

Gunna, Highschool

I popped a bean and I gave my bitch a xanny
I pour up clean out the pint and I don't measure
I up that thing on your click, might cause a hazard
I'm from the old school cut, let's put on [?]
Remember highschool, nigga I was dripping in belly
Now we on private jets, I turned my residence to Cali'
In the YSL family, first we established
Pocket filled with green, nigga that cabbage

I need D my size
With this drip, bitch better catch me outside
I only want Forgiato rims when I ride
And a fully loaded FN on my side
I know my bro won't lose his hope 'fore I free him out the chain gang
I run with locs, they can get it for the low, these young niggas gang bang
All a real street nigga wanna do is stack it up and maintain
Then jump out 'Rari on these bitches, letting these chains swang
Got some VVS's these ain't VS1
Brand new Balmain boots, nigga don't get stepped on
Got yo main bitch with me holding my left arm
And they wanted me to stop, muhfucker I kept going
Bitch thought she was my girl, had to pass her like Brett Favre
On a brand new G5 taking off like NASA
Wild lil' beast better move on the street like a jaguar
And she'll stress 'till I eat that fish like Alaska

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I can't tell no lies
On the private island where we reside
I don't need no stylist with the shit I buy
I put that shit on [?]
I feel like Al Capone, play with me you die
She could type, connect this shit to the ties
New wristwatch, iced my shit 'fore I strive
It came with all lies
Protect my pride

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