

Make No Sense

Gunna

Told you we was gon' be rich
And stack my chips
So much money don't make no sense
I don't know what I spent
Make me wanna cop that Benz
Ride around the town with no tint
Cash in the bag we lit
Smashed and then got in that 'Vette
So much money don't make no sense
I ain't got no friends
Tom Ford all over my lens
Got racks in my pants
Ride with a FN
Got steel like Pakistan
I flew 'cross the map again
Got shows and I got fans
Gotta count them racks again

I ain't hide my safe in the attic
Smoke weed, sip lean, eat molly, pop xan bitch
Please don't panic
Got a Glock 19 black matte
Gotta ride with that static
Lil Duke with a iced out Patek
YSL getting green like salad
Gunna got a flow, can't get it
Fucking on all these bitches
My diamonds wash all the dishes
You niggas can't reinvent me
Pull up in that foreign, foreign, foreign at the Weston
Fucking on a pedestrian
I got these bitches desperate

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Told you lil' niggas that we gon' be rich
Run that shit up so much, don't make no sense
Used to ride [?] now pull up in Benz
Sipping on lean 'bout to fuck up my kidneys
Since a young nigga, been getting it
Quick to turn 10 to a 20

All of these bad bitches they on my dick, I got plenty
Selling out shows and winning
This foreign on me got tint
Riding with a bad lil' bitch
Hop on the highway, she suck on my dick
Diamonds on me and they looking like piss
Mama I told you that we gon' be rich
Gotta keep it real and can't ever switch
I had to stack up my chips
Stuck in the streets, came up off a lick
I had to stay down, stay in my own lane
Mama she told me, "don't go against the grain"
Knew what I been through, you can't feel my pain
Keep it so real that shit run through my vein
Made myself a boss and made me a name
Work in the trap, make the trap go insane
And ain't a damn thing changed, ah

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