

# For The Record

Yo Gotti

Hey Gotti  
What's happening?  
You ever heard that story, about when the real niggas came in last place?  
Nah, nah, nah, I don't believe that  
Hahaha, shit me neither  
Ha

Shout out to grippin' jewels (Grippin' jewels)  
Cocaine records (Cocaine records)  
I'll die for them three letters, make these streets respect us (Go ask 'em)  
I did deals that didn't benefit me  
Why would I do such a thing? So my niggas could eat (One hundred)  
My nigga on that dog food (Food), stole a 100K (crossed me)  
It was a million in their safe, why the fuck you play? (Pussy)  
If you gon' take it, take it all, nigga, nigga  
'Cause when I see you, I want it all, nigga, nigga  
Baby momma up and left (Why?)  
She left me scarred (It hurt me)  
But I can't blame her, all the shit I done (Why?), I know it's hard (Yeah)  
To love a nigga like me (Me), I'm too deep in these streets (I am)  
Dedicated to hustlers whom dedicated to me (I am)  
Six hundred for a Richard Mille, and I was sellin' bricks  
I'm rockin' niggas record deals, on my wrist  
Twenty mill' for an advance check (Twenty what?)  
I fuck around declined it (I don't give a fuck)

First we want the money but now we gotta own the masters  
How you live in a mansion but you don't own the land?  
I'm on some other shit, uh

I gave these niggas the game, I guess they didn't listen, so fuck 'em  
I told 'em big homie rules, didn't pay attention, these niggas some suckers,  
uh  
They flex on the 'Gram, they show they lil' racks but they live with their m  
omma, uh  
Gun emoji sign, we just smoke you, don't want no drama, uh  
Let me clear up the air  
No beefs with no rappers at all  
My focus is building my niggas up, gettin' 'em some money and freein' my daw  
gs, uh  
When it come to these broads, I'm different  
I buy her Chanel not Tiffany  
I fuck around, send her like ten thousand flowers to her job 'cause I know t  
hat she miss me  
And she know my history  
I know her potential  
The realer you is, the fire that head, good God almost sent you, uh  
But back to the issues at hand  
Don't wanna play on your dawg  
Don't sacrifice your lil' mans  
You got to build the team  
Gettin' a hundred racks was a dream  
Get a million, didn't even seem  
Like it was possible to achieve  
Now I'm playin' with her fore, ridin' in a 'Rari, strapped with a 40  
That was 400K, yeah, a nigga ballin', I ain't just talkin'  
Fuck a bitch good, then the hoe stalk, can't get her off me

Had a good month, tricked on a bitch, but I don't do it often  
Yeah (Yeah)  
Big Gotti, I'm cocky  
'Cause I know everybody got their money right  
Yeah, the team solid (Yeah)

CMG

All I ever did was show niggas how to get money  
How to do it on their own  
How to put their niggas on  
The definition of a hustler  
Treat my partners like brothers  
Been understood business, had a joint venture with the plug  
Never joined the gang, still a thug  
Never did nothin' to kids or women, it's off limits  
In the streets I'm official  
If I ain't with you, I'm against you