

11

Yo Gotti

This the art of hustle, this the art of war
Five mil' in the crib and it got art galore
Shawty arch her back, like a masterpiece
I'm black but she white and she's a master freak
Got a lock on that pussy, I got the master key
She like them 'bout it 'bout it niggas, ugh, Master P
I'm a master chef, the way I whip a beat
The way I cook it and cut it, it's like I mastered the street
It's the art of grindin', bricks on consignment
50/50 chance that the plug ain't gon' find me
Life of the grindin', life of the slammin'
Hit a million dollar lick then I move to Miami

It's the art
11/11 I'm droppin' the album
It's the art
Them white 11s, you know I'm gon' have 'em
You have art
11: 11, the Porsche 9/11, I just threw 11
Hustle is an art
Cause I've been gettin' money
And I've been out here thuggin' since I was 11

I must met her in Heaven
She like an angel like she got some wings
Put her on jets and I take her to countries
Fuck up the money and show her some things
Mention my name, let you mention the king
You must not know what I mean
When I say art of the hustle
My niggas, my brothas and bitch, I'm a ride for the team
11, 11, the brick 22 so the half was 11
Always gettin' money, I've been doin' this shit since I was 1-7
Yeah I was 17, nigga, with 17 niggas with MAC 11s
Now the bricks goin for 40, 32 shots, we invested in weapons
11 ARs, 11 AKs, 11 FNs
11 new cars, 11 new chains, but no new friends
The streets been askin'
I'm droppin' a classic to fuck up the streets
I do what I does
But not just for me, for my niggas to eat
And my bitch been complainin'
She thinkin' I'm fuckin' 11 new freaks
And my plug been complainin'
Like fuck all that rap shit, let's get to the streets
11, that's one over 10 and one under 12
And I'm still in the hood, tryna catch me some sales and runnin' from 12

11, 11, I'm droppin' the album
This the art
Them Legend 11s, you know I'm gon' grab 'em
This the art
11: 11, the Porsche 9/11, I just threw 11
And I've been in the streets
And I've been gettin' money since I was 11

Just know that I'm comin'

Droppin' a classic to fuck up the streets
I do what I does
But not just for me, for my niggas to eat
If you fuck with your niggas
You keep it a hundred, you fuckin' with me
We gotta keep this shit alive
Can't let these fuck niggas slide
Fuck niggas tryna take over the game
Fuck all these niggas, I'm never gon' change
Fuck all these labels, I'm never gon' sign
Fuck all these bitches, ain't givin' 'em mind
Fuck all these rappers and albums they're droppin'
That shit ain't a hundred, I don't wanna hear it
Tired of hearin' he lyin' talkin' bout the streets
When niggas ain't been nowhere near it
But 11, 11
I'm comin', I promise, I won't let you down
I'm a give you my story
I give you pain, it's no fuckin' 'round
The struggle is real
My niggas got killed, my niggas doin' life
When we in the streets
And you in the office, it's fuck your advice
11, 11