

9 to 5

Yo Gotti

First of all yo gotti represent every thug
Went to school graduated operated with drugs
Had knowledge went to college fucking bitches with all
Up to no good in da hood but to play with my dawg
Been had six figures and that ain't no lie
I was fly class of 2000 at Trezvant High
I had gold like whoa! I just wanted to be
A fucking lawyer but that was to long for me
Never knew I'll rob with the blackout squad
I admit when I was young shit I had a job
That was cool at first but I had to get paid
A 150 dollars a week must think I'ma slave
Maybe that's the reason why niggas been fucking with birds
Got the urge and the nerves to kick a bitch to the curb
I'm bout tied of bitches asking me have I been in love
I'm a human being bitch til I do pump blood
Let the rumor do some shit that a nigga didn't like
When I was young and dumb didn't know wrong from right
My old man telling me young cat walk like
Out of mind out of sight now my head on right

Gotti-ah, gotti-ah, gotti-otti-otti-otti-otti-ah

I tried me a 9 to 5 but it'n work
Put my trust in a bitch end up getting nerved

I was 12 years old in the blistering cold
I didn't want to get a job I want to sell me some more
I didn't want to go to church I wanted to get me some dough
Or a European Chevy with a matching vogue
They say I'm hateful ungrateful cuz I ain't faithful
Good things come and go but I'll miss them later
Tip so niggas know gotti ain't they savior
I'm just trying to fuck all these hoes while I'm able
Big bro in and out the door cutting paper
Lil bro keep them out seen them getting paper
Gotti ask them questions when I seen them at the table
What the fuck is that? and what you doing with that razor?
I'm dead fucking serious
And while he smoking on some dro
And laughing I'm getting more and more furious
Real life experience I seen it first hand
That's why I had to make a plan to get them Benjamins

Nigga block on lock better tuck that shit
Ain't no motherfucker round that can fuck with this
Call nigga when they really won't infecting this
I&E rap hustlas getting checks for this
How many niggas you know that can go come from above?
Without a bill on the real yeen ain't fucking with us
I be tripping off bitches when they holla at us
With the mind frame they gone get some dollars for us
This a health train come on bitch swallow the nut
And follow it up by getting the fuck off the bus
Catching the cut what don't speak on trust
Don't know what it mean and me speak no English
And me don't work me a thug me no jerk

Back in the day me got my feelings hurt
But never again catch me fucking a friend
From 8 to 10 she ain't working nor getting revenge