

# Gunna, Lies About You

It ain't a facade, I spent some racks on my shoes  
I been goin' hard, I paid all cash for my jewels  
I walked in Hermes, bought a bag for my boo  
I get them blue hundreds, spread them out like a wound  
Can't get you off my mind, I might die about you  
My outfit cost a dime, can't control how I move  
The praises to the God, don't believe in voodoo  
'Cause when you at the top they'll tell lies about you

Tell everything but the truth, get nothin' but love from my crew  
I guess they hate what you do, pull up in coupes with no roofs  
You caught me in a good mood, can't put a spike in my groove  
Got more these designer shoes  
I drip, I need an award  
I built that way for that Porsche, I think I'm on a high horse  
YSL, got none' but Hi-Tunes, we kill 'em off, no remorse  
I gotta win, I can't lose, I'm tryna feed all my boys  
Huh, I paid my dues to these hoes  
I got that flame to the torch, young Gunna ball with no court  
I hit that trap and quit sports, I give all thanks to the lord  
I hit that yo and record, they get that drip from your boy, mmh

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Man bag, guns in 'em  
Track pants, run in 'em  
Gorilla blue, Godzilla  
We don't fuck with no nigga  
How you want that Saint Laurent bag? You ain't suckin' no dick  
My lil LA bitch got jetlag, she off that coke shit  
Fuck that shit, come on shawty  
Fuck that Ghost, where the Rari?  
None of my niggas want to party  
Them young niggas want to catch a body  
We ain't wifing no Chiraq thots  
Threesome, them my type of thots  
Vegas bitch tried to sell me pussy  
Tell that ho like hell no  
Main homie's bitch tried to fuck me  
And she told me he don't know  
If they out they won't say shit  
'Cause he know he gon' get peter-rolled  
And we about the violence, my young niggas be wildin'  
Your baby mama be trifling, yeah yeah

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