

Picasso (feat. Gunna)

Leeky Bandz

[Leeky Bandz & Gunna]
Honorable C.N.O.T.E
Leeky, Gunna (Go), yeah (Yeah)[Gunna]
Ayy, ayy, got some racks in the bank (Racks in?the?bank)
Smoke gas like?a tank (Gas like a tank)
Got?a pint of some a drink (Pint of some drink)
Lock on his head (Lock on)
Icy watch with the date (Icy, icy)
Yeah, Picasso, I paint (Picasso, I paint)
You niggas cannot relate (Cannot relate)Nah, no, I turn your b*tch to a maid
You niggas ridin' our wave
I'ma just ride on her face
Who let the beasts out the cage?
Twenty chains on, I'm a slave
Outfit on me look like Bape
I gotta drip to the grave
[Leeky Bandz]
Ayy, whoa, yeah, I put that b*tch on a wave, yeah
All of my niggas get paid, yeah
All of these feel like a slave, yeah
Whoa, yeah, I run this shit like a race, yeah
Low-top Gucci with the snakes, yeah
I put you boys on a wave, yeah
Whoa, yeah, came a long way from the trenches
Got some regrets, everyone knows and some sinnin'
All of these Hunnids can't f*ck in my denim
She wanna f*ck, then let's get it, hey
All on the sneakers, I call her Raf Simons
Run up that check with no limit, hey
You fall in love with these hoes, I get all kind of women
Hit twice and forget 'em, hey
My new crib came with a million
She poured a fourth like I'm sick
It's thirty-five for a brick
Watch how I'm whippin' my wrist
I put some bread on your head
Watch how that money don't stay
Money gon' pull out with me
We move like Lilo and Stitch
I'm smokin' gas out the zip
I wanna f*ck her and her friend
[Gunna]

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 [Leeky Bandz]
 Wait, whoa, yeah, I take your b*tch to the stars
 She ain't know it was a Wraith
 Different colors out in space
 We takin' trips out of state
 I ain't artist, I paint
 Mr. Off-White with the Bape
 Fly you out if you a snake
 Change my outfits like the date
 I f*ck her but she ain't the same
 Forty-pointers in my chain
 All this water make it rain
 Bring the water fountain, bezel
 We the ones that is the wettest
 I can't lose, I'm from the gutter
 Whatever they say, we don't trust 'em
 Lust on a b*tch, I don't love 'em
 Runnin' this shit like a runner
 B*tch, it's Lil' Leeky and Gunn
 Real bosses do what they want, and
 My hitta gon' shoot if he wanna [Gunna]
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