Gladiator

ThouxanBanFauni

(JV)
(I love Marseloti)
Yeah-yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah

I got sent to Rice Street, gladiator school
How you gon' get me if I make the first move?
Them plates from out of town, I put you on a plate too
Chef Gordon Ramsay had to cook him 'cause the nigga food
How you wanna be on top? You afraid of heights
She talking about she hate me, that's just love out of spite
Got kicked out of my mama house, the trap where I spent the nig
ht
Lifting up all them weights, pumping iron to get hit with this
iron

Man, cut it off, cut you out like me and your supplier
Go big or go home, big boot and a steel if you feel my desire
Glock with a switch, yeah, this that automatic fire
You a opp, you a bitch, y'all niggas be going out sad outside
Tryna' flex that .30, had a .9 in his jeans, had took his fire
Stupid lil' thot, wanna claim young Fauni, you ain't even mine
Spot 'em got 'em, wet him up with his homie, that ain't Heinz
Always on top, don't play catch up, we never behind
Pocket watching, keep count lil' nigga, I'm always on time
Shooting out a Wrangler, it's the wrong one, they had shot youn
g Shyne
I only make bangers, why the hell you think these kids so hype?
I do it, I do it, y'all niggas all talk, talking about "you mig
ht"

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