

# Yo Gotti, King Shit (feat. T.I.)

Oh this a hit nigga  
With no words on it  
I got on, two chains  
No I ain't Tity Boi  
I'm dream chasin'  
But I ain't from Philly boy  
Bitch bad, and she said I can get it boy  
This a hit and I'mma make a nigga feel it boy  
My quarter planes, my swagger saying  
My campaign on ten  
I like the bitch  
She down to fuck, but I'm really into her friend  
House up on the hill, got it off of cocaine  
I'm fetching through a Lamborghini  
Condo off of Biscayne  
Bitch I'm in my lane  
Fresh as hell no stains  
Giuseppe man's my chain  
I'm different all dividend  
My bitch only ride dick for me  
You're right and I'm back, you've been missing me  
My watch silly my clock ignorant  
I'm the king of my city  
I'm banned up and it ain't in the bed  
My flow just like an issue  
Please take that yellow tape on the ass  
Haters on the Zs, pussy why they do that?

[T.I.:]

King shit, hey you know what it is  
Tryna smell on that pound that loud for a nigga  
Like 100 real and  
Drive Ferrari for some motherfucking killer  
50 minutes imagine that on morning you're repenting  
I got rats all in my goggle pants  
Standing clear with the hollow man  
Your bitch as yo bitch bad  
She can fuck fast ain't no romance  
My diamond dancing in 3D nigga  
Fake the trip where you see me nigga  
Your money wrong and my money long  
And I'm playing with it like PE nigga  
Real nigga no joke  
No fake ass nigga no hope  
I got mini round team and a 100 round joke  
I'm gonna over up all of my coke  
And nigga I don't wanna smoke your weed  
Plain ass only thing I smoke  
Gonna thank up for the gifters on..  
Shorty ain't tell me everything I know  
I do whip it, who could care to dip it  
Had it to your partner let it flood it to the city  
We bout that action, you try us and we blessing  
We turnt to the max that's a motherfucking fact  
Come a real nigga for E round

Door up, doors down  
When I'm in the club bitch your going down  
Shorty take it for, hand down  
Heads up, pants down  
Down, down, shorty fucking head down  
I see my phone blowing up  
I know it's going down  
What's up pussy in the rapper it ain't hit the town

Keeping numbers in the city boy it's going down  
That's that dope boy autonomy  
Keep that level been up to me  
My friend my weed such tragedy  
Shorty couple hands on happily  
I ball hard like an athlete  
I look like a referee nigga  
They blowing the whistle they telling  
I do the clam I'm chilling  
This bitch turned up making rain  
When I'm in the club you tell'em  
They talk about these dealers that don't get it in the game  
I'm a real nigga till the death of me  
Never sing a song like a para key  
Kick the bands in my pocket jam  
I'll be kicking money like a motherfucker lose control  
Spend it in the kitchen nigga try a couple bricks on

Yeah! I am!  
LA Reed cut that check for me  
Turn it! Turn it!  
Turn it! Turn it!  
Tell the streets cut a check for me