

World Is Yours

Gunna

[Intro]

Wheezy outta here

[Chorus]

Ridin' that horse like a foreign (Skrrt)
VS1 stone in my charms (Stone)
No weapon shall ever be formed (No)
Tattoos on my neck and my arms (Arms)
Got garments that's never been worn (Nope)
Got a dime bitch the same color orange (Orange)
YSL the gang, come and join (YSL)
Stay down and the world gon' be yours (Stay down)

[Verse 1]

My foot on they neck, her pussy stay wet
Put nut on her breasts, Gunna triple X
Cough syrup back-to-back, I hardly get rest
I fucked her like Thugger, just want me some sex
I'm never sober, too much of this red
Designer my cover, I drip in the bed
Bring me a runner, I need rubber bands (Need rubber bands)
Lot of blue cheese and I don't want the ranch
I'm a rockstar, I play with these bands
Come watch me blow through these racks like a fan (Racks like a fan)
I just went got out, I'm back at it again
The two-door coupe new, I'm still waitin' on a tag (Yeah)
Rackades, I had to invest in a bag (Uh)
Live the good life, all my bitches is bad (My bitch bad)
Take the price up, watch how niggas get mad (Uh)
Biscotti Backwoods, stopped smokin' the grass

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

V-neck G-STAR, coupe got On-Star (Uh)
Syrup make me slop, I sip that raw (Uh)
Life of a slime, Im loco fasho (Slime)
Your girlfriend a dime, I might fuck her raw (Uh)
I lost my patience, I took that boy off
They think I'm racist, my white gon' be Off
Your diamonds fugazi, don't none of it cost
Whip that double R crazy, won't do me like Ross (No)
Cherish my freedom, don't live by the law
If my brothers get rich it's gon' be all my fault (Be all my fault)
Cash speak for itself, so I barely can talk (Barely can talk)
My shirt match the belt and the belt match my drawers
I left 'em a trace, I drip when I walk
Busy as fuck, I can't answer my calls (Answer my calls)
We live it up, no more shoppin' in Ross (Nah)
Me and Wheezy wave 'bout to fuck up the mall

[Chorus]

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[Outro]

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