

# Gunna, Bottom

(Run that back, Turbo)

Came from the bottom  
Now the fans, they spot him (Woah, woah)  
Talk of the topic  
Can't even stop it (Woah, woah)  
Lot of you copyin'  
Here for the profits (Woah, woah)  
Find you a hobby  
'Cause it's bread on your noggin'

I'm lettin' the energy build up  
Then show these lil' niggas you brick tough  
Got the order in, nigga, we K'd up  
It's a whole different way you was raised up  
Ain't have shit, we would eat all the bread crusts  
Talkin' crazy like they smokin' angel dust  
I can have them boys leakin' out red stuff  
Niggas saweetie (Sweet)  
Never could be me  
Not the boy with the orange Lamborghini  
Yeah, the one match the hat to the beanie (Woah, woah)  
'Bout to eat it, I'm greedy  
In the coupe with my name in the seating  
And you ain't seen it  
You ain't seen it  
I say fuck you, you know that I mean it  
I don't care to hear none of your grievance  
Hit me up, Gunna back takin' meetings  
Sittin' back, but prepare for a reason  
Told my dog, "Let's get back to this eatin'"  
I was broke, but I still kept it decent  
Now we way over decent

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I think how to get money every day  
Fuck these niggas, I don't wanna share space  
Take a risk, hope it play out the best way  
Gunna Wunna gone, I'm on the airway  
Flyin' solo on niggas, the jet way  
Got three M's worth of ice in the staircase  
All that lookin', tell me, what's the stare rate  
P got your bitch (Woah, woah)  
P took your bitch on a dinner date  
P got these boys with the bitter face  
We pushin' up, better get it straight  
I doubled up (Woah, woah)  
Count my racks up on the interstate  
Catchin' up with niggas any day  
Lord still bless the kid in a better way, uh  
Way better reader  
Fuck them niggas, I don't even need 'em  
Poppin' out with a different demeanor  
Uh-uh, you ain't seen him  
Yeah, yeah, know a nigga cleaner  
Got 'em shocked 'cause the world wouldn't greet him

Steppin' up 'cause I'm really a leader  
Answer this, do the world really need him?

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