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 possed 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