

Gunna, Toast Up

Told my nigga toast up, pour some lean in his cup, yeah
In the penthouse sixty levels up
With some hoes that I can't cuff, yeah
I got lean in my cup, I got rumors I can't trust, yeah
Niggas thinking that they tough
They don't wanna play with us, damn
Keep a semi-auto tucked, like a pimple I might bust, yeah
Gotta thank God that we up, I done seen more than enough, yeah

From the outside looking in they think the kid made it
I ain't ever witnessed so much damn hatred
Gotta get a grill for these dead faces
Thinking 'bout that money got my mind racing
Time is running out, I'm running out of patience
Come down to that paper, you gon' grind ain't you?
They play with one of your partners, you gon' ride ain't you?
We gon' take it over, this is our nation
I'ma ride that Rover, I need high maintenance
Specialty executive, it's so spacious
I'm so used to this, I don't do nothing basic
Chanel on your feet, I know you love pacin'
Whatever you do don't give it up baby
Whatever you do don't give it up baby
Go clean up, I got hundreds in the tub baby

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I don't see no one but us, I don't seem to worry much
I been high inside the clouds I can feel 'em and touch
They've been praying on my down, they don't wanna see me up
I done took so many fouls, now they seem keep me tough
I ain't coming with no bluff, niggas know I ain't letting up
I been in and out of town, doing shows and stacking bucks
Moving slow and sippin' Tuss, Hi-Tech and actin' up
We gon' pour a pint, my niggas all litty
Toastin' up 'cause we 'bout to make more millis
Hundreds in the bank, I need them blue benjis
Put you in the latest Jimmy Choo baby
They say this money gonna drive us all crazy
Paper done put pressure on my old lady
Broke your heart and had to buy a new Mercedes
Working hard, geekin', can't stop getting faded

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