## Gunna, No Joke

Metro Boomin want some more nigga

I rock Balmains, swerve in all lanes
Don't play no games, ain't no joke
I don't do no hating, ain't got no main
Let that clip hang, got that pole
I rock Balmains, ain't no joke (ain't no joke)
I rock Palm Angels, ain't no joke (ain't no joke)
I might road rage, swerve in all lanes
With my gang gang, 'til I'm gone ('til I'm gone), yeah

Got games like hammercuff, hey Count this cash, I got more, hey Don't need no flash, lightning bolts, hey Smash, I got racks in the dashboard (dashboard) I boarded a jet without my passport (passport) Had to cut my ties, you a bad sorts (a bad sorts) Informant ass nigga, working task force (task force) Yeah I got racks ho And we'll pass a ho, she want a young Metro Baby girl got the best throat Bitch we going in beast mode I'm letting the heat throw Please keep my lean cold Givenchy lens (lens) I don't see you cheap hoes Sixty five Benz, yeah this the big bro It cost me ten, I got three pedals With my new rare clothes, I'm drippin' Rick O, oh oh

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My bitch got cameltoe, hey Sweet like cantaloupe, hey Got my bag from off the ropes, hey Live inside the bank, make the deposit though Why the hell you sign with Boominati dawg? Snatch me a new coupe, I got it polished though Mansion in LA, shit look like Mally Mal Ayy I ball, young nigga ball Stand on hundreds tall, fuck up the shopping mall Drippin', I left you the sauce Puttin' them racks in the vault I heard you was playing with the sauce We rich and we big as the law Trust me I'm keeping it raw My brother be peeping you out Trust my dog with a paw Cut in the game with a saw Pour up and just fuck what it cost Yeah, this water like Voss Yeah, your ho will get tossed Money done made me a boss

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