

Gun Lean

Russ Millions

Gxtcha

Gun lean, man gun lean
Gun lean on the beat as well
For everyone, boys and girls
Flick your shoulder, use them well
Left, right, left, right
Left, right, left, right

Michael Jackson twist up your leg
Athlete, don't run out of breath
Beef who? Mate give it a rest
That's your one? I'm sucking her breast
Oh shit, Russ did it again
War is war, can't reason with them
Still tryna smoke them fags like blem
I lost my sis', so I don't need friends
10/10, excellent tongue
Bro, please come, look at her bum
If you didn't run, you would've been dead
Head and chest, ain't aiming for legs
Test it, grab it, check it
Fill it, press it
Keep it, clean it
Park it, repeat it

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King, I run this whole drill ting
Why? 'Cause them man rap and sing
Everyone's claiming they are the king
Shut down shows, don't need a bring in
Different from your yé
Dip that quick, F the foreplay
Kwass man's head, split your bored face
Step with .38 or a 12 gauge
They see Russ and everyone panic
Don't want gyal that's bait like Balplanet
On sight ting, I'm done with these faggots
Can't shed light, the ending is tragic
Don't act dumb, you know that Russ did it
Russ don't whip, I purchased it solid
You make drill songs? Your CV's invalid
In public, affray, I move manic

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Feds at my door like, "oh no"
I don't know what to, to do
Straight through the window, man go
Active so they can't, handle
Fuck that, man's too smart for that
Ain't on shit, just walk and chat
16 inch, take all of that
Penetrate it through your marga back
Active, don't mad me, get dip
Old school like Blue Borough and Crips
Gun leaning while I grab her hips
Come baby, come and take this dick
No babies cah my mumzy schitz
Friends with ben's, some casual shit
One quick-quick, now she's moving whipped
Russ won't stop still I'm stinking rich

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Yo Poundz, collect this prick
12 lean where? Get off man's dick
Slim fit jeans but the mash still fits
Big .44 with a fuck off clip
Start this beef man end it (dead it)
Homeless prick, man's trending (khalas)
Love say man's name for attention
I need a fuck off clip with extension (Bow-bow)
Patty, my mans way too chatty
Son, I love your mum's big batty
Come, and take some tips from daddy
Punk, I bet you still bump cabby
Slip over there, make mess, and I come back fine
Run tru' cheques, got three on my neck
Drip-drip, can you see that shine?
Big handting, man split up the crowd
Gun lean, so you know that's I (bow)
I'm lookin' some nookie (tonight)
Got corn for a pussy (tonight)

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