

Gunna, Gimmick

Yeah

This ain't no motherfuckin' gimmick (Gimmick)
Win or lose, this ain't no scrimmage (Win or lose)
Balmain my shoes and my fitted (Damn)
Damn you fuckboys and you critics (Critics)
Got the trap jumpin' like crickets (Jumpin' out)
Lambo' truck look like it's kitted (Skrrt)
Load it up, hit the block, spin it (Spin it)
Loyal to my dawgs, we committed (Committed)

Yeah (Uh)

I told you none of my shit rented (No)
They use the lingo I invented (Yeah)
In this G6, boosted my adrenaline (My adrenaline)
High fashion, feel like fly shit I'm chillin' in (Fly)
My dawg down the road might have to kill again (Kill)
Swear the finest hoes come out for Benjamins (Fine)
We some dinosaurs, who think you bigger than? (Who think you bigger than?)
This chain cost a quarter milli' (Uh)
Condo sixty floors up, you can see the city (High)
When the bitch let me fuck, she hate to admit it (Uh)
Her shit wet when she bust, my shit sticky, sticky (My shit sticky, sticky)
Yeah, I dig it, dig it (Dig it, dig it)
Wanna bring your friend too, yeah, I'm with it, with it (I'm with it, with it)
Nut inside, look like glue in your pretty kitty (Uh)
My next signed deal, I'm spendin' a ticket, ticket (Ticket, ticket)

This ain't no motherfuckin' gimmick (Nah)
Win or lose, this ain't no scrimmage (Uh)
Balmain my shoes and my fitted (Fitted)
Damn you fuckboys and you critics (Damn you fuck niggas)
Got the trap jumpin' like crickets (Jumpin' out)
Lambo' truck look like it's kitted (Skrrt)
Load it up, hit the block, spin it (Spin it)
Loyal to my dawgs, we committed (Yeah)

Love for 'em all

Bossed up and gave a few bonds to my dawgs (Bonds to my dawgs)
Fuck the jail system, man, fuck the four walls
I feel like 2Pac, above all the law (Yeah)
I pour a quick Dew up and let it dissolve
1017 Guwop, Backwoods look like logs
Pull out that trench blazer, the end and the fall
The web full of haters and internet blogs (The web full of haters and internet blogs)
I'm way out in Greece, ain't receivin' no calls
He disrespect, chop off his head with a saw (Chop it off)
You look out 'cause you think a blessing involved
Ain't none of these cheap, Chrome Hearts on my drawers
She kissed on my cheek, I dug in her jaws
Don't get on your knees, you ain't toppin' it off
You niggas police and be tellin' it all

This ain't no motherfuckin' gimmick (Gimmick)
Win or lose, this ain't no scrimmage (Scrimmage)
Balmain my shoes and my fitted (Damn)
Damn you fuckboys and you critics (Damn you fuckboys)
Got the trap jumpin' like crickets (Crickets)
Lambo' truck look like it's kitted (Kitted)
Load it up, hit the block, spin it (Load it up)
Loyal to my dawgs, we committed ('Mitted)