

# Gunna, My Soul

I ain't sellin' my soul  
I just need to slow down  
(We got London On Da Track)  
I ain't sellin' my soul  
I just need to slow down  
(Metro Boomin want some more, nigga)

Gunna, he the real dripper  
Tight Balmain denim  
Rockstar style killer  
Got choppers like a wild villain  
Bitch, let me dig in her (I dig)  
I done left my kids in her (damn)  
I been trappin' since a jit (that's a child)  
And you lookin' at a mid dealer  
Diamonds shinnin' like a lighthouse  
Ten thousand on me right now (racks)  
Seven grams of the dark stuff  
Baby boy need to pipe down  
Gettin' slices of the bread now  
Keepin' track like a head count (like a head)  
I been countin' cash in every route  
It's been hard to book a show south

I been on the road (I been on the road)  
I'm about to roll out (roll)  
Do you wanna roll? (do you wanna roll?)  
Need to let me know now (need to let me know now)  
I been movin' slow (I been movin' slow)  
I just need to slow down (slow down)  
'Bout to cop a Rolls ('bout to cop a Rolls)  
Ain't sellin' my soul (soul)

I just use her just for sex  
I'm a send the bitch a text later  
I'm that boy that coppin' all flavors  
New Gucci's, they was all gators  
Black diamond like Darth Vader  
In the booth, still countin' paper  
Gotta chance it, I'm a risk taker  
Now the chopper got round like Haiti  
Hangin' with some Slimes, you ain't my kind  
Nigga, stop lyin', you a faker  
I'm readin' your sign, pick up your vibe  
Fuck around and meet your maker  
Nigga, might pop your tater  
Glock in the sock gon' rock your cranium  
Ain't got nothing else to say to you  
I'm stompin' you out with the latest shoe

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I just need to slow down (slow down)  
'Bout to cop a Rolls ('bout to cop a Rolls)  
Ain't sellin' my soul (soul)

Ain't sellin' my soul  
I just need to slow down  
(We got London on da Track)  
(We got London on da Track) ain't sellin' my soul  
(We got) {Metro don't trust you, I'm gon' shoot you} (more, nigga)

I just need to slow down