

Nun

Trippie Redd

(Sil on the beat, too)
Uh-uh, uh-uh (Yeah)
Uh-uh, uh-uh

Can't tell me nothin', can't tell me nothin'
Can't tell me nothin', can't tell me nothin'
Can't tell me nothin', can't tell me nothin'
Can't tell me shit, can't tell me nothin'
Can't tell me shit, can't tell me nothin' (Yeah)
Can't tell me shit

(Oh, oh, oh, oh)
I done asked you, "What's your name?"
I done asked you, "What's your game?" (Yeah, bitch)
Pull up in a whip that cost half a M (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Haven't known what's the name
I think it's a Celine, ah, yeah, she wanna be part of my gang
She wanna get with the team
Prolly wanna take pictures with me
Prolly wanna take pictures with Trip' (Uh, yeah)
She run out screamin' now, she 1400
I can show you how to go get some motherfuckin' money
But first, nigga, you gotta want it
Nigga, I ain't trippin' on shit, I ain't sad, I'm just bluntin'
I'm prolly thinkin' 'bout havin' some money
With me, a bad lil' bitch, long hair, fat ass, and I love it
She prolly thinkin' 'bout having a hubby (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I'm prolly thinkin' 'bout having a new bitch letting her hair blow (Go)
Tell her, "Put that in a hairbow" (Go, go, go)
Still selling motherfuckin' elbows (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
Put that on the L-
O, yeah, these niggas know how I'm rockin' (Yeah, bow, bow, bow)
These niggas know how I get (Yeah)
I pull down my shirt whenever I hop out my whip (Woo, woo, woo)
I had to cover my glick (Yeah), I'm tryna bake me a nigga, bake him like a f
ish (Bow, bow)

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Yeah, goin' hard (Go, go, go)
Every day, goin' hard, yeah
I got racks for days (Go), goin' hard
Grew up in them trenches (Go), you couldn't tell me nothin'
Yeah, grew up up on that block, boy, I'm mama's son (Bah)
Pullin' up, fleet of trucks like Obama's son (Bah, yeah)
I've been selling out arenas, like I'm Donda's son (Gang)
Told em' "Make a wish" like I'm Cosmo and Wanda's son (Ha)
My future bright, my heart dark like it ain't got the Sun (Ha)
I heard you're racin' to the top, boy, you better run
Niggas know that I'm the shit, boy, you better plunge
They like "Trip, where you get that drip?" Boy, it's one of one (Shit,, bitc
h)

I heard them pussy niggas thought that I was one and done (Shit, shit)
I'm from 800 where them choppers spray, we run and gun (Bah)
I thought a pussy ass bitch nigga said somethin' (Brah, brah, brah)

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