

Make Love

Gucci Mane & Nicki Minaj

[Intro: Nicki Minaj & Gucci Mane]

Uh, Gucci
Wanna make love, love, love

[Verse 1: Gucci Mane]

King of the skreets
And when these suckas see me, they should bow to my feet
And kiss the ground underneath
I look down at the beef
That shit childish to me
Two hundred thousand 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 talkin' crazy
I'm tryna book Beyoncé for my wedding day
I'm the type of nigga, spend a million on a wedding cake
Niggas hate, but hesitate
They hate to see ya elevate
I just left out the gym
I'm 'bout to take a swim and meditate
Woo!
Now it's time to celebrate
Ask me why I'm smilin'
I say, "'Cause I make two mil' 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

[Chorus: Gucci Mane]

I'm makin' money like I'm makin' sweet love
I wanna make love, love, love
She say the money make her wanna make love
Wanna make love, love, love, huh

[Verse 2: Nicki Minaj]

Ay yo, ain't talkin' housewives, but I'm in the Porsche
First I'ma scorch her, then I'ma torch her
Then I'ma torture her, then I'ma off her
A million dollars for a show, they made their off-er
Go against Nicki, it's gon' cost ya
'Cause now it's fuck ya, intercourse ya
I rep Queens where they listen to a bunch of Nas
I'm a yes and these bitches is a bunch of nahs
Tryin' to win a gunfight with a bunch of knives
I win, get off the bench and give a bunch of fives
I don't see her
Bitch I'm the greatest, no Kendrick and no Sia
I'm the iPhone, you the Nokia
Everybody know you jealous, bitch it's so clear
Tell them bum ass bitches to play their role
She see my sexy ass every time she scroll
I got it in the can, Dole
Your career gon' be with Anna Nicole
Witcha dumbass face
She ain't eatin' but I swear she got some bum ass taste
Text her man like, "Dawg, how that bum ass taste?"
Pay your rent! And stay in your bum ass place
Oooohhh, oh you the qu-e-e-the queen of this here?
One platinum plaque, album flopped, bitch, where? (bitch, where?)
Hahaha, ahhhhh
I took two bars off just to laugh
You see, silly rabbit, to be the queen of rap
You gotta sell records, you gotta get plaques
S, plural like the S on my chest
Now sit your dumbass down
You got an F on your test

[Chorus: Gucci Mane]

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I wanna make love, love, love
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[Outro: Gucci Mane]

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

