

# Gunna, Toast Up

Told my nigga toast up, pour some lean in his cup, yeah  
In the penthouse sixty levels up  
With some hoes that I can't cuff, yeah  
I got lean in my cup, I got rumors I can't trust, yeah  
Niggas thinking that they tough  
They don't wanna play with us, damn  
Keep a semi-auto tucked, like a pimple I might bust, yeah  
Gotta thank God that we up, I done seen more than enough, yeah

From the outside looking in they think the kid made it  
I ain't ever witnessed so much damn hatred  
Gotta get a grill for these dead faces  
Thinking 'bout that money got my mind racing  
Time is running out, I'm running out of patience  
Come down to that paper, you gon' grind ain't you?  
They play with one of your partners, you gon' ride ain't you?  
We gon' take it over, this is our nation  
I'ma ride that Rover, I need high maintenance  
Specialty executive, it's so spacious  
I'm so used to this, I don't do nothing basic  
Chanel on your feet, I know you love pacin'  
Whatever you do don't give it up baby  
Whatever you do don't give it up baby  
Go clean up, I got hundreds in the tub baby

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I don't see no one but us, I don't seem to worry much  
I been high inside the clouds I can feel 'em and touch  
They've been praying on my down, they don't wanna see me up  
I done took so many fouls, now they seem keep me tough  
I ain't coming with no bluff, niggas know I ain't letting up  
I been in and out of town, doing shows and stacking bucks  
Moving slow and sippin' Tuss, Hi-Tech and actin' up  
We gon' pour a pint, my niggas all litty  
Toastin' up 'cause we 'bout to make more millis  
Hundreds in the bank, I need them blue benjis  
Put you in the latest Jimmy Choo baby  
They say this money gonna drive us all crazy  
Paper done put pressure on my old lady  
Broke your heart and had to buy a new Mercedes  
Working hard, geekin', can't stop getting faded

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