

# Gunna, Out The Hood

Run that back, Turbo

I'm out the hood, but I'm hood melodic  
I smoke good narcotics, keep my diamonds polished  
Throw a dime in Onyx, keep them dollars coming  
Look at all this money, this is our summer  
I'm out the hood, but I'm still a hood baby  
Yeah, I'm still going crazy, make these labels pay me  
Bought a new Mercedes, I come from where it get crazy  
I'm chasing this paper daily, fuck these niggas who hate me

I'm inside the store, keep a bodyguard  
Bitch, I can't be poor, put that 'Cat in sport (Skrrt)  
Whip like seven more  
All my kids ain't gon' have chores (Nah)  
Rolex, no Michael Kors  
Crib up with a gym and a mini-golf course (Golf course)  
Hittin' it off of the slam, and ball in the rim when I score  
Smoke a lot of grams, you would've thought I knew a grower  
Sip more than an ounce, I never imagined what I'd pour  
Don't know the amount

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I'ma give 'em hell (Hell)  
Show 'em how you all well (Well)  
Pay my nigga bail (My nigga bail)  
My new bitch fine as hell (Fine)  
Cocaine polish on her nails (On God)  
One of a kind for real (Real)  
Got her on exotic smell (On exotic smell)  
Bitch, you up like shell  
But that AP time gon' tell (On God)  
Send a bale in the mail (Mail)  
Damn, we slick and slimey like jail (Slime)  
We ain't takin' no L (Slatt)  
Nigga better not cross our trail (Slatt)  
It get hotter than Hell (Hell)  
Might die my dreads blonde like Odell (Odell)  
And take up the sales

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