

# Yo Gotti, Breakaman

(Talking)

Nope, It ain't happening, not over here. You ain't finna get a fast motherfucking come up over here shawty. HELL NAW!!

(Verse 1:)

Shawty was so real back in '96  
Before the big life all the ice and all the bricks  
Was small time grindin', high school rhymin'  
Just broke up with my bitch so it was like perfect timing  
She wouldn't a dime piece, she wouldn't a nine piece  
But bout a six or a seven but was real sweet

But she was gangsta in other words thugged-out  
But she was trafficking and manufacturin' drugs out  
She was a little older she was a little bolder  
Than all my other hoes, she drove a blue Corolla  
We used to walk to class, I used to hold her folder  
You know that in-between green shit to win her over  
But fuck it, I'm a soldier, by now she should've noticed  
That ya boy gone spit vocals or gone sell yola  
She had nice goals future thought-out with a plan  
But let me tell you how this bitch was trying to break a man

(Chorus)

Tryin', tryin', to break a man  
I don't understand

(Verse 2:)

I told you she was real, at least I thought she was  
I fucked with her for years, but that was just because  
The situation seemed like it was meant to be  
Until the money came I thought we was the perfect team  
I worked a little harder, yes, i was like my father  
All through the rain, sleet, and snow like it was no tomorrow  
I had to stack my dollars, real niggaz do real things like the lifetime in  
volume 1 of Sean Carter  
I started flippin' cars, she started flippin' out  
I tried to figure out what the fuck she bitchin' bout  
She go a little crazy, she got a little lazy  
No more with future plans and goals she only talkin babies  
I'm only talkin maybe  
She constantly talkin' give me  
Don't wanna hustle don't wanna work, I guess she out to get me  
My money won't decrease by any circumstance  
I ain't gone give you shit, you ain't gone break a man

(Chorus)

(Verse 3:)

Now we didn't have a pot to piss in  
Shawty that's when you would listen  
My down ass Memphis bitch, just playin yo postion  
This before you had my son, this before I had a name  
This before i copped the deal, this before I let it WANG  
Told you was my plan was to try to come up on some change  
Do my music out of town, i got to hoppin' on the planes  
All the time away from home, shit you wasn't in my trust  
While I'm out of town Rap Hustlin', doing this shit for us  
All of a sudden you need some space, so I let you breathe  
Went and got yo own place, and I was wrong for lettin' you leave?  
Now I'm back to fuckin' niggaz hoes, back to fuckin' bitched friends  
Seen the spot I'm livin' in, got mad when I went and got the Benz  
Now you want some dividends, now you wanna go to court  
I give Nick everything he need, why you filing child support?

Left me, and now you hurt cause you ain't in my plans  
You got me fucked up shawty and you tryin' to Break a man (DAMN)

(Chorus til end)