Gunna, Park The Car

I won't let you ruin this
I'll keep pursuing
Keep that money pursuing
I dig what you doing
Bitch you be choosing
I stay rocking Louis
I might shoot a movie
I dig what you doing

Pull up and park the car
My wrist look like aqua
I get higher than an astronaut
I look like a pop star
Can't fuck with the cops now
I can't be a opp now
You can pop like a Pop-Tart
Thank God I done got far
These bitches keep saying my name
I done got popular
They do anything for the fame
She wan' fuck a rock star
Suck until she get lockjaw
On my plate I got lobster
Got more drugs than a doctor
Fuck the way they can't stop us

When it come to that cash, I'm a fiend
This that new Alexander McQueen
Got a white that's as wide as a screen
No more racks in these YSL jeans
Pour that Act and I lean
I do this shit for my team
I told you that we would achieve
That they think we living a dream
Cop me a 'Rari and cop a Range
I fucked the bitch and forgot her name
Ain't a OG but I got some stain
My young nigga'll blow out ya fucking brain
I got me a watch, had to cop a chain
I can't lie man, I still got a lot of pain
My nigga got caught tryna rob a bank
Swear I miss ya, I put that on everything
I'mma walk in that club, I'mma make it rain
I'mma change the climate, make it thunderstorm
I'mma go put some more water on my arm
Got them diamonds that shine like the Armor All
Get on my knees and I gotta pray to the Lord
Had to choose if I want to be rich or poor
And I lift the doors up on Aventador
I had some but a young nigga wanted more

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Hop in the 'Vette
I feel like the best
I had to finesse
And got me a check
I want a Patek
I gotta go flex
Put some ice 'round my neck
60 Porto Piguets
Say I look like success
I look like success
Look how I dress
Look how I dress
My loc brought the gas
We blowing gas
We jump in that coupe
And I drive it fast

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