Gunna, Bottom

(Run that back, Turbo)

Came from the bottom
Now the fans, they spot him (Woah, woah)
Talk of the topic
Can't even stop it (Woah, woah)
Lot of you copyin'
Here for the profits (Woah, woah)
Find you a hobby
'Cause it's bread on your noggin'

I'm lettin' the energy build up
Then show these lil' niggas you brick tough
Got the order in, nigga, we K'd up
It's a whole different way you was raised up
Ain't have shit, we would eat all the bread crusts
Talkin' crazy like they smokin' angel dust
I can have them boys leakin' out red stuff
Niggas saweetie (Sweet)
Never could be me
Not the boy with the orange Lamborghini
Yeah, the one match the hat to the beanie (Woah, woah)
'Bout to eat it, I'm greedy
In the coupe with my name in the seating
And you ain't seen it
You ain't seen it
I say fuck you, you know that I mean it
I don't care to hear none of your grievance
Hit me up, Gunna back takin' meetings
Sittin' back, but prepare for a reason
Told my dog, "Let's get back to this eatin'"
I was broke, but I still kept it decent
Now we way over decent

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I think how to get money every day
Fuck these niggas, I don't wanna share space
Take a risk, hope it play out the best way
Gunna Wunna gone, I'm on the airway
Flyin' solo on niggas, the jet way
Got three M's worth of ice in the staircase
All that lookin', tell me, what's the stare rate
P got your bitch (Woah, woah)
P took your bitch on a dinner date
P got these boys with the bitter face
We pushin' up, better get it straight
I doubled up (Woah, woah)
Count my racks up on the interstate
Catchin' up with niggas any day
Lord still bless the kid in a better way, uh
Way better reader
Fuck them niggas, I don't even need 'em
Poppin' out with a different demeanor
Uh-uh, you ain't seen him
Yeah, yeah, know a nigga cleaner
Got 'em shocked 'cause the world wouldn't greet him

Steppin' up 'cause I'm really a leader
Answer this, do the world really need him?

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