

Gunna, Paper Cuts

Renegade, renegade, renegade

I make it rain in this bitch, drippers mad cause I'm giving 'em paper cuts, hey
We put a bag on your head, get him knocked off, I told him don't play with us, hey
Only the gang in my house, if you ain't with the gang, you can't stay with us, hey
My money counter just broke, I was flicking my thumb, got a paper cut, hey
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Shawty feel safe with a real nigga, we in the Coupe and that stick with us
I'm bouta run out the restaurant, if you ain't gang, you can't sit with us
My poppa hit the McChicken inside of his closet, I picked it up
No, I ain't shoot it that day, but I felt like a shooter, I lifted up
Niggas, they know about 3oh, you try run up on me, that shit it ain't easy
Shawty keep sending me pictures, she got on them Vicky's, I told her don't tease me
I came a long way, believe me
Now they in line just to meet me
Slide in your block in your 'Rari, I'm in and out so quick, them niggas ain't see me

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Hey, hey, hey, hey
My fingers got paper cuts
I sip out a dirty cup
Sticked up, these niggas can't murder us
Hard top, but it's a convertible
700 horses and we skirting up
I ain't shit like them lil' boys you heard about
We'll spin your whole block just for word-of-mouth
Rose gold on me, I'm the golden child
Walk in Neimans, I said she was smelling loud
Kill that fuckboy, don't fuck with no pedophile
I'm too high, ain't no way Gunna coming down
These ain't Nikes but I run the town
How I spend fifteen racks on a couple pounds?
How you say that's your dog, you ain't buss him down?
Make it rain and I hope don't nobody drown

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