

Gunna, Cop Me A Foreign

Bricks, this shit finna kill these niggas
(Narcos)

I wanna cop me a foreign
(Cop-cop me a foreign)
I wanna cop me a foreign
(Yeah-yeah-yeah)
I wanna cop me a foreign
(I wanna cop me, gonna cop me a foreign)
I wanna cop me a foreign
(Cop me, yeah-yeah)

Chop off the top, Forgiato my rims
Panama white, put the goat on my lip
Riding on Melrose, I'm in a spaceship
Rolex on my wrist when I grip the steering wheel
I'm only running with real
I got my own paper, I can't sign a deal
Mansion in Beverly Hills
I run up a check, give a fuck how you feel

I just might teach you a lesson
I cannot fuck with no peasant
I only rock VVS's
VVS's in my necklace
VVS's got me reckless
It's Gunna-Gunna, bitch you guessed it
I might say some shit impressive
I might do some shit, impress you
Throw it up and let you catch it
Hold me down and I'ma bless you
I'ma buy you some Loubs, I'ma buy you Giuseppe
That money keep coming, they send it directly
She suck on that dick and she give me that becky
I give her 10, 000 and I don't regret it
Thank God that I made it, I used to be poor
You lil niggas fell off, Young Gunna still on
Remember I used to rock Polo, Ralph Lauren
Now I pull off the lot in a new foreign
Say fuck all you niggas, I know you ain't with me
This AMG 63, I gotta get it
24 inches, I want my shit lifted
Ferraris and Lambs and Rolls Royce and Bentleys
European wheels all through the city
Cashed out, got my title and got my shit tinted
Windows so dark man you can't even see in it
Riding with the pitch like my shit is not rented

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(Skrt-skrt, yeah-yeah)

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I run this shit up, give a fuck how you feel

I'm in here riding with the carbon
Hop in and out of the foreign
Most of these boys they corny
They don't got no bread
They running around and they boring
We don't make love with these bitches
Bought a new Bentley truck with the riches
Fuck one, both my palms itching
Let's have a toast and fuck your kidneys
Fuck 5-0, I know they listening
They listening to everything yeah
Better watch what you say to these bitches
Cause in court they gonna put on air yeah
I just want a band
I just need a band
I miss Ben Franklin
I just want him back
I cheated on him with Grants and Jacksons
Why the fuck I do that?
But I promise I ain't gon' do it no more
Oh no-no-no-no hey

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Chop off the top, Forgiato my rims
Paint 'em all white, put the gold on the lips
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Give a fuck how you feel
All of my niggas give a fuck how you feel
Fuck around and play, [?]
Fuck around and play, get your ho lil top peeled
Fuck around and play, get your ho lil top peeled
Fuck around and play, get your ho lil top peeled
We just go crazy, we don't pop the pills
We can go brazy when I pop the pills
We gon' go brazy when I cop the pills
We gon' put cake [?] your bitch
We gon' put cake on these bitches for real
Play with the bitch and we saving they kids
Saving they life and we buy 'em some heels
Chanel bags by the low
Hold up bitch playing, I got big ring bloods on the low
Shh, stand low, I got big bloody bloods on the low
Yeah-yeah I'm on the west coast hanging with locs
Ya dig nigga? Don't fix this bitch
Let 'em dig this bitch
Let 'em whip the wrist
Out the pot, got the bowl
Get a knot, buy a Rollie
Buy Pateks, put some ice around your neck

Pussy on your [?]
Put it on your point and click
Put it on your private property
Put it on your big bank
Inside the pool I'm top
Belly busting
Fuck nigga bust
Bad back, YSL, we don't trust you
Fuck round we gon' bust you
Fuck round we gon' bust you
We on Gresham with Guwop, fuck round we gon' bust you

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