## Gunna, Drip Nation

Just keep it real 'cause these niggas be fakin' I ran it up now I drip 'cross the nation Gelato I'm blazin', sell hoes like it's Vegas PJ different places, Rolex with no patience Keep it real with me, I hope you ain't fakin' Ran that shit up, now we drip 'cross the nation Gelato I'm blazin', sell hoes like it's Vegas Rolex with no patience, PJ different places

Ah, Megabus, I got my drip back from Houston Made it back, this shit wasn't a movie Poured a whole eight and I ain't feelin' woozy I'm a real one and you already knew it Fucked on a groupie, Young Gunna the coolest YSL latest, stay rockin' the newest Swap Gucci with Fendi, I really be moody I don't really talk but I speak through my music Pop an X pill and nigga I'm booted House in the hills, do it look like we losin'? Ain't got no deal but my fans say I do it I crack a seal and pour up in my soda My cup runneth over, don't like bein' sober Used to pull up and make plays at the Mobil Used to skip school and we wasn't even mobil Slatt, Young Gunna slime like a cobra I fuck with Drip Sosa, ice cold like a polar Still gon' get money when this shit is over DMG goin' all up my motors Count that shit up, got them racks off of yola My plug is a grower, I love sippin' oil I got a backend, I'm still seein' more It ain't no Cali, Young Gunna is law

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My drip is amazin', they all want to take it I fly different places, kill shit like I'm raidin' Got lyrics like Jason, big gat what I'm facin' I just broke an agent, she sound real taken It's hell what I'm raisin' if they try to play me Ride with these K's like I am a racist The Gucci I'm rockin', you know it's the latest, yeah I fuck with Young Gunna, I put that on hundreds, that's just how we bomin' Big diamonds, big money, big drippin' on somethin' Big clip that's a drummin', it hit you like thunder, yeah, ayy I get to the numbers, I come from the dungeon I whip tail a foreign, I'm doin' a hundred I'm stone cold like Stunna My watch is included, we don't care 'bout a bundle, yeah I'm settin' my mood I'm strapped with the tool and I'm strapped with the jewel My diamonds they hit hard like a high dude And tipped a lil bitch in Chanel, bought some boots I'm thinkin' 'bout trip 'round the world with my crew Might go Peru, got sauce, you can't lose Reppin' that red and countin' them blues I get to this bread and stack up the loot

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