

Lil Baby, Our Year (feat. Gunna)

Gunna, Gunna, Baby
Fuck with young YSL yeah it's our year

Big racks, money talking nigga that's all I hear
Told every one of my niggas this our year
Pulled the Bentley truck to the clear port, go and board the Lear
Imma hop out, drip drip in the flyest gear
Everything came from Saks Fifth's
Bitch got Dior all on her lips
Let her ride, Imma drive from the rear

Drive that bitch and go crazy
All blue hunnids big faces
Four pockets full, Lil Baby
Catch me a jet and go to Vegas
Chauffeur from a 63 AMG Mercedes
VVSs on me and they banging
Fuckin' on a nigga old lady
I was tryna grind like the 80s
I had to stack it tall took a whole lot of patience
Spend a dime nigga money ancient
Til I hit the mall and I fell in love with Maison
Money growing feeling like I'm ageing
Pour a four of syrup lemme taste it
Attached to the paper we related
Big racks, money conversation

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Told Gunna Gunna lil kid this our year, you dig what I'm sayin' bro?
She got starstruck by the stars in the wraith, she know I ain't playin' though
I ran them bands up
Dressed like I'm sponsored by Louis Vuitton
Givenchy, Chanel, YSL, I'm a don
Four pockets full, get them in by the ton
Look at my bitch how she stunt on they ass she got class she got every bag
Jumped on a .. told a bitch I ain't coming back

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