

Paid In Full (feat. Gunna & Hoodrich Hect)

HoodRich Pablo Juan

Young Gunna, he came from the South
But I might pull over in the Zone 6
We ride with them Glocks and the sticks
Thuggin' with Pablo done got me hood rich
Forgiato, drop the top off the six
Margiano, we eat lobster and shrimp
Them my hours that I pulled me a lick
Ridin' Audis, we ain't trading out whips
You caught me poppin', helpin' out with the bitch
For my dog, niggas know we wouldn't switch
She suck the balls and my bitch get the clip
I stack it all, get that money like Mitch
With the faucet bitch you know I'ma drip
Took many losses, I ain't pleading the fifth
Lot of bosses, we got weed in the air
Too many choppers, we gon' leave the field
Ridin' in an all white Porsche, same color the rerock
Saint Laurent kicks, ballin' like a peacock
Pull up on your bitch and skeet in her mouth
I'm from the hood, empty Louis pouch
Rich nigga put a safe under the ground
Ten choppers, we got a thousand rounds
Send in that work like it's Chinatown
Fuck and forget her, I send her to lost and found
The four door coupe, that's an A7 Audi
Real street nigga, I got stripes like the bear
Got a plug for the low, he gon' send it from Cali
Old school, I got dope in my Rally
Fucked that lil bitch just for another addy
My young nigga wildin' out, Nick Cannon
Zone 6, serve you at Tony Valley (1'5)
Pour up an old nine, fuck a Natty
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Lot of bosses, we got weed in the air
Too many choppers, we gon' leave the field I'm puttin' tax on it, we ain't playin' fair
One call away, we gon' pull up and get it crackin' anywhere
And we in the streets, we ain't seen you there
Got a new chopper, this bitch roll like a wheelchair
Fuck on your bitch and she tell me you still care
These the new 81's, I'm coppin' every pair
Pull up and air that bitch out and get out of there
I'm having racks in my skinnies and diamonds yeah
These niggas broke, ain't even having bricks fare
I be state to state, I keep a safe everywhere
HoodRich, fuck up a check, I got trap fare
Runnin' with me in the 6, you wouldn't last there
Homies on every street, young niggas everywhere
Hit with the shot, got bodies droppin' everywhere
Pull up like secret service, we gon' meet you there
Still on the bullshit, we ain't playin' fair Young Gunna, he came from the South
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