

# 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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