

Deep End

Gunna

Cook this shit up, Quay
I know they ain't feeling my pain
I got codeine inside my veins
Yeah

I don't know who gassed you niggas up, go get a refill
We got them sticks, we in the field, we playing defence
He got his racks and all like Jacques he ready to dive in
Lil homie thuggin', he can't even swim, he in the deep end

They offerin' the shooter the death penalty, he won't tell on me
I know if I go broke today, them same hoes gon bail on me
I got 'em throwin' salt, they steady tryna fuck up my recipe
Amiri jeans, a hundred pack, ain't nothin' 'bout a nigga cheap
Sellin' weed in the projects
Relapsed on the hi-tech
Told the game that we up next
Put them on a G5 jet
Overseas with my sidepiece
My crease, you gotta be a dime piece
We gon' stick together like assigned seats
On that .30, gon', nigga, try me
Whoever thought I'd put a hunnid on my name
Whoever thought that I'd say "I'm the one up next"
Whoever thought that they'd be considerin' me the best
Whoever thought, whoever thought, whoever thought
Whoever thought

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Go and ask about me in the streets, they heard of me
If she find out I been creepin', she gon' murder me
I ain't trippin', no complaints, I got my courtesy
Yo, all the time I let the windows down so they can see us
I take the hitters around the globe, that's all I know
I met her last night, she tried to give me her soul
I got 'em hatin', they throwin' shots, they on their toes
One thing they know, one thing they know
Ain't gon' let up on them niggas
Once you try us, ain't gon' stop
If there's pressure, let me know
So we can pull up with them Glockes
Tryna dodge the bullshit and tryna make it to the top
If I never sell a record, I'm gon' make it on the block
How you gon' wait 'til I make it
Then try to hate on me, nigga, I don't need you
I put the food on the table
Nigga, who's hungry? I try to feed you
Treat all my niggas like bosses
Nobody's better, everyone equal
Real talk, this is the sequel
Hold it down for my people

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