

# Disqualified

Yo Gotti

You disqualified Shawty, you disqualified  
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Straight thirst, you disqualified  
Fake purse, you disqualified  
Dem' your friend clothes, talking bout you got it hard  
In the club every week, but you ain't got a job  
You disqualified Shawty, you disqualified  
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Bad bitch with me look like the Kardashians  
Pull up in the club in that brand new Aston  
Jumped I jumped the line cause I'm very important  
Shawty got a kush habit, but I ain't supporting it  
She rock knockoff bags, it's 2012  
Tried to steal her some trues, so she just got out of jail  
Boyfriend an athlete, baby daddy a dope boy  
But she still get food stamps and still on welfare  
But she fine as a motherfucker, I think she got ass shots  
Stay in some red bottoms, don't know if they real or not  
She have her ups and her downs, somehow she always go hard  
She say she work for herself, ain't going in nobody jobs

Shawty who you with, fuck that, who you let hit  
Fuck that, I already know, that's why you fluke as shit  
Bomb chicks, no bum chicks, and the classy ones who I now fuck with  
Had a lack of class, so I dropped her ass  
And even if I don't, I switch subjects  
Put no nigga over your seed, get your figures up by all means  
He been gone a lot but know the times is hard  
But know the club is not no release  
Don't you talk too much in these streets  
Make no friends with none of these freaks  
Cause they interest isn't on you, bet you break up, they calling up he  
Don't you stress him over no b's, don't buy things from off Canal Street  
Whenever the phone ring don't ask who dialing  
If he love you, don't worry bout it  
Now he got you, and he can't live without you  
And your relationship is unbreakable, until, until I come

See you the type of bitch a nigga don't wife  
You come with too many problems and your shit ain't right  
See you the type of bitch that always complain  
But you the type of bitch don't do a damn thang  
Work, bitch you ain't know about that  
Bitch you ain't never had a job  
Bitch you ain't never got a check  
Bitch always got her hand out, ho must think I'm paying out  
Coming out the just house looking like that  
In the club every week, on a new nigga dick  
Bitch, We don't like hoes like that, nevertheless, wife hoes like that  
Think you bad somebody must've lied, ho your ass ain't qualified  
And she say I'm a dog and I be in the streets  
But a bitch going be a bitch, so I'm a let her be