

Gunna, Same Yung Nigga (feat. Playboi Carti)

(Wheezy outta here)
(Run that back, Turbo)

Stack them hunnids up like Lego
Remember I had to charge my bros for petrol
I came a long way, trappin' off of metro
Ain't that same young nigga from the ghetto
Still got rounds, I can let go
Meet me anytime, I smoke the best dope
I pop off a tag when I change clothes
Ain't that same young nigga from the ghetto

I done made that drip a series
I can see these diamonds clear like HD
Carats in my ear, why can't you hear me?
Rock Balmain boots under my jeans Amiri
Won't touch you once but still can make feel me
Get bail, hop out and walk right into D&G
Got three condos, I still won't give my bitch a key
Tell all promoters, "Get that Presidential suite"
Sold-out shows, this shit litty
These bitches love it when I'm in they city
I'ma buy a Rolls and a Bentley
Told doctor get the syrup out my kidney

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Spend a lotta money on some damn clothes
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Fendi on my body, I don't own plain clothes
East Atlanta, kickin', smokin' big dope
I want a Ferrari and a Range Rover
That bitch got her boy so she gon' lay low
That boy just hit a lick, we serve him payroll
Cut that bitch right off, I feel like Rambo
Diamonds on me dancin', where's the dancehall?
Wild out on the opp and let that thing go
50k on my backend, I did a late show

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