

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