

# Gilligan (feat. A\$AP Rocky & Juicy J)

## DRAM

Big headed, long stick  
Fked up, turnt, too  
Do it big headed, long stick  
Turnt up, turnt, too  
Gone off the st again, that's just how I live  
Lost just like Gilligan on my own island  
Gone off the st again, lost just like Gilligan  
Gone off the st again, ay, lost just like Gilligan, ay  
Gone off the st again, yeah, ay  
Lost just like Gilligan, ay, ay  
Gone off the st again, ay, lost just like Gilligan, ay  
Gone off the st again, ay, lost just like  
Look, I got hella st  
Take a whip, peep these molly rocks  
I got diamonds, too  
Bought a few, but they still like to swipe  
Bih, don't call my bluff  
If you want one, then meet me at the crib  
You know what it is  
Put your phone on off, give your phone to him, okay, cool  
Girl, your fro so soft, ooh, look at your friend, tryna be rude  
Get put in your place and that's out my place  
So please, be nice  
All this in your face, you can't get out my face  
We know your type  
Gone off the st again, that's just how I live  
Lost just like Gilligan on my own island  
Gone off the st again, lost just like Gilligan  
Gone off the st again, ay, lost just like Gilligan, ay  
Gone off the st again, yeah, ay  
Lost just like Gilligan, ay, ay  
Gone off the st again, ay, lost just like Gilligan, ay  
Gone off the st again, ay, lost just like I got hella racks in my safe, got stars in my Wraith  
I got stripper hoes snorting blow, dancing in my place  
I got hella pounds from the plug that I'm bout to face  
Three Six Mafia probably fk yo mama back in 98  
Sipping on purple rain like champagne  
Nias gon make a toast  
And that weed and st that you passing  
If a nia don't choke  
Rolls Royce, I'm flying, sauces dripping  
Same color as the smoke  
Thousand nias with it in the street

Nia look like the Pope  
Gone off the st again, that's just how I live  
Lost just like Gilligan on my own island  
Gone off the st again, lost just like Gilligan  
Gone off the st again, ay, lost just like Gilligan, ay  
Gone off the st again, yeah, ay  
Lost just like Gilligan, ay, ay  
Gone off the st again, ay, lost just like Gilligan, ay  
Gone off the st again, ay, lost just like Gilligan lost, turned trill again  
Need a vitamin, wait a min  
Better yet, a ritalin for my adrenaline  
If I'm up in my feelings, better pay the man  
Like motherfk a middle man  
Like I'm the sts with the sts  
Fk another nia bih again off the sts again  
Island boy like I'm Dominican  
On repeat like a ceiling fan  
All pink like I'm Killa Cam  
Palms, feet and let em feel the sand  
On the beach like I'm finna tan  
Black and proud like the brother man  
Make it rain like the weatherman  
Bust your head, fk a settlement  
Got to save and never sell again  
Gone off the st again, that's just how I live  
Lost just like Gilligan on my own island  
Gone off the st again, lost just like Gilligan  
Gone off the st again, ay, lost just like Gilligan, ay  
Gone off the st again, yeah, ay  
Lost just like Gilligan, ay, ay  
Gone off the st again, ay, lost just like Gilligan, ay  
Gone off the st again, ay, lost just like  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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