

Hunna

Plies

Strap on my motherfuckin' lap, it shoot a hunna
Bad bitches all of 'em dimes, gotta hunna
Stick that on that ass, doing the dance, doing a hunna
I ain't got no change, shit, all I got is hunna

New pair of Lees, white Ts, fuck Louie
Stop talking 'bout it, be about it, pussy do it
Supposed to go to court
Said fuck it, I ain't going
New 11s came out, I'm goin' to get the Jordans
He rap his ass off but that fuck nigga corny
He asked me for a verse,
Told him fuck it, I ain't doing it
Money in the ceiling, got them turkeys in the van
Pistol on the counter, got them cookies 'front the fan

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Hood-ass nigga in a 5-star suite
Nickel-plated chopper, nigga that 5-star heat
I don't give a fuck, drop the hunna on the piece
Paid for it cash, told the crackers I don't lease
If one of us gon' die, pussy nigga it wasn't beef
You scared, say you scared
Nigga get behind me
Pills on my lap, waste 'em all on the seat
Poured out the liquor, for my homie, rest in peace

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