

Bad Behavior

Yo Gotti

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
(Traxamillion)
Yeah

Wait a minute wait a minute
Last time I checked, I had a half a hundred million
Know a Memphis nigga out in Beverly Hills
I been by publishing and selling pills
Big dog status, watch with no stones
Niggas buy Dior I be buyin' homes
Somebody tell my ex to leave me alone
No hard feelings got a better bitch, I'm moving on
I be spending dope, shootin' every song
If I get indicted off these lyrics, say it's gon' be-long, uh
You a rat, you know you dead wrong, uh
No collect calls, we do iPhones
All my niggas locked up they got iPhones
And I cleared the bank to bring my niggas home, yeah
Start over yeah, yeah, start over
Seven loud, yeah, yeah, strong odor
Twenty thousand square feet, I don't call it home
Walkin' 'round this bitch, I feel so alone
Text's to my son, ask him when he comin'
Give him a hundred k like, "Give it to your mommy"
Just because yeah, yeah, just because
I remember the struggle, it ain't none but love
Bad memories, but can't forget the opps
I invest in pills, bricks, and weed 'fore I invest in stocks

Paper-heavy, paper-heavy
Get this money, take shit from nobody how they raise you?
Mama made me savage, grandma took my filter early
Thirteen out the service, AMG all on my dresser
When they hang up my jersey that's a 36
I could hang up my jersey, I sold a thousand bricks
They can flame up my jersey, I blew a hundred sticks
I can retro my jersey, I been doin' this shit

Couple niggas try, couple don't survive
Championship rings, one to all the guys
You fucked up then she fucked up, why you act surprised?
You don't own the pussy, guess you can't accept the fact she lied
Paper-heavy, paper-heavy
Mama was a ho, I guess that's how a mama raised him
Daddy was a pussy nigga so I guess she fucked with suckers
All she know was lame ass niggas, look at her brother
Gotti, where you been, where you been?
I been out the scene countin' millions by the teens
I been on vacation chillin', fuckin' bitches friends
I been kinda silent, still slidin' gettin' revenge

Paper-heavy, paper-heavy
Get this money, take shit from nobody how they raise you?
Mama made me savage, grandma took my filter early
Thirteen out the service, AMG all on my dresser
When they hang up my jersey that's a 36
I could hang up my jersey, I sold a thousand bricks

They can flame up my jersey, I blew a hundred sticks
I'm the streets MVP, it don't get real as this