

Gunna, Put That Shit On

Told her to put that shit on
Told her to put that shit on
(Ayy, Manzo, we got a hit, boy)
Young Gunna, Young Gunna the one
(Ooh, Bi-Bighead on the beat)

Dark ass shades
Hater can't see in my face
Secure my vibe
Hater, get out my space
Foreign my car
Foreign my bitch okay
Big ole guns
Hitters on deck don't play
Just checking my funds
Not my words you bumping your gums
Heart froze numb
You can tell I'm a product of the motherfucking slums
Strap in my palms
Guerrilla in the street like Mighty Joe Young
Comme Des Garçon with the Rick Owens
I'ma show em how to put that shit on

I'ma show you how to put that shit on
Fashion show at Louis Vuitton
I put Dior on my Jordan 1's
Pull up Rolls Royce truck top gun
Got a nice breeze I can feel the sun
Biscotti weed coming out my lungs
Got a lot of G's I can spend it for fun
She ain't never seen a one of one
Young Gunna Young Gunna know one
He talking real tough like he never been stung
I hope that lil' boy know I came with a gun
Slimes and Shady don't back down from none
My count up is daily unlimited funds
Yung Booke Money Savage the money gone come
I still got a habit they thought I was done

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I'ma show 'em how to put that shit on
Big rackades
I'ma show em how to put that shit on

Jumped right off the ship now I'm warm
Amiri my britches, I Dior my kicks
I'ma show em how to put that shit on

Flying big G5 airborne
My bitch can't wear Liz Claiborne
Need a 600 Benz to perform
My lil' college freak like fucking in the dorm
Went to Icebox put the gang on the charm
With Gunna and I got a gun
Putting that shit on, I do that for fun
been doing that since I was young
Bussed down the Roley I'm shining on time
Wiped that boy nose he ain't know I was slime
If you ain't a dripper can't fuck with your kind
My diamonds, they blind
That's why I gotta rock

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