

Lemonade (feat. NAV)

Internet Money, Gunna & Don Toliver

[Don Toliver]

Xanny bars, suicide door, brand new bag
College girls give a nigga head in my Rafs
Rockstar life, so much money it'll make you laugh, hey These bitches, they hate, and you can't
miss what you never had, hey, hey [Don Toliver]
Off the juice (Juice), codeine got me trippin' (Juice)
Copped the coupe (Coupe), woke up, roof is missin' (Yeah)
Ice (Ice), lemonade, my neck was drippin'
Ice (Ice), lemonade, my neck was drippin' [NAV]
Addy boys, got some sixties in my bag (Yeah)
Lips sealed, ain't pillow talkin', I'm no rat (No)
In my earlobe, got two karats, VVS (Bling)
Got a penthouse near Rodeo off of stress (Stress)
All this money, when I grew up, I had nothing (Nothing)
Filled with backstabbers, my old life was disgusting (Disgusting)
Can't believe it, gotta thank God that I'm livin' comfortably (Thank God)
Gettin' checks, I don't believe her, she say she done with me
Burned some bridges and I let the fire light the way (Oh-woah)
Kickin' my feet up, left the PJ's on a PJ (PJ)
Yeah, I'm a big dawg, and I walk around with no leash (Oh)
I got water on me, yeah, everythin' on Fiji [Don Toliver]
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Ice (Ice), lemonade my neck was drippin'
Ice (Ice), lemonade my neck was drippin', ayy
[Gunna]
I'm a rockstar, play guitars, sippin' 'Wock, ayy (Hey)
Adderall, feelin' nausea, Xanax bars, ayy (Hey)
I was fifteen, I was sippin' codeine with my dawg, ayy (Codeine)
Pretty Percocet, Promethazine, I feel gnarly (Promethazine) Put up a stick and I hop on a plane
I'm still in my war ways (War ways)
Shit is so risky, I gotta be gifted
He bless me with fortune and fame (Fortune and fame, nice)
I remember from fifty, I couldn't go back empty
I know I was stuck to the game, ah (Stuck)
I'm loyal and I'll never change, nah
Never gon' go against the grain (Go against the grain)
Never gon' be the one turn on my brother

When police got us detained (Nah)
I would never love a bitch more than my mother
And that's on my government name (Nah)
I can't be no sucker, I'm hatin' on no one
And wish everybody get paid (Paid)
'Cause we countin' up every day (Every day)
Gettin' high 'til I land in the grave[Don Toliver]
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Ice (Ice), lemonade my neck was drippin'[Don Toliver]Yeah, yeah, yeah

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