

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 night

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 young 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 might"

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