

# Yo Gotti, U Understand

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

I got them choppas you understand  
Fuckin' around with us we burn ya block up you understand  
Fuck what cha' heard got them birds you understand  
Coming shawt with us yeen scared you understand

(Verse 1)

Your broad I done banged her  
Weighing game then trained her  
With the block burners the ones that's bringing flames up  
I be in the north cuzz  
Chillin' with my squad cuzz  
Laughing at these weak ass niggaz swearin' that he hard cuzz  
What the fuck you know about, niggaz with them extra clips  
Hanging out the choppas on yo block, I'm making niggaz flip  
23's got it, big bodies I got it nigga  
Whole thang got it, gotti he been had it  
Rolling with them niggaz, them damn fools from Watkins  
Shit start poppin', bitches start joggin'  
Niggaz start flaugin, rumors got out gotti start mobbing and robbing  
Cause he on Galling regardless the circumstance  
Ain't be starving' like marvin of any man  
So now my target is Ridgecrest with working hands  
I'm posted up with double ups to do a gotti and  
You understand

(Chorus)

I move bricks like a constructor  
Famous like Paul Brooker  
Grew up around hustlahs with M plants and coca  
Gotti get them birds and pass 'em to T sticks  
I could cut where they store and then provide bricks  
Transport and ??? half way on see some green  
Youse a fiend bout to dream want some ching yaa mean  
Stillman got the ready rocks what you passed to be a cop  
Tell em' I got them 100 proof that's taped up and watt block  
Carousel my issue I got's to get richer  
I ain't cockin' out until I get me some millions  
All day my phone ring I got cone like ice cream  
Product 24 hours dawg consumers call me Wal-greens  
More blocks than gun shots  
Ammo like Rambo  
On the block posted up, like Shaq I'm gone score  
Like Pringles my chips stacked  
What you want a nigga got?  
Coming shawt with us if yeen scared man holla back

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

I'm the same young nigga since elementary  
And I didn't go then neither, it ain't no game with me  
If you ain't breaking bread, you ain't no friend to me  
So cut to brush it out, you ain't no ken to me  
I got them whole thangs, hand caught 4 in the split  
I'm straight from the north  
So they assume that I'm straight with this shit  
I'm straight with my clique, but otherwise these niggaz be scared  
I'm 5 foot 5 they talkin' bout some shit they done heard  
Come on dawg big ole you and lil' me  
Don't mean shit cause if you slip it's O.V  
But that's beef fuck all that what cha' need  
I got trees and I bricks for chee cheese

Fuck wit yo boy I turn around and fuck wit you back  
You shot a few times I turn around and front you your pack  
You keep it real together nigga we can make mils  
Don't be scared just hustle up and get the shit how you live

(Chorus) - repeat until end