

Castro

Yo Gotti

Yeah, Castro (woah, woah)
Yeah
Cubans on me like I'm Castro
Yeah, bitches like I'm Castro
Kickin' bitches like I'm Castro
Cuban cigar nigga, woo
(Spanish chick, JLo
Dope money, Pablo
The double cross you up, eyeball)
Castro, Castro, Castro

Cubans on me like I'm Castro
Hit your bitch with a backstroke
Spanish bitch, JLo
Dope money, Pablo
(Astronaut, take off)
John Travolta (face off)
{In the kitchen, have a bake off
She gon' snort her whole damn face off}
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John Travolta (face off)
{In the kitchen, have a bake off
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EA Sports, I'm in the Playoffs
I'm in Saks goin' AWOL
I'm at Neimans goin' AWOL
Hit your bitch in the A loft
Hair cool but the pussy wet
Wanna unfuck her, get her pussy back
Cuban on your boy, I'm Castro
Hit your bitch with a backstroke
Man of the year, Pablo
(Money bags, Wells Fargo)
Call my driver, where the car go?
{100 thousand in my cargo}
I get dope by the cargo
{I got whips, no car note
I got whips, no slave
All my cribs got maids}
All my cribs like a maze
Shit so big, they amazed
Still thuggin', they amazed
Put me on a triple gauge
In the kitchen rocky haze
In the trenches with the Js
Feds listenin', we don't do the phone
They record everythin' we say

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Quavo, honcho
My life like Pablo
Cuban hoes fall in love with a nigga
They'll treat me like Papio
Off white like shell toes
Stick to the money, velcro
Standin' on the top, roast dinner
Jump down, hit you with the elbow
Why do the birds need a plane if they can fly?
I be standin' in the field with the 5
So many onions in the trap, make me cry
My styrofoam got more oil than Dubai
Ridin' round with extendo
Ridin' round with extendo
Never, never, sorry finfolk
Never, never, sorry finfolk
Niggas shootin' out the window
Niggas shootin' at your window
Yeah, you better keep your head low
Feds watchin', better lay low

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Ain't time for lame niggas
Take your girl like a pain killer
Just saw a picture of your first baby mama
Look like a train hit her
Can't finesse, I'm the finest
Shit, AKA, it's your Highness
I don't know if she got a snort habit
Or the bitch got sinuses
Pyrex tried to sign her
Bakin' soda tryna sign us
Got a red stove and a gold Ford
Shit lookin' like the 9ers
Told shawty, you don't mind us
And I say it out of kindness
Cuban links, they be climbin'
Dick talk, she climbin'
Sold so many damn bags
I coulda went dimin'
Watch wristband diamond
On my neck look diamond

Simon said, nigga start takin' my shit
Nigga, start rhymin'
4 rings like the Audi
Hotel suite, cloudy

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