Gunna, Derek Fisher (feat. Lil Baby)

(Makers)
(Run that back, Turbo)

Hesitation, wipe the tear from your eye
Wish I still could see you, my dawgs livin' in the sky
You get your wish, you grab them sticks and we gon' slide
Keep yourself a pistol and make sure you stay alive
Shoot like Derek Fisher, ain't no nigga cross that line
Told her I ain't got no missions, but I know she think I'm lyin'
Oh, you can't beat my vibe, oh, I'm not looking for a ride
Six or eight or nine foreigns when I open the garage

Niggas pillow talkin', I can't barely get the time
Aimed for a shot like Coffey, Playboi and VLONE covered my spine
Put a M, shit talkin', pull up, spin a whole block and then ride
Draco, AR, Glocks and carbon, put in the work for your side
Keepin' it real, I just had to realize
My colleague, he ain't tell, he stood up and took the time
I got 'em on my trail and I still ain't in my prime
We just tryna live, keep my people out of bind
I done kept it solid, this shit always in they mind
I done changed the climate, got this fuckin' money flyin'
Backwood fulla biscotti, and I heard you smokin' pine
Barely see somebody, to that bullshit I went blind

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Penthouse feel like heaven when I wake from a ménage
I got every kinda color car in my garage
Intercontinental with my bitch and a massage
Buy a lot of diamonds, I flash my money, I like to floss
My lil shooters, they on-point
All I do is throw a six
We locked in together forever, that shit's on four wrists
Make 'em call me Papa Bear the way I get that porridge
Walk inside the club, man, they start stormin'
I came in the foreign
I can't stop from goin' in
Got too many dogs who're in the sky, can't let 'em score again
Ask God for forgiveness, then go out and commit sin again
They say we already won, I'm tryna win again, yeah

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