

# Gunna, Top Off

Yeah my nigga, we  
We really pop this shit for real nigga, yeah  
No cap, no rap cap

I took the top off, I'm dripping like hot sauce  
I got drank and it's clean raw  
Baby give me that mean mouth  
Hit that pussy like golf ball  
I can do this without y'all  
Caught a loss, I go loco  
I go back to the traphouse  
Break the bricks and the bales down  
Cashing in and I cash out  
Turn that shit to a stash house  
I ain't taking no handouts  
Money calling, I'm en route  
Them other niggas they been down  
Blow a bag when I'm in town

They say Gunna you the best, I done went and got a check  
I'm about to flex, it's an Audemar Piguet  
Rocking diamonds, I'm wet  
I got water 'round my neck, I done start to worry less  
Went and bought my bitch a necklace, Hi-Tech my fresh  
Niggas sending me threats, I done bought another vest  
I'm protecting my flesh, nigga pardon, my bad  
Fifty fur on my hat, I'm havin' them racks  
I could never get attached

Got Chanel, I can see now, I got back on my feet now  
I can take care my team now, I'ma hold my whole team down  
Niggas hate, I don't see how, made it out of the damn South  
And I don't even know how  
'Bout to pull me a Benz out

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Yeah I drip when I'm in town, I'm just tryna stay in bounds  
And I'm milking my cash cow, Gunna came with his own sound  
You ain't stealing this flow now, blowin' smoke and it's so loud  
I been bringing these hoes out, Gunna get in his zone now  
Eat the greens, salad, yeah, nigga still rappin'  
Racks got me relaxin', bought me a gold Patek  
Yeah I'm fly and I'm flashy, yeah, nigga we havin'  
Tell me your profession, we gang banging active  
YSL legends

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