

# Gunna, Another Wave (feat. Shad Da God & Duk

Playmakers

Fuck it let's pour up a 8 (Let's pour up a 8)  
I get them racks outta state  
I'm on another wave (Another wave)  
Got a check in a checkerboard case  
Park the foreigners in back of the gate  
Pop my shit and I'ma pop at your face  
Got on all of my ice, I'ma skate  
We gon' assassin who hate  
And its the price you gon' pay  
We get geeked up like back in the day  
Bitch come fuck the circle an get paid  
You can't get close to the safe  
50 racks on a AP today  
I smoke on that shit from L.A  
Stack that shit up and stay out the way (Stay out the way)

Ayy, yay, I gotta ride with the semi  
These niggas still penny pinching  
Shoot out that five 'til its empty  
It's just me and Lil Duke in the Bentley  
Know a lot of you niggas ain't with me  
You get shot for some shit you ain't mean it  
I'm a boss and my bitch is the meanest  
And I put it on Sixties  
Stunting on all my ex bitches  
He got a check but we rich  
Run up that sack got me filthy  
I got that shit out the mud  
Sipping and toastin' them drugs  
I did this shit with no plug  
Chasing outside the show for a hug  
Bout to fly back overseas  
I don't wanna fuck bitch I just want some knees  
Bad bitch she just came in from Belize  
I keep the cake and cuffing these freaks  
We sip the lean and we don't drink no beer  
YSL takeover yeah this our year  
Flexing these diamonds got too many carats  
I fucked yo bitch 'cause she know I'ma savage

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Ayy, hey, hey, ain't telling no facades  
Gimme another ménage  
Fat ass like Nicki Minaj  
I still fuck with Shad da God  
'Cause we from the other side  
Take these pictures no never mind

You know real niggas recognize  
(God) Pull up, muddy (Skrrt)  
Audemar wrist, flooded (Water)  
Big bankroll on me, I go 6:30 (Bankroll)  
He say pull up with some clean  
I pull up with some Kid Cudi (Skr, rra)  
Been havin' Actavis tech  
Been havin' Actavis [?] (Act, Act)  
Slow it down lil' God you fucking up all yo money (Slow it down)  
Pulled up at that Magic and left that 6 trey runnin' (in the street)  
Pouring perc's and red on these bitches (Hi-Tech)  
Bitch sittin' on them Benz seats I'm never itching (God)

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