

# 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

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

Dark ass shades  
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

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