

# Paper Cuts

Gunna

Renegade, renegade, renegade

I make it rain in this bitch, drippers mad cause I'm giving 'em paper cuts,  
hey  
We put a bag on your head, get him knocked off, I told him don't play with u  
s, hey  
Only the gang in my house, if you ain't with the gang, you can't stay with u  
s, hey  
My money counter just broke, I was flicking my thumb, got a paper cut, hey  
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Shawty feel safe with a real nigga, we in the Coupe and that stick with us  
I'm bouta run out the restaurant, if you ain't gang, you can't sit with us  
My poppa hit the McChicken inside of his closet, I picked it up  
No, I ain't shoot it that day, but I felt like a shooter, I lifted up  
Niggas, they know about 3oh, you try run up on me, that shit it ain't easy  
Shawty keep sending me pictures, she got on them Vicky's, I told her don't t  
ease me  
I came a long way, believe me  
Now they in line just to meet me  
Slide in your block in your 'Rari, I'm in and out so quick, them niggas ain'  
t see me

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Hey, hey, hey, hey  
My fingers got paper cuts  
I sip out a dirty cup  
Sticked up, these niggas can't murder us  
Hard top, but it's a convertible  
700 horses and we skirting up  
I ain't shit like them lil' boys you heard about  
We'll spin your whole block just for word-of-mouth  
Rose gold on me, I'm the golden child  
Walk in Neimans, I said she was smelling loud  
Kill that fuckboy, don't fuck with no pedophile  
I'm too high, ain't no way Gunna coming down  
These ain't Nikes but I run the town

How I spend fifteen racks on a couple pounds?  
How you say that's your dog, you ain't buss him down?  
Make it rain and I hope don't nobody drown

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