

## 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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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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