

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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