

# MiAMi (feat. Gunna)

## Tory Lanez

[Intro: Tory Lanez]

Yeah, uh

From nothin' to somethin'

Yo, Tory

That boy Cassius [Chorus: Tory Lanez]

Lotta money talk, it's hard to understand me (Understand me)

Big bank, so I moved it to Miami (To Miami)

I done hit 100 licks in the Camry

Tryna make these pussy niggas understand me (Understand me)

Lotta money talk, it's hard to understand me (Understand me)

Big bank, so I moved it to Miami (To Miami)

I done made a lot of moves in the Camry

You know gangstas don't die, they get chubby and they move to

Miami, Miami, Miami

[Verse 1: Tory Lanez]

Yeah, I done came up from nothin' (Yeah)

So I made it off of nothin' (Yeah)

Couple rings I was hustlin'

Through the rain and the storm (Yeah)

Through the hunger and the jungle

I'ma slide on a nigga

A hundred grand on a nigga

I never ran from a nigga

I may have hit a couple Zoes

I may have hit a couple credit card fraud scams on a nigga

But I land on a nigga

There wasn't a chance for niggas (No)

I bought in the bands for niggas, yeah

In the court, I been missin' court, yeah (Court, yeah)

Got a warrant so I put that shit in sport, yeah (Sport, yeah)

I lost so many of my niggas on the off-street (Off-street)

I can't believe some of my niggas double-crossed me

Shit is hard and I'm broken, but I cope

I fit a 35 in the backwood when I smoke

And niggas askin' why I smoke so many blunts, huh?

Because these backwoods and these blunts are full of numb, huh

And all this Actavis and drank, it make me numb, huh

The only time when I feel at peace is when I'm dumb high

I keep the flashy Jesus pieces when I stunt now

I keep a quarter-million pieces when I stunt now

Them dumb ass teachers and police said I'd be nothin', huh?

I ducked the Priest and chased my dreams and now his son's hot

That Wraith ain't rented, when I pull up man it's sun hot  
I'm movin' geetchie with bitches, they be out buggin' now  
Talkin' with opinions, all they got is opinions  
I'm back and forth in millions, all y'all pussy niggas my minions  
I spend days in Givenchy, Mama told me I would get it  
I kept a .30 on me long and it had the extension  
These niggas did me dirty, no I can't speak on friendship  
I can't speak on this tension, spent most the year suspended  
Bitch, I came from the bottom, finna head to the tippy  
One thing a nigga noticed, I gotta get it, that's why it's a  
[Chorus: Tory Lanez]  
Lotta money talk, it's hard to understand me (Understand me)  
Big bank, so I moved it to Miami (To Miami)  
I done hit 100 licks in the Camry  
Tryna make these pussy niggas understand me (Understand me)  
Lotta money talk, it's hard to understand me (Understand me)  
Big bank, so I moved it to Miami (To Miami)  
I done made a lot of moves in the Cam'  
You know gangstas don't die, they get chubby and they move to  
Miami, Miami, Miami [Verse 2: Gunna]  
Oh, I done made myself a livin'  
I been dodgin' the sentence  
I asked God for forgiveness  
Then I put rose gold on the tennis  
I told 'em put a hold on the hearing  
It's a 58 on the engine  
Feel like I'm in a race for these millions  
Put it in the safe for the business  
Walk with a hundred K in the denim  
I know why he got hate in his feelings  
These niggas want the wave I invented  
I'm gonna cop a Wraith and a Bentley  
Dolce and Gabana, Gunna drippin'  
Plus I'm getting this money independent  
Top off in the summer 'cause we winnin'  
Windows up and we breezy  
VVS from Elliot and my pearls came from CC  
Bal Harbour shopping spree anytime I'm in Miami  
Hope to see my people face when I make it to the Grammys  
Park the Yacht next to the dock and we hoppin' on a Jetski  
Bought the racks for my Rollie watch, see me shinin' from the nosebleeds  
Pour the syrup in my soda pop, I hope I never OD  
They steal the drip when my pictures drop, they lookin' like the old me  
And I bought a jacket, M.I.A, I'm with my dog  
I painted a picture, you can frame it on a wall, yeah  
I made her my bitch and painted the insides of her walls, yeah  
Got a bank account and fill it with M's so we can ball  
[Chorus: Tory Lanez]  
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You know gangstas don't die, they get chubby and they move to Miami  
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