

# Mayors

Gunna

[Chorus: Gunna & Hoodrich Pablo Juan]

20 thousand for the Plain Jane, Rollie out of bales  
Supreme gasoline, I can still get it sent through the mail, yeah  
I could fuck your bitch, take her home, leave her 'lone, I'm a player  
Got some diamonds on my neck, dripping wet, I got water like a whale, yeah  
100 thousand in my closet  
Designer all different pairs, yeah  
I walk in the bitch and I'm smoking that cookie  
You know I put it in the air, yeah  
Put ice in my watch and my bracelet  
Both from Cartier, yeah  
These bitches, they know I'm a player, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 1: Gunna & Hoodrich Pablo Juan]

Young nigga can't even lie, I turned to a Slime  
Everyday a nigga wake up, I got racks on my mind  
It's loyalty I praise, stay true to my ties  
Thugger told me [?] aliante and now it's my time  
I put on a rollie, too much ice  
I can't even see the time  
I'm on the lean, the Percs, and the Xans  
I think I'm losing my mind  
Stayed down on the grind, used to sell dimes  
Now my diamonds, yeah, they shine  
Got the mansion looking like a pop-up  
We got these bitches in line  
Double R wide body double park it  
Damn, that shit cost me a fine  
Copped me a coupe, but went and blow the brains out  
Damn, this shit charge me a dime  
My Audemar perfect time  
I fuck on her and she fine  
Young Gunna, he one of a kind  
I shine in a room with no lights  
I fucked that little bitch on the cam  
Told her do it for the Vine  
Fuck that little bitch in the mouth  
I fuck that little bitch in the spine  
Fuck that little bitch and get back on the grind  
What are the chances coming up from a dime  
I hang with the killers and robbers, my nigga  
Neighborhood and the slimes

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[Verse 2: Hoodrich Pablo Juan & Gunna]  
Rocking Louis, Damier, yeah  
I fucked your bitch and I send her my mail, yeah  
I drink the lean, no beer, yeah  
Whipping a buffet, I'm having bezels, yeah  
Free my cousin outta Telfare  
These niggas get locked up and tell, yeah  
I know when that shit can get real  
You didn't have the cash for your bail, damn  
Same spot that I'm living  
Trap rock, yeah, I sell that  
Your bitch, she's still on welfare  
I'm the fresh prince of Bel-Air, yeah  
Water on me like I sail, yeah  
I'm 'bout to cop some veneers, yeah  
I dropped this all on the scale, damn  
Sip me some sip, pop a little pill

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