

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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