

Gunna, DOLLAZ ON MY HEAD

Pull up with a stick, I pull up with a stick
I'll pull up with a pink toe, I'm whippin', she suckin' this dick
I put some diamonds on her toes, let that ho know that I'm rich
We was used to pullin' kick doors (that money go for Myles)
I've been gettin' it since a toddler, I keep dollars on my head
Bein' a real one is my model, handle my problems, I ain't scared
I put Prada on my collar 'cause she proud of what I said
I'm a leader, I got 'em followin' my footsteps like the feds
I shoot like I'm Montana, chopper bullets make 'em shed, uh
Black on black new Phantom, in the backseat sippin' red, uh
Bitch, I'm from Atlanta where these hoes ride the dick like peg, yeah
Condo like the pharmacy, I got codeine in my fridge, pour up
My bro on a steamin' stove, cookin' crack like grits
Got this vibe on her tippy toes, strokin' her in a pent'
LA live, I'm stayin' at the Loews with this Hollywood bitch
Got a nine and a snug-nose (let's go), can't wait to let it hit (hit)
Pull up with a stick, I'll pull up with a stick
I'll pull up with a pink toe, I'm whippin', she suckin' this dick
I'll put some diamonds on her toes, let that ho know that I'm rich (let that ho know that I'm rich)
We was used to pullin' kick doors, you could still call it a lick (lick)
You broke and can't be fixed (nah), went to Nieman's and spent a nick (hah)
How you pour that? Don't make sense (ah), I made a whole mile off an inch (an inch)
I had ninety-nine problems, I just scratch you off the list (scratch you off the list)
Got some millions and went and solved 'em, now my neck cost a quarter brick
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Bestie, bestie, I just hit my friend
Told her "Catch me" (whoa), "Catch me" (whoa), I'ma lick her skin
She so precious, precious, might not fuck again
She too messy, messy, but hittin', no flexin' (no flexin')
Rose gold ornaments (rose)
Dropped the two tint, car came with no tint (damn)
You don't gotta use the door, you can hop in front of tip
Bond 9 in the vent, think 'bout dyin' and get spent
I got two B's on my boxers and a thottie in the bed (yeah)
I know niggas ran up a milli', still didn't tell 12 shit (12, 12, 12, sh)
I got skeletons in my closets (whoa), and they scared of me and shit (closets and they scared)
Mason Margielas under the bed screamin', "Wrap me, kid" (whoa)
I put water on my head, then she got seasick (I put water on my head)
Couple opps played dead (what), and they still got hit
I done bent lil' mama's spine but that still ain't my kid (still ain't my kid)
Only reason I answer my line (why), is 'cause she drink my spit (no cap)
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