

Guantanamera (feat. Trey Songz)

Sage the Gemini

She always complaining, she say I'm a player
Cars stupid fast, goodbye to my haters
Ballin' at the gym, now who wanna play us
Got a bad bitch, Guantanamera
Whoa Guantanamera
Whoa whoa Guantanamera
Whoa Guantanamera
Hey, hey, Guantanamera Guantanamera we in Venezuela
I don't know her name but I know where she came from
House so big I can't see my neighbors
I grab em and pass em, you try to save em
Whoa Guantanamera
Ridin' Audis through the hood, you know I be skatin'
Tiptoeing' in my Jordans soon as I lace em
Spent in all at the mall, it was Vuitton she lace 'em
Now I'ma go crazy, now baby you know that your looks are deceiving
I tell all these girl that I'm rich and don't need em and no one believes me
These niggas be mad, I be catching their baby girl looking and peeping
Take her home then I beat it till she sleeping, sleeping
Pull up in a Benz screaming "fuck a hater!"
And nigga I done caught your bitch on an elevator
Nigga I done told your bitch I'ma fuck her later
And she gon' only get this dick, not no fuckin' paper
Vamanos, knock em all down like dominoes
Then I tell em adios
If you got a bad bitch and she suck a good dick
Better lock her pussy down and you call it Guantanamo
Huh, that pussy tryna run, call that cardio
This gon' be a lot of fun, moon turn to the sun
We gon' get it to tomorrow
Spend a couple car notes on a couple bottles
Yo the rich shit don't end
You don't wanna roll all along, tell your homies come on
And it's on, I'ma hit your friend
I'm cool with it if you cool with it
If you suck, spit and you drool with it
And I'ma be up in the hole all day
Guantanamo bay, Trey

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

