

Fire Us

Yo Gotti

I got a lil' thick bitch and her head's fire
When I say my whole clique rich, I'm talkin' 'bout entire
If they not rich, shit, we gon' take yo' shit 'cause we liars
We sendin' the enemy to the sky like Buzz Lightyear
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Let 'em speak on me, fuck that shit
Fuck it, we ain't gon' clear shit up
I'm a choppa toter, multi-millionaire but I'm still corrupt
Steppin' in them trenches, I'm well-respected
You see my results
You see black trucks, my dog respected
They respect all of us (Facts)
Mister friend, where was you 2010?
Don't get offensive, this a question for a real friend
I'm talkin' my dog, my day one, that's the type of friend
I'm talkin' 'bout vice versa, bust yo' shots, I bust again
I remember back in the day, I told my dog that we gon' win
We gotta be patient, 'fore we blow that door, we in the wind
I smoke different flavors, I smoke bloody mary underneath my skin
You won't feel yo' face again once I hit you with this FN

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Hey your honor, that's my nigga mama
You just sentenced him to a hunnid, that my day one
All this money, still no peace, this shit fuck with my mental
All these whips, so many options, still slide in a rental
All these cribs in three, four states, I still be in the projects
We got plaques off music but that dope still bring us profit
My plug never mistreated me, faithful to these streets, nigga
I showed up when they needed me
And when it's time to make a play, I'm right there where they needed me
I been makin' boss friend niggas, that's the G in me
Gotti don't bring yo' gun in this buildin', well, ain't no meetin' me
I have senior staff meetings with niggas that don't know rap at all
I put real gangstas in position, that ain't no cap at all

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