

Same Damn Time Remix

Gunplay

[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 let's 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'm a 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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