

Gunna, Mind On A Milli (feat. HoodRich Pablo Ju

Mind on a motherfuckin' milli'
Riding with the motherfuckin' semi
Grind from the start to the finish
Pull up in the foreign, I'll park it in the trenches
See 230 on the dash, driving real fast, I'mma speed over the limit
No, we ain't going out sad, 30 rounds in my bag for these fuck niggas envy

I be getting higher than a tree
Still stacking racks, money all that I need
Still selling pounds of that weed, I leave 'em with the bro, when I'm going overseas
That's the double shit was already kicking
We just sipping lean, popping X, really geekin'
And I'm rocking water like ice, I could freeze it
When your bitch land, I'mma book her at Four Seasons
Hating on the kid for no reason
Gunna drip sauce, let it sprinkle like it's season
Rocking off-white, when I'm walking to the meeting
A nigga flying kites down the road, they some demons
Nigga, stop caking that hoe, she a cheater
I only fuck her once or twice, then nigga, I'mma leave her
I tried to pop a Percocet and pour me up a liter
I drop a fishscale in a bowl, let it heat up
Chanel and they still can't see us
Nigga, send 'em back, counting money with my feet up
I be sending racks to my, 'cause on the kiosk
I'mma send that pack down the road, until you get out
Let that bitch stick the dope deep in her mizzouth
I been putting shit up at the hizzouse
Dripping on these bitches through a drizzought
Damn, a nigga made it out the sizzouth

Mind on a motherfuckin' milli'
Riding with the motherfuckin' semi
Grind from the start to the finish
Pull up in the foreign, I'll park it in the trenches
See 230 on the dash, driving real fast, I'mma speed over the limit
No, we ain't going out sad, 30 rounds in my bag for these fuck niggas envy

Flying a jet or a foreign, I do that
Hunnid thousand worth of ice in my Louis bag
Saint Lauren kicking these bitches like "Who that?"
Rich nigga came from the hood, but you knew that
Ice on my neck, it look like a sleet
Plain Jane ban on an iced out Patek
Dope up that hoe, she a freak
I'm up getting money, don't know how to sleep
I fucked that lil' bitch and I fucked up the sheets
Ice all over me like I was a Christmas tree
Mind on a milli', ain't thinking 'bout enemies
Shoot a nigga down like J. F. Kennedy
Selling chickens, you can come get a 10 piece
Jumped out the plane with the Fendi
Jumped in the foreign with a semi
Baby Draco hold a 50
Niggas saw me and they see me

Mind on a motherfuckin' milli
Riding with the motherfuckin' semi
Grind from the start to the finish
Pull up in the foreign, I'll park it in the trenches
See 230 on the dash, driving real fast, I'mma speed over the limit
No, we ain't going out sad, 30 rounds in my bag for these fuck niggas envy
Mind on a motherfuckin' milli
Riding with the motherfuckin' semi

Grind from the start to the finish
Pull up in the foreign, I'll park it in the trenches
See 230 on the dash, driving real fast, I'mma speed over the limit
No, we ain't going out sad, 30 rounds in my bag for these fuck niggas envy