Gunna, Money Don't Change You

Oh, hope that money don't change you
Oh-oh-oh, hope that money don't change you
All that pain, we remain cool
It's a shame what that fame do
Feed your fam and just stay humble, mmh

Got a check, got me flossing on my worst day
Got some diamonds, water water if you thirsty
Got a pint, quarter pound, this a [?]
Young Gunna Gunna drippin' feng shui
Gave your bitch a hundred, didn't have no change
Dolce and Gabanna with some cliff frames
Bitches wanna fuck me 'cause my wrist blang
AP game, whippin' big things
When I'm in UK I fuck real tings
They hate to see you smile when your grill bling
I'm ballin', I have fun like the little league
You niggas gangrene, them racks can't change me

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Talking to my cousin through the wall
Know they're waiting on my downfall
They keep calling, getting the dialtone
I don't want to talk at all
You was hating 'fore I made it
You don't want me to see greatness
I don't want to share relations, nah
I don't want to shake your hand at all
We all the same, my niggas plan to ball
It's forever fuck the law, I forever rock G-Raw
Today you ran into a star, yeah
I might say drip in ever bar, yeah
I won't trade this shit at all

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