

# Gunna, Make No Sense (feat. Duke)

Told you we was gon' be rich  
And stack my chips  
So much money don't make no sense  
I don't know what I spent  
Make me wanna cop that Benz  
Ride around the town with no tint  
Cash in the bag we lit  
Smashed and then got in that 'Vette  
So much money don't make no sense  
I ain't got no friends  
Tom Ford all over my lens  
Got racks in my pants  
Ride with a FN  
Got steel like Pakistan  
I flew 'cross the map again  
Got shows and I got fans  
Gotta count them racks again

I ain't hide my safe in the attic  
Smoke weed, sip lean, eat molly, pop xan bitch  
Please don't panic  
Got a Glock 19 black matte  
Gotta ride with that static  
Lil Duke with a iced out Patek  
YSL getting green like salad  
Gunna got a flow, can't get it  
Fucking on all these bitches  
My diamonds wash all the dishes  
You niggas can't reinvent me  
Pull up in that foreign, foreign, foreign at the Weston  
Fucking on a pedestrian  
I got these bitches desperate

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Told you lil' niggas that we gon' be rich  
Run that shit up so much, don't make no sense  
Used to ride [?] now pull up in Benz  
Sipping on lean 'bout to fuck up my kidneys  
Since a young nigga, been getting it  
Quick to turn 10 to a 20  
All of these bad bitches they on my dick, I got plenty  
Selling out shows and winning  
This foreign on me got tint  
Riding with a bad lil' bitch  
Hop on the highway, she suck on my dick  
Diamonds on me and they looking like piss  
Mama I told you that we gon' be rich

Gotta keep it real and can't ever switch  
I had to stack up my chips  
Stuck in the streets, came up off a lick  
I had to stay down, stay in my own lane  
Mama she told me, "don't go against the grain"  
Knew what I been through, you can't feel my pain  
Keep it so real that shit run through my vein  
Made myself a boss and made me a name  
Work in the trap, make the trap go insane  
And ain't a damn thing changed, ah

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