

# Gunna, Drip Or Drown Remix (feat. Lil Yachty)

Yeah, yeah

Two Benzes, one Bentley Coupe, and two Beamers  
Think I'm a seamstress, I stay in the cleaners  
2k my sweatsuit, I walk with demeanor  
Sippin' on lean, can you tell me who leaner  
Showin' me pics of your ho, I done seen her  
Twenty-three racks got me feeling like Tinker  
I like your bitch 'cause her pussy look pinker  
Made that ho cum with two rings on my fingers  
Crocodile seats and my cousin look like he been shippin' packs  
And we back, yeah, that's a fact  
Lately I promise I been on my bull  
You finna get shot, acting like you cool  
Drip to my socks, in Ellesse I'm a fool  
Sicko my brother, he stay with a tool  
If you won't pop it, boy pass it to Tuan  
Flipped in your bitch, dawg her pussy a pond  
Feel like a swan laying in the Don Juan  
Yeah, I been an artist, but not rap, boy, icon  
Fuck these new niggas, I ain't 'em, too foreign  
My bitch a fairy, she walk with a wand  
JBan\$ my brother, if I fight, he scuffle  
That's not a joke, that boy can't wait ot tussle  
TEC-9, no 'tussin, these stripper hoes bussin'  
Lustin', not lovin', my guap, bitch, keep buzzin'

I got woodgrain on my Damier Buckle  
Cool quarter mill in my Goyard duffle  
I won again so you still gotta shuffle  
Born with the drip and just learned how to hustle  
Look at your bitch through these Dior bifocals  
I get me some head, she bend that shit over  
They say lately I been lookin' like dollars  
Pinstripe high waters, I dress like a golfer  
We ride in foreigners, ain't no more Impalas  
They ain't have the new born but I got baby bottles  
Shoppin' at Barney, I drip like a model  
Watch how I drip when I hit that Met Gala  
Codeine I sip with my lip, don't get splattered  
Doctor told me I got I lean in my bladder  
Run through this cash like family don't matter  
I got your back, feel the same pain together  
Pop off the tag, my partner just swear  
Baby blue Jag made my mom feel better  
Fucked a snow bunny at my show at Coachella  
VVS damn they pointers in my bezel  
We move too fast, it get slimy as ever  
Life is too grimy, I watch for the devil  
It's a Rolls Royce, and it comes with umbrellas  
2018 and that Porsche Carrera

Goyard pouch (hey)  
Racks in the quarter ounce (hey)  
Two accounts (hey)  
Large amounts, ooh  
Shop around (hey)  
Designer down, ooh  
Drip or drown (hey)  
Drip or drown, ooh

Killin' these hoes, need to call paramedics  
New Fendi runners, I feel athletic  
Run that shit up, bought my partner a Patek

Blowin' this cash, it was times we ain't have it  
Got twenty-one bitches, I must be a savage  
Cook in the kitchen, the dope smell like acid  
Pourin' this Hi-Tech, I'm sippin', relaxin'  
Vibes in LA, Gunna fuckin' the baddest  
FN ain't plastic, put him in a casket  
I wiped his nose quickly, pass him a napkin (slime)  
Got an addiction, in love with this fashion  
Prayin' for all of my bros like we Catholic  
Lifetime of hats 'cause you always be cappin'  
Niggas ain't eatin', stop cappin', you ain't fastin'  
Can't get no sleep 'cause my life is all action  
See how shit happened, I made it in rappin'

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