

Gunna, Invest

Yeah

Margiella on a nigga's shit, I'm rich nigga
Me and Wheezy, we the wave

Forgiato lip, blow a kiss (blow a kiss, mwah)
Margiella, order shrimp and grits (shrimp and grits, yeah)
My new condominium is dressed (it's dressed, yeah)
Icy VVS's and Piguets (ice, ice, Piguets)
I'ma get them commas and invest (and invest, yeah)
Diamonds, yeah I'm mister don't play chess (I don't play chess, no)
I'm the one that's gon' protect my flesh (protect my flesh)
These hundreds help young Gunna worry less (worry less, yeah)

I got hundreds on my membrane
Margiella jacket with some gold saint
Sip me some more syrup, I got oil paintings
Ropes around my neck, rose at PF Changs
I can see the sky, panoramic view
Trappin' since a child, I want every shoe
Niggas tote a gun and don't ever shoot
Maybach seat massage, I'm my own massuese
Couple pointers and some VVS too
I sip Actavis and I sip red too
If we both get caught then I can't tell on you
Next time see that fuckboy's face was Channel 2
Pulled up on the block to make some blood shed
Clique can pick a day to lay inside your duffel bag
I'm cashin', callin' shots, I'm gon' be jefe
Addicted to codeine, I hope I'm healthy

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Blue hundreds on my membrane
You can't catch the style, nigga the time changed
All my ballin', 'bout five eight
Whips two hundred and up, yeah the fast way
I can count the racks like a cashier
Swear this Helmut Lang, yeah this cashmere
Camera in my front, camera in my rear
Shoppin' in my near, sippin' on the Lear
Tokyo Japan, they pay me two a piece
These joggers cost a band, I walk expensive gear
Chasing M&M's, she freaky just like Kim
The bitch just listen here, I might be Mister Drip

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