

Gucci Bucket Hat

Future

Freeband Gang
What's up, Chanel?
Young (Sonny Digital)
FBG global (Project X)
Astronaut

Yeah, Gucci bucket hat, Gucci bucket hat (Yeah), yeah
Gucci bucket hat, Gucci bucket hat (Yeah), yeah
Serving fentanyl, I ain't going back, yeah
Serving fentanyl, I ain't going back, yeah
Them bands up, they gon' pay someone to hurt you (Yeah)
Gettin' rich was my virtue (Was my virtue)
Maybach fish bowl, creep in it like a turtle (Creep)
Big stacks, won't fold, taller than a hurdle (Won't fold)
Gang unit lookin' for my young niggas servin' (Gang unit)
Gang unit lookin' for my young niggas murkin' (Slatt)
California, fast cars, going cowabunga (California)
Every mornin' go and shop, draping up designer (Draped up)
Got my legal credit card, keep that dirty F&N (Woah)
Shoot a thou', bet a thou', hurry, drop the PIN (Woah)
Me and Herion dropped a seven on a ten (Woah)
Seven days out the week, come through, spin (What else?)
I'm gettin' legal money, still ride with dirty F&Ns
California, fast cars, going cowabunga (Yeah)
Gang unit lookin' for my young niggas murkin' (Yeah)
Gang unit lookin' for my young niggas servin' (Yeah)

Gucci bucket hat, Gucci bucket hat (Brr), yeah
Gucci bucket hat, Gucci bucket hat (Gucci), yeah
Gucci bucket hat, Gucci bucket hat (How you comin'?), yeah
Gucci bucket hat, Gucci bucket hat (Woo), yeah
Serving fentanyl, I ain't going back (I ain't going back), yeah
Serving fentanyl, I ain't going back (I ain't going back), yeah
Serving fentanyl, I ain't going back (I ain't going, Ayy), yeah
Gucci bucket hat, Gucci bucket hat (Brr, Okay then), yeah

Double G's on my pocketbook, forgot which nigga bought it (Which nigga bought it?)
Always speak my mind, don't care who hear [?]
Don't count my eggs before they hatch, I cross my T's and dot my I's
Like them double C's and Prada bands and hella dollar signs, bitch
Gucci bucket hat, Gucci bucket hat
And I got the shoes to match, these bitches fuck for that
That's no cap, bitch
P-A-P, I like free bands with no strings attached
Don't be cashin' out on me if you gon' want your money back
'Cause I hate ballers that fiendin' like Felicia
These hoes don't want no beef, if they eat salad, it's a Caesar
These bitches problem in my eyes, I pick 'em with some tweezers
Now tell me who belong to the streets?
Like Romeo, they tryna master the P (Bitch)

Yeah, Gucci bucket hat, Gucci bucket hat (Brr), yeah (Okay then)
Gucci bucket hat, Gucci bucket hat (Yeah, bitch), yeah
Givenchy duffel bag, Givenchy duffel bag, yeah
Givenchy duffel bag, Givenchy duffel bag, yeah
Serving fentanyl, I ain't going back (I ain't going back), yeah

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Serving fentanyl, I ain't going back (I ain't going), yeah
Gucci bucket hat, Gucci bucket hat (Brr), yeah (Talk this shit, Young)

Gucci bucket hat with a cup of Act' (Cup of Act')
Pair of skinnies on and a couple racks (Freebandz)
Couple hitters with me with a couple gats (Murk)
Opps say we missed 'em, so we double back (Skrtrt, skrtrt, baow)
Look like Dapper Dan, just a dope boy from the '80s
Ace Boogie at the cleaners, that was me until I made it (Young)
Whatever I want, they pay it, had that money right, I weigh it (I do)
The way I'm sellin' Molly Savage, you'd think Mike WiLL done made it (Ha)
Bitch, I'm paid in full, I feel like Mitch in that Benz (Skrtrt)
You turn your head, fool, I have your bitch in that Benz (Demon)
Riding with that tool, sellin' dog food, I don't need no friends (Nah)
Pluto and Seven in that foreign, feel like Bobo back again (Rest in peace)

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