

# treesh

Gunna

(Dunk Rock)

Ooh

Treesh, treesh, treesh, treesh  
Treesh (Treesh ho), treesh, treesh  
(Treesh ho) Treesh, treesh, treesh (Treesh ho), treesh  
Treesh, treesh, treesh

Look at her stance, tongue out, shakin' her ass, ah  
Kick a lil' P out my pad, ah, jump out the pot like yams  
Y'all don't be seen with the treesh  
And she off the leash, you see what I'm sayin'?  
And shorty be doin' her thing  
'Cause she for the streets and still got a man (And still got a man)  
Ain't gotta speak, and I ain't pressed  
She want the D, I be like, "Ah"  
She wanna eat, she on a diet  
Only eat me, panties to the side  
Slippin' and slide, suckin' it right in a GT  
Act like I'm fine, at least a nine  
Pop me a vibe, call up a treesh

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Lil' bitch bad, ah, fuck I care about her past  
Ain't tryna give her no pass, ah  
Pull up to the spot, get smacked, ah  
Found out lil' shawty a freak and she like to sneak, a late night snack  
Ain't fuckin' no regular treesh, I'm comin' elite, I keep a good batch (I want good batch)  
Did what I say, I'm on her mind, I'm what she think  
Fuck her all time ten different ways  
Give me some head on the way to the bank  
Went and got a line, she on my line, we ain't on no Live, fuck, I couldn't cake  
Spend a couple dimes, regular day  
Couple of the guys, treesh on the way

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Treesh, treesh, treesh (Treesh ho)

Treesh ho, treesh ho