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Gunplay "Same Damn Time"

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Featuring: GUNPLAY, Meek Mill & Wale

(Intro: Rick Ross) Future what it do, nigga? Boss! Nigga 50 million up on these fuck boys Was happ'nin'?

(Verse 1: Rick Ross)

Whipping white and baking soda, at the same damn time

Puffy got a mansion, bitch I got the same damn kind Went and bought two sixty twos, at the same damn time

Rock an AP and a Rolly, at the same damn time At the same damn time, at the same damn time Still selling boy and girl, at the same damn time Selling cane, getting brain, at the same damn time All the women say my name, at the same damn time Letting off two different choppers at the same damn time

Putting down in different projects at the same damn time

Dope money still a object, it's the same damn grind But I got two platinum artists, at the same damn time Went and got two Maseratis at the same damn time Liberace, John Gotti, at the same damn time At the same damn time, it's the same damn grind Captain boy, cooking crack, at the same damn time On my Twitter writing raps, at the same damn time Getting head counting bread, at the same down time

(Verse 2: Wale)

She on Molly, she with Mary, at the same damn time We the squad, Young Folarin, out that Maybach Mob Fuck a tape, fuck your broad Middle finger up, to the mother fucking law No days off, Gunplay ball, sick with the cross like Deron going off At the same damn time Shape like a eight, face like a dime Heard she dancin' at Kamal's, and she make to much to stop And she stripping, go to college And they trickin' her deposit While them bitches always gossip, she busy going shopping At the same, at the same time And your girl don't show her face when I be FaceTimin' SB Nike's, with the grey box You in the past me and Future on the same watch

(Hook: Future)

I wear Gucci, I wear Bally, at the same damn time On the phone, cooking dope, at the same damn time Selling white, selling mid, at the same damn time Fucking two bad bitches, at the same damn time At the same damn time, at the same damn time At the same damn time, at the same damn time I'm at Pluto, I'm at Mars, at the same damn time On the sofa, poppin' bottles, at the same damn time

(Verse 3: GUNPLAY)

All black, khaki jumper, actin' a donkey At the same damn time, got these bitches poppin' monkey

Metro Zoo in here, with my crew in here With all these hogs in the game no room for you in here Limo tints on my shades, skinnies on my blades Crocodile kicks like my hood the Everglades Rich forever paid Do it with no effort, now lets effin' celebrate

Toast and spill the grapes, hoes catchin' vapes Toe touchin' freaks

She jumped on my pole and did a pole trick for me Slippin' on ya pimpin' that means more grip for me Chrome lips on the Forgi's damn near swallowing the street

You owe me, homie have that now

I'mma pull that Gat out now

Must be out your rabbit mind, I'm thuggin', rappin', same damn time

(Verse 4: Meek Mill)

I rock Gucci, I rock Louie, at the same damn time I shoot you and kill ya homie, with the same damn nine In the kitchen, whippin' blow, it got the same damn crumbs

I need a ho that's like my pro without the same damn mind

At the same damn time, gettin' hit on by a couple hoes Two big faces on my wrist, boy I got a couple those I told her I love that pussy, she think we a couple though

And she got a boyfriend but she say he a sucka though At the same time, pull up like James Bond In that Aston Martin on these niggas, game time Fresh ass Mike's, my Rollie on ice Got bitches on Mollies, they rollin' all night I be way out in Cali, got hoes of all types With 80 racks in my pocket, nigga I go in all night

(Hook: Everybody)

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