

Gunna, Money Don't Change You

Oh, hope that money don't change you
Oh-oh-oh, hope that money don't change you
All that pain, we remain cool
It's a shame what that fame do
Feed your fam and just stay humble, mmh

Got a check, got me flossing on my worst day
Got some diamonds, water water if you thirsty
Got a pint, quarter pound, this a [?]
Young Gunna Gunna drippin' feng shui
Gave your bitch a hundred, didn't have no change
Dolce and Gabanna with some cliff frames
Bitches wanna fuck me 'cause my wrist blang
AP game, whippin' big things
When I'm in UK I fuck real tings
They hate to see you smile when your grill bling
I'm ballin', I have fun like the little league
You niggas gangrene, them racks can't change me

Oh, hope that money don't change you
Oh-oh-oh, hope that money don't change you
All that pain, we remain cool
It's a shame what that fame do
Feed your fam and just stay humble, mmh

Talking to my cousin through the wall
Know they're waiting on my downfall
They keep calling, getting the dialtone
I don't want to talk at all
You was hating 'fore I made it
You don't want me to see greatness
I don't want to share relations, nah
I don't want to shake your hand at all
We all the same, my niggas plan to ball
It's forever fuck the law, I forever rock G-Raw
Today you ran into a star, yeah
I might say drip in ever bar, yeah
I won't trade this shit at all

Oh, hope that money don't change you
Oh-oh-oh, hope that money don't change you
All that pain, we remain cool
It's a shame what that fame do
Feed your fam and just stay humble, mmh