

# 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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