

# John Gotti

B. Lou

John Gotti, pill popper (facts)  
Sealed bottle, head shotters  
Ride fast, Bugatti  
New money, new hundreds  
Still stunting, trap jumping  
Who the freshest, be honest (B. Lou)  
Lil nigga one hundred  
Selling drugs, narcotics

John Gotti (Gotti), sellin' dope (huh?)  
John Gotti (Gotti)  
John Gotti (Yeah, yeah)  
John Gotti (Gotti)

Bitch wanna jump in my DM like Gotti (It go down in the DM)  
No I'm not Kodak, I don't smoke no broccoli (Gas!)  
All of my chores, you cannot get that out of me  
24/7, can't go on no break  
Whatever young nigga, got keys to the Raf  
Changing your life with the code to the safe  
Yeah I'm up, I'm John Gotti paid  
I'm going federal they catch me at the bank  
Just got the back end, just let the pack in  
Better relaxing, I'm bout that action  
Turn you to past tense you can get hit  
Sleep with the fish, feed it don't miss  
Vondo assist, slick like I'm Rick  
I keep a bitch making the moves, we John Gotti rich  
We making the moves, we John Gotti rich

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John Gotti (Gotti)  
John Gotti (Yeah, yeah)  
John Gotti (aye, NLE, Top Shoota)

John Gotti got me pill popping  
She be sucking dick while my balls dropping  
And I'm in her throat just like a hot tamale  
She be sucking sloppy  
She be taking my soul right out of my body  
You run up on me and get wrapped like a mummy  
It ain't nothing to crash out just like a dummy  
I'm taking these percs, they call me a junkie  
Titties on the chopper look like a tommy, gun  
Bitch you know I am a don  
Run up on me and get wet, bet  
.223 right to your tongue  
Came from the bottom, came from the slums

I'm all about my green like a mowing lawn  
When we talking guns, know I got a ton  
Bitch I'm a crypt, all my niggas some Avalons  
Bitch I'm on one like I'm young Gotti  
I pop me a perc, got me out of my body  
33 to my clip like a young nigga Scotty  
If a nigga want smoke then we serving exotic  
And I'm shitting on niggas, I need me a pamper  
I'm all in her head like she has dandruff  
That bitch pussy so bald I asked her did she have cancer  
(Do you have leukemia?)

John Gotti (Gotti), sellin' dope  
John Gotti (Gotti)  
John Gotti (Yeah, yeah)  
John Gotti