

# 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()  
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

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>