

Gunna, Almighty (feat. Hoodrich Pablo Juan)

Whippin' that Masi, pay me for the party
I don't wear Ed Hardy, got drip on my body
Ten thousand ones for these strippers in Follies
Codeine I sip while I'm smoking exotic
Working like Gotti, my crew almighty
No TGI Fridays, eat five-star, we dining
All of my bitches want VVS diamonds
Throw racks in the club and start changing the climate

Oh, H 'round my waist, I'm back rocking Hermes
Givenchy Air Forces, they cost me a bag
I rock a show, give some racks to my man
I eat the cake too, brought my bitch to the sand
I geek up my whips and live life on the edge
Slime out of town so I'm sipping this red
I cannot cap, these racks getting to my head
Young Gunna rappin', I really was trappin'
My wrist need a napkin, Rolex got me wet
Drip they gon' jack it, Marc Jacobs my jacket
Them folks had to test me, shit cost me some bread
European stitching, love shopping in France
She want a vacation, my bitch need a tan
Fear of God pants match my Fear of God Vans
You niggas weren't there when I needed a hand

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I want the money, I don't want no Tommy
My pockets stuffed, yeah I keep it on me
My whip a snow bunny, I love them blue hunnids
Brand new Masi and the the Bentley Armani
Bite that Lacoste, I jumped out the porch as a boss, yeah
Drinking Hi-Tech in the loft, raw
My bitch got a ass that's soft
No, this ain't no gas it's cigar
I roll up backwood and gelato
I'm rocking Valentino with the red bottoms
Givenchy stars got me fucking a model
Poppin' seals, we don't drink bottles
Hustle hard about that almighty dollar
Try to play me, put that K to your collar
Snakes in the garden, my Gucci Mufasa
Pablo Juan bitch, I'm the plug like a charger

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