

# 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