

Margaret, CRY IN MY GUCCI

I don't ever wanna fight
I don't ever wanna cross the line
You gotta, gotta do me right
But I'm gonna buy the things I like
Oh baby, hold up
Get up the way
I'll make you pay

I don't ever wanna fight
I don't ever wanna cross the line
When you break my heart
And I swipe my card
Is the only way that I get to
Hold on
So Hold on

And then I
Cry, cry, cry
Cry in my Gucci
Cry in my Gucci
Cry, cry, my oh my my
When I get moody I want the the Gucci

Money to my happiness
Money drive your crave
My Gucci dress
Cry, cry, cry
Cry in my Gucci
Cry in my Gucci

Boy you driving me insane
I really gotta kill my pain
I don't even meant the pills
No I really mean the dollar bills
Oh baby
Hold up
Get up the way
I'll make you pay

My sorry is too late
Get I get it on a silver plate?

And then I
Cry, cry, cry
Cry in my Gucci
Cry in my Gucci
Cry, cry, my oh my my
When I get moody I want the the Gucci