

Cold Gangsta

Yo Gotti

June, you're a Jenius
Do What We Want Entertainment
And Can't Be Fucked With Incorporated
Smack a Nigga Ass LLC

I'm on some cold gangsta shit
I might get blocked out the industry (I am)
Ain't wifin' no hoes, no couple goals (Can't do it)
Still don't feel my enemies (I am)
Ain't squashin' no beef, I'm fryin' it (Hibachi)
If it 'bout the money, I'm tryin' it (I'm tryin', I am)
My price went high, it's thirty a brick (What 'evs)
Water been tight, flyin' in (Whoosh)
Let's say, "Goodbye" to the ghetto (Hello, hello)
And "welcome" to wealth, 90210 (Real bitch)
What's happenin', Gates?
Mulholland Estates
I might turn this bitch to the trap though (Skeet)
And there go the neighborhood
Neighbors been bitching 'cause they heard the Lamb' in the driveway
At one in the morning, disturbing the peace (Sheesh)
It sound like a plane when I drive away
Might put a Rolls on a lawn, fuck it ain't got no alarm (For what?)
New Richard Mille on my arm (Factory)
I'ma king, you a pawn (Nigga)
I'm a legend, 2Pac, Biggie, Big Pun, Wu, Raekwon (I am)
New M's to the city
In Detroit more than Big Sean (Facts)
I'm on some cold gangsta shit
I got a lil' bitch on the westside
Couple of hittas from South Memphis
And another lil' hitta from the eastside
I can adapt to the pain
I understand the poverty (Poor)
Why would I let a record label fuck over us
When I did the robberies? (Never gon' happen)
They told me watch what I say in these raps (Why?)
'Fore they fuck around, sentence me
And you better watch what you say out your mouth (Shh)
Whenever you mention me
You not relatable
I'm a street nigga and that not debatable
Tryna buy loyalty, they not available
I got a hundred 'round dick on this AR
Now hold this tableble

All my bitches bad, tens
Bitch on me, so what? Fuck on
Ho gave he head in the Benz
Bitch wanna fuck in this truck (Helluva made this beat baby)
Yeah motherfucker, we friends, shit
'Long she down, I'm up, bitch
Don't ask my name, I'm doggy
Get the head twice, don't call me
Heard she had fire, I'm stalky
Beat her ass down in the office
Make her hit the [?] in the Benz

Lean, weed, drink
Bitch one-off, get painted
Ex was a ho, we ain't
Turn blood, nigga, yeah bitch, he can't
Gotta pay me to Perc' no shit, I'm famous
Nigga like smoke, not me, I'm rainin'
Put in the air, make her keep goin', then put in her hair
Link one twenty, lil' ho, these carats
Bros over hoes, ayy bitch, we sharin'
380 for the war, what they want for the 'Claren
I just want the truck, I'm sayin', "Skrrt" (No cap)
Heard you wanna fuck, take a chances (Come on)
If I hit her friend, I'm playin' (He is)
200 in chains, I'm dancin'
Bitch, fuck a nigga ho, she friendly (Ho, rat)
All five cars not rented (None of 'em)
None of these bitches came tinted (None of 'em)
Ask around, "Who run the city?" Me
(Who you know run the city)

I was just runnin' the streets
Me and my brother, we both had a onion a piece
Starin', I'm clutchin' my yeak
Look two more seconds get deadly when fuckin' wit' me
Turned all my brothers to beasts
Whether they want it or not, I'ma cut 'em a piece
I keep my gun when I'm sleep
Double the number, a hundred ain't nothin'
Two hundred, you done in a week
Who wanna run into me?
They really runnin' from beef
Scared to go get somethin' to eat
Can't even order in peace
Once it was war wit' no peace
Remember it vividly, we hit up four in a week
Who brought more order than me?
Gave you a purpose and [?]
Stuck around, help you work it
I never said I was perfect but flawless
As soon as you changed up and fall
Like the leaves at the end of the August
I hit it twice and he bought it
Opened her mouth and she caught it
Walkin' this shit like I talk it
Smokin', these niggas be coughin'
Face 'em, put 'em in coffins
First murder wit' a revolver
Then I did it on my lonely
Big Gee, the one and only (Big Gee, the one and only)