

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