

# Rae Sremmurd - Black Beatles (Feat. Gucci Mane)

Tom: **C**

**Em G C C**

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 them

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

Gettin' so gone I'm not blinkin'  
What in the world was I thinkin'?  
New day, new money to be made  
There is nothing to explain  
I'm a fuckin black beetle  
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 rolling  
She think she love me  
I think she trollin'

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Came in with two girls  
Look like strippers in their real clothes  
A broke hoe can only point me to a rich hoe

A yellow bitch with green hair, a real weirdo  
Black man, yellow lamb', real life goals  
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  
My chapos servin' yayo to the gringos  
Black beetle, club close when I say so

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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 its still the 80's  
I've been blowin' og kush  
I feel a lil' sedated  
I can't worry about  
A broke nigga or a hater  
Black beetle, bitch  
Me and paul mccartney related

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## Acordes

