G.I. Joe

Lil Gotit

Wanna be hood baby, then come join
Rockin' Gucci socks with Air Force Ones
Poppin' big shit, yeah, I'm the one
Lock in the pots and we beat 'em off the stove
Gotit talk to 'em, all this drip I'm pursuin'
If my brother got beef, I'm chewin'
Thirty-three shots, lil' nigga, Patrick Ewing
I'd rather fuck her friend 'fore I leave her alone
Insecure 'bout a bitch? No
Ridin' with the sticks like G.I. Joe
Peep a nigga game, nigga, dead on the low
Investin' in the trap, got bags in the floor
Everywhere I trap, got racks on the sofa
Nigga too close, you ain't hear the car beep
Back-up camera, yeah don't got me
Cameras on the truck, TV gon' see
When I head to the shows, SB with me

Wipe a nigga down, that's [?]
Mama so proud we on TV
Pearls 'round my neck, them CCs
The label cut the check, run the bag by me
Move all the hate so I can see
Neck on froze, that's zero degrees
Reached all my goals, I'ma have [?]
I don't give a fuck if she stay or she leave
Yeah, I'm a born superstar
Young nigga shit, I was ridin' in a Porsche
Know about me, hundred shots, get aborted
Now they want no smoke, now they ass tryna sort it
Bitches gettin' crunk, yeah, I hit 'em with a cover
Bank account long, lotta zeros, lotta commas
A nigga stand where he get hit, gon' stumble
Real G.O.A.T. shit, I'ma teach you to do numbers

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I want millions, millions and trillions
A lot of hundreds, old hundreds to the ceilin'
They fakin', they flodgin', they dodgin' all the realest
Supercharged truck gon' catch you, nigga, in an instant

Back then, nigga ain't have too much
Now everything I do go up
I don't never hate, just wish luck
From opps, yeah, up and it's stuck
Mind on the murder
Yeah, about me, hood babies in a hurry
Runnin' up a bag, yeah, jumpin' over hurdles
I'm gon' cop the Wraith with the mothafuckin' curtains

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