world, all her friends know of me
Young bull livin' like an old geezer
Quick release the cash, watch it fall slowly
Frat girls still tryna get even
Haters mad for whatever reason
Smoke in the air, binge drinkin'
They lose it when the DJ drops the needle
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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