Outta Control

Gucci Mane

I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ It was midnight I got the booty call She said "I'm at the club" So I threw on my drawers I'm lookin' throwed in my 'fit Candy coat on my whip The po-po's all on my tip But man, I don't even trip Sent me a dirty text So I text her back Scooped up the Stuey Boy 'Cause he had the purple sacks And now we gone with the wind It's on and poppin' again We rebel rockin' and rollin' This club is outta c-, outta c-, ou-ou-outta control She got me outta control She make you go crazy when she out on the on floor She know the DJ, he's on Serato He date them models, he crack them bottles Everybody say, fellas, what do ladies like? Money, money, money Ladies, what do fellas like? They monkey, monkey, monkey Money, money, it's outta control She showed that monkey, whoo, it's outta control I'm double fistin' now, under a strobe light Its lookin' like a movie, but it's feelin' so tight Now I got one in the cage, and I got two on the stage I got a waitress on the under tryna' give me some face They played some Lil Wayne Mixed with some T-Pain They mashed a Journey record Now they dropped some Coldplay And now they playin' my song The girls, they showin' their thongs We rebel rockin' and rollin' This club is outta c-, outta c-, ou-ou-outta control She got me outta control

She make you go crazy when she out on the on floor She know the DJ, he's on Serato

He date them models, he crack them bottles

Everybody say, fellas, what do ladies like? Money, money

Ladies, what do fellas like? They monkey, monkey, monkey

Money, money, it's outta control

She showed that monkey, whoo, it's outta control, yes sir!

I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ

I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ

I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ

I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ

I don't need no love, all I need is the DJ, DJ

Outta control, she he got me outta control

She make you go crazy when she out on the on floor

She know the DJ, he's on Serato

He date them models, he crack them bottles

Everybody say, fellas, what do ladies like? Money, money

Ladies, what do fellas like? They monkey, monkey, monkey

Money, money, it's outta control

She showed that monkey, whoo, it's outta control, yes sir!

Eh, eh, it's outta control

It's outta control, control, control

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