

Gunna, Drip Or Drown Remix (feat. Lil Yachty)

Yeah, yeah

Two Benzes, one Bentley Coupe, and two Beamers
Think I'm a seamstress, I stay in the cleaners
2k my sweatsuit, I walk with demeanor
Sippin' on lean, can you tell me who leaner
Showin' me pics of your ho, I done seen her
Twenty-three racks got me feeling like Tinker
I like your bitch 'cause her pussy look pinker
Made that ho cum with two rings on my fingers
Crocodile seats and my cousin look like he been shippin' packs
And we back, yeah, that's a fact
Lately I promise I been on my bull
You finna get shot, acting like you cool
Drip to my socks, in Ellesse I'm a fool
Sicko my brother, he stay with a tool
If you won't pop it, boy pass it to Tuan
Flipped in your bitch, dawg her pussy a pond
Feel like a swan laying in the Don Juan
Yeah, I been an artist, but not rap, boy, icon
Fuck these new niggas, I ain't 'em, too foreign
My bitch a fairy, she walk with a wand
JBan\$ my brother, if I fight, he scuffle
That's not a joke, that boy can't wait ot tussle
TEC-9, no 'tussin, these stripper hoes bussin'
Lustin', not lovin', my guap, bitch, keep buzzin'

I got woodgrain on my Damier Buckle
Cool quarter mill in my Goyard duffle
I won again so you still gotta shuffle
Born with the drip and just learned how to hustle
Look at your bitch through these Dior bifocals
I get me some head, she bend that shit over
They say lately I been lookin' like dollars
Pinstripe high waters, I dress like a golfer
We ride in foreigners, ain't no more Impalas
They ain't have the new born but I got baby bottles
Shoppin' at Barney, I drip like a model
Watch how I drip when I hit that Met Gala
Codeine I sip with my lip, don't get splattered
Doctor told me I got I lean in my bladder
Run through this cash like family don't matter
I got your back, feel the same pain together
Pop off the tag, my partner just swear
Baby blue Jag made my mom feel better
Fucked a snow bunny at my show at Coachella
VVS damn they pointers in my bezel
We move too fast, it get slimy as ever
Life is too grimy, I watch for the devil
It's a Rolls Royce, and it comes with umbrellas
2018 and that Porsche Carrera

Goyard pouch (hey)
Racks in the quarter ounce (hey)
Two accounts (hey)
Large amounts, ooh
Shop around (hey)
Designer down, ooh
Drip or drown (hey)
Drip or drown, ooh

Killin' these hoes, need to call paramedics
New Fendi runners, I feel athletic
Run that shit up, bought my partner a Patek

Blowin' this cash, it was times we ain't have it
Got twenty-one bitches, I must be a savage
Cook in the kitchen, the dope smell like acid
Pourin' this Hi-Tech, I'm sippin', relaxin'
Vibes in LA, Gunna fuckin' the baddest
FN ain't plastic, put him in a casket
I wiped his nose quickly, pass him a napkin (slime)
Got an addiction, in love with this fashion
Prayin' for all of my bros like we Catholic
Lifetime of hats 'cause you always be cappin'
Niggas ain't eatin', stop cappin', you ain't fastin'
Can't get no sleep 'cause my life is all action
See how shit happened, I made it in rappin'

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