

Had To Quit Fucking With You

Yo Gotti

I gotta quit fucking with you,
I gotta quit fucking with you,
Damn, homie, all the shit that we've been through,
I gotta quit fucking with you.

Gun jam, say the motherfucker wouldn't shoot,
I ain't gotta quit fucking with you.
You, I gotta quit fucking with you,
You, I gotta quit fucking with you.
You were my main bitch and I loved you, too,
Biggest hoe in the city, gotta quit fucking with you.
I gotta quit fucking with you,
I gotta quit fucking with you.

Let me tell you a story about this bitch I had,
Used to buy this bitch all type of bags,
Lil bad bitch, kept me on my swag shit,
Went to school to be a stylist, bitch kinda act a lil' childish.
My main bitch, I think I like this hoe,
What the fuck was wrong with me? Thinking I can wife this hoe.
Let put it like this, she on the money team,
Every rapper, every trapper, any athlete.

I gotta quit fucking with you,
Every nigga in the city be fucking with you.
Little ass bitch, always on that client shit,
Find bitch, cute face, you think she's so innocent.
Yeah, she's innocent, she into me, we intimate,
We be fucking instantly, got head game consistency.
Consistency, she fucked my head up mentally,
Got head in the Bentley, I thought this bitch was into me.

I gotta quit fucking with you,
I gotta quit fucking with you,
All the shit we've been through,
I gotta quit fucking with you.

Gun jam, say the motherfucker wouldn't shoot,
I ain't gotta quit fucking with you.
I gotta quit fucking with you,
I gotta quit fucking with you,
You were my main bitch, and I loved you, too,
Biggest hoe want to see, I gotta quit fucking with you,
I gotta quit fucking with you,
I gotta quit fucking with you.

My home boy, ride or die,
Rit coppin, pistol poppin, we stay in the sky.
Sunday night, feeling the club,
No them pistols on deck, so you know what it was.
Enemy in this bitch, we laughing on g up,
He know once he leave the club before it's to kill.
Gun jam, homie, for real,
We can strap straight out the window, unloaded the clip
It's war time, you know what it do,
Fuck you waiting on, I gotta quit fucking with you,
Homeboy in the fed, one hundred twenty months,

He be down bout three, get out in a couple months.

I gotta quit fucking with you,
I can read between the lines, I know what it do.
He tellin some and I'm telling them, too,
Let the streets, man, I gotta quit fucking with you.
I gotta quit fucking with you,
I gotta quit fucking with you,
All the shit we've been through,
I gotta quit fucking with you.

Gun jam, say the motherfucker wouldn't shoot,
I ain't gotta quit fucking with you.
I gotta quit fucking with you,
I gotta quit fucking with you,
You were my main bitch, and I loved you, too,
Biggest in the city, I gotta quit fucking with you,
I gotta quit fucking with you,
I gotta quit fucking with you.