

Gunna, On To Me

(Hoodrich ho)
(Ricky Racks, I see you!)
(Hoodrich king, yeah, I'm thinkin' 'bout signing that)

Niggas, they on to me
Niggas annoying me
Bitches, they be foreign to me
Keep bitches on they knees
Get the racks, they from overseas
Only owe me some foreign keys
Have you whippin' the Cherokee
I'm a dog like you Pedigree
Fuck your hoe on the leather seat
Say you a dime, bitch you better be
Wanna see you bend over and take the D
And I'm still dodging these felonies
My unc' on the block, he still selling weed
Tell him when we get out, we gon' never leave
Still got racks in my pocket like cheddar cheese
Got her Coco Chanel, she smelling me

Some ice on, it came out the fridge
Put some racks on your head like a fitted
I can see in your eyes you weren't with it
And some niggas weren't fair, they start snitching
And that shit get you killed, no permission
Shit ain't hard nigga, play your position
Free my cousin they say he a menace
Keep the racks at the crew, we ain't finished
Take a lil bit of X and molly
God damn that's another body
Hop in that horse and ride it
I let her come get inside it
Left the Ford truck, the new Mase'
She ain't my boss just like Rocky
When she get on the drugs, she get naughty
My bitch like my car, she exotic

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I wanna see that K, why you talkin'?
Let me see that drip when you walkin'
I wanna see finesse when you flossin'
I'm taking that power, no Austin
And money come green like Boston
Young nigga don't need no vouchers
I'm still rocking Louis pouches
These bitches like "Ooh, we bosses"
Throw some ones, make that booty start bouncing

Money counter, don't need no accountant
I went to the top of the mountain
It's drip season make that announcement
I drip and I drip like a faucet
These fuck niggas thought I done lost it
Put a line on my dick, told her snort it
I'm killing these hoes, need a coffin

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