

I Am

Gunna

Cook that shit up Quay!

Baby, huh

Christian Dior my shoes
They cost a band, I probably won't wear again
Lil Messly just came on the news
I'm thinking damm he back in trouble again
Made me a mil' cause I can
I know who I am, and I give thanks to the man
The tiger just joined out the camp
That's my lil man, right back international again
That young nigga shit we still on it
My dog going through it I feel for him
She told me she love me I feel for her
Got real niggas sitting it jail for it
Got a pack I put it in the mail for it
On the hunt for the money, I smell for it
Went big dog on them, this Tom Ford
That lil' boy shit I ain't going for
Get money everyday I wake up
Don't ask me then man up, shawty break up
Them M's coming in I let 'em stack up
Don't ride my wave dog, back up
I ain't never had shit I gotta act up
Don't come too close my dogs gon' bust
I don't need no help, I don't ask for much
If I ever go broke we masking up

Running money up, way up
Life ain't sweet ain't no lay-up
Drip for certain, they gotta pay up
I stayed down and I came up
Stayed the same and they changed up
I knew they was gone change up
Money never gone change up
So I just be in my lane stuck

I put the Bentley inside the garage
I don't know how much head I can dodge
You can get you knocked out for the night
Four pockets full everyone got a knot
I say this shit from the heart
I knew you weren't a real one from the start
Can't nothing keep me away from God
Go get on-stage and I get an applause
Me and Gunna done grow'd up
Back to Bentley coupe, they know it's us
My bro took a loss and I picked him up
We stick together, they ain't rich as us
I wanna take down, she ain't lifting off
Everytime I count cash swear I get a rush
My money long like the yellow bus
Ain't so secret bitch I'm living plush

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