

Yo Gotti, Sell My Dope

(talking)

Look here, you know what I mean, I done did alot of
shit in my life, Yo Gotti, street raised street paid...

(chorus)

I'ma sell my dope can't trust no bitch
Pop my wheel break bread with my click
If a nigga don't hustle than a nigga don't eat
steady chasin paper out here running these streets
I'ma sell my dope can't trust no bitch
Pop my wheel break bread with my click
Kinfolks we block burn till we get these mills
We do it how it go so we gone get it how we live

I'm back to the basics
Face it I'm back on the rise
Back with my guys
Back 22 for them pies
I'm back rollin' clean
Back lookin' mean at niggaz
That's throwin' up signs
Lettin' off rounds for mine
Back in the hood
Like my niggaz think I should
But knockin' on wood
They got a nigga back on that good
Back on a mission
In other words I'm back in the kitchen
Water whippin' with my niggaz tryin' to sew up the city
Back in school
Gotti back to actin' a fool
But seekin' some knowledge
Southwest community college
Took hold a nigga
Enrolled and showed a nigga
When Gotti around, ain't enough hoes for niggaz
Never did I
Get the big head or lie
And say I'm the mayne
I just said I'm workin' with change
And doin my thang
I can't help I don't trust hoes
Move birds on the low and seen a hundred or mo'

(chorus)

You wanna sue me? You wanna rob me?
Get your choppers come to my shows and try to mob me?
I took birds from your people
So you gone kill me
Say my beats be aight
But you don't really feel me
Dog, I ain't hard to find I be in the bay
Ridgecrest, Shady Vista street everyday
Sellin yay with my nigga G.B. and Todd
Lil' Mont Big G we all got heart
Rap shit aight but Im from the streets
Under all circumstances I gotta eat
I gotta ki
What you know about thirty six o's in a drought
Double up make 'em bounce whoa...Look at my mouth
Blockburner nigga be rollin'
I go the title from (?) my shit ain't stolen
I'm watchin' TV's and DVD's

I'm thug bruh
One more time Dre and Shine
It's love bruh, It's love bruh

(chorus)

Dope just (???) and can't stop me from gettin this paper
Nineteen years a closet full of gators
Platinumed out chain beggets around my charm
One hundred fifty shots shtos four five caliber drum
Got 4 spots
One for the money
One for the drugs
A third spot for all of these hoes that I don't love
A fourth spot for me and my shorty that stayed down
The one who stayed strong and helped me through shady grounds
I'm a mean mugger, head buster
Nothin nice
I'm a street hustler
And my motto is rock ice
Streets is callin
Why not picture me ballin
Enjoy it while I got it cause one day I'm gone be fallin
Dope boys do what they want not what they can
You boys tag along and protect the man
Cheap hoes jockin them niggaz cause they got paper
All hoes change like weather because it's nature

(chours till fade)