

Gunna, Against Me

I stack up them racks, I stacked up them riches
Got racks in my pocket, got racks for my bitches
I jumped off the porch, know how to go get it
The differences is, lil' nigga I listen
I ain't tryna sign, I'ma stay independent
Now open your eyes, hope you pay attention
I copped me a coupe and it come wit' no ceilin'
I used to struggle 'til I started dealin'
I gotta hustle to get me a million
You in the way nigga, play your position
Keep a straight face, I don't play wit' these bitches
Keep a AK, 'bout to blow in the kitchen
I might make the Forbes from tourin' the city
When I go to the hood niggas actin' like bitches
I gotta stay focused, my enemies envy
I know you ain't wit' me, you niggas against me

I know you ain't wit' me (I know you ain't wit' me)
I turned to the lord, I know you against me
Try to avoid and roll me a spiffy
But these niggas tellin', I smell somethin' fishy
I can't sell a brick 'cause I think it's too risky
If I sell a bale they might try come get me
I'm still gon' pour bale and my shit cost a milli's
Wake up in the mornin' and think about Benji's
I went to the bank and I'm seein' number commas
To tell you the truth, I'm in love wit' blue hunnids
These bitches gon' fuck when they see the young Gunna
I just got a slut and she came from [?]
She sucked me so good got a flight to Atlanta
These bitches get money, you know it don't matter
Went straight to the top and I didn't use a ladder
Got choppas on choppas if you wanna battle
Yeah (Yeah, yeah)
I go to the mall and buy my bit' designer
'Cause she kept it silent I know she a rider
Go back to the spot, put the dick all inside of you
You niggas be cuffin', hell, I know you can't hide it
I know she gon' fuck cause I made a deposit
We fuck to my music, she say I'm melodic
Remember you had it, now nigga I got it

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You niggas against me
You niggas don't feel me or wit' me at all
I'm tryna go up and they want me to fall
You niggas some ballhogs, don't want me to ball
I still got some savages waitin' on the call

I done doin' prayer, stack my money tall
Pourin' the Act' in that red, we sip raw
I'm feelin' like 2Pac and it's fuck the law
Cash out on a foreign, I don't care what it cost
It came wit' a horse, she hear the exhaust
I got me a check, went and bought me a loft
I'm a young boss, made it outta the South
Nigga gon' hate, keep my name out your mouth
These niggas show fake love when they see me out
They know I'm workin' when they in a drought
12 hit my spot, had the work in the couch
12 hit my spot, had the work in the mansion
And I hold my daughter, said baby don't panic
I hope she don't tell 'em the safe in the attic
Just keep it cool and don't be dramatic
Whatever I showed you, you need to forget it
She can get prices on a dealer wit' business
I just want work and chase after these riches

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