

# Tellin Ya

Lil Gotit

I'm tellin' ya...  
I'm tellin' ya...  
(Ooh, Dilla)

Porsche 911 (911)  
Maybach coupe, I'm tellin' ya (I'm tellin' ya)  
Big backend, I'm tellin' ya (I'm tellin' ya)  
Trappin' just like Belly (Forreal)  
I keep guns like Belly (Hood Baby)  
This is foreign, not a Chevy (Hood Baby)  
Sound like Kid Cudi  
Smoke exotic with my buddy (Woo)  
He so cap, I'm tellin' ya  
Make me don't trust nothin', mmm  
Found my gold like treasure  
VVS grill when I be cussin', yeah  
I'm so slime, can't trust me  
Snakes in my grass, don't cut it though  
Drag racin' in them Trackhawks  
I'ma tell ya

I'm so slime, draw, win, or lose  
My bitch got honey, Winnie-Pooh  
Spent a couple thousand on some brand new shoes  
Arrowhead, that's a brand new tool  
Jet to the sky, we gettin' so high  
We so private, can't tell our moves  
Load up some sticks then we slide, guarantee you make the news  
Virgil Off-White, I can drip all night  
My bitch got head, yeah, that dyke  
Her pussy pink and it's tight  
Me and twenty niggas, yeah we fucked her twice  
We come in two like Mike and Ike  
Make it rain in the club, that's a alibi  
Put her down, she don't know what's right  
I don't see no evil  
All is see is a lot of commas and they b-rolls (Racks)  
Told PJ, "It gon' be a lot of people" (Lot of rats)  
Nah we ain't worried, we got that lethal (Rawf)

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Yeah, I came from the hood with all of the bros  
You know I'm gon' ride with my gang, yeah  
I just want the money, I just want the big bag, yeah  
Fuck all the fame, yeah  
I came from the mud, yeah  
I came from the trenches  
It's a 30, go out with a bang  
Ride around, they gon' know my name  
Might pop me an Addy, I stay in my lane, yeah  
Double C's, huh, yeah, Chanel the kicks, yeah  
I might go Louis or I might go Prada, shit  
Mismatched fit, yeah  
Big body AMG with them tints, yeah (Skrt)  
We gon' ride with them sticks, yeah  
Got it on my own, I had to grind  
Naw, they ain't give me shit (No, no, no)  
Hotbox crew, young nigga shit, yeah that Fox Five gang  
2015, I was hell, yeah, I was thuggin' with that thang  
Hang around with them real ones, yeah  
I swear I made a name  
From bandos, condos, Panamera for the rain

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