

Gunna, Valentino

If young Metro don't trust you I'm gon' shoot you
Yeah

She thicker than Hannah Montana
I fuck on that bitch with a Gucci bandana
2018 the Porsche Panamara
I got some racks on me, bitch, ain't no scammer (Racks)
She let me dig in her gut like an animal (Damn)
I drop a deuce and a four in the Fanta (Mud)
Mister Young Gunna, I came from Atlanta (Yup)
I been drippin' shit, you gon' need an umbrella, yeah, yeah, yeah
Marc Jacob Jacket, this expensive leather
The syrup and the percs got me floatin' like a feather (Floatin')
Broke that hoe heart and didn't write her no letter
I'ma go hard, feel like I be gettin' better
And that Goyard, 'bout to fill it with cheddar (Racks)
I don't want talk, bitch, don't give me no lecture (Nah)
Bitch, I'm a boss and you know I can't let up

Yeah
I can only do it for a profit (Yeah)
Only hit the bank for deposit (Oh)
Racks and designer my wallet (Oh)
Some bad bitches waiting in the lobby (Lobby)
Takin' off on these lames like a rocket (Rocket)
Gettin' cash ain't a thing, it's a hobby (Hobby)
Valentino all over my body (Body)

Like ooh, don't wanna talk, ooh
Lil' bitch, just give me them jaws (Hello), ooh
Told her I don't wanna stall, ooh
Now lick the tip and lick the balls, ooh
In front of your friends, I said pause, ooh (Yeah, uh)
In front of your bitch I said uh, vroom (Ayy)
Gunna and I back to back with the drops
So many diamonds, I flooded the rocks (Skrrt)
Gucci my sweater and Gucci my socks (Socks)
The guap, it won't stop, Maison my flip flop
Boy, you need to stop, you wifin' that thot
Your bitch play hopscotch, yeah, with my whole squad
Got boys on the block that whippin' the pot
Don't wanna talk money, I get that a lot
That bitch that you with, boy, I hit that a lot (Yeah)
She got a lick that gon' stick to the car (Yeah)
Ooh, ooh, put it in her spine
Ooh, suck it up, make her go blind (Ooh)
Ooh, ooh, smokin' on pine
Ooh, my lil' bitch so fine
Ooh, ooh, favorite color lime
Oops, my bad, favorite color slime (Slatt)
Woah, had to let go of my bad bitch, yeah
But I still never dropped a dime (Slatt)
Had to downgrade to a nine (Ooh)
My new bitch on a 30
Shot a fuck nigga, then act like I'm blind
Dumbass nigga, yeah, better read the signs
Dud ass nigga, better not cross the line
Pull up with my niggas and none of 'em kind
Pull up with your niggas and none of 'em ride
Pull up that SLS, doors suicide
Ride in my Hellcat, blue Benji diet
Paramore rockstar, let's have a riot
Nowadays I'm the man, I try to fight it (Yeah)
Ain't touch her, she wet, man, that girl too excited (What?)

She gave me top, the cum made me silent
She gave me brain, turn me to a psychic (Lil Uzi, yeah)

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