

Julius Erving

Yo Gotti

You got them birds I want a few, first I'm a drop a deuce
Homeboy want twelve, I want thirty, boy that's forty-two
Call that pick, that James Worthin, zone six, (Julius Erving)
Set my dunk on (Julius Erving) ride through the six like George
Gervin

See the feet, on the fleet, white cleats on an athlete,
Tell em paper attack me, damn that thing look nasty
Damn this thing a classic, everybody starin
Pull up in a chevy, put your cutlass in a casket
Simple dunk can't catch me, I'm dammit twisted backwards
Candy painted sixes, like them rims just did a backflip
My rims just did a backflip,
Dem lips on my rims so big they fucked round and did a front fl
ip
The way I got my dunk flipped, way I got the motor flipped
Punch it then the front lift, whamming at the light belt
Slammin at the light self, pull up in a white dunk
White guts, white rims

73 chevy, but it look like a dump truck
Trunk like a concert, that mean that bitch loud as fuck
Everything kitted up, that boy digital
Hundred thousand dollars in the chevy, that was pitiful
Hardwood floors in that bitch look like my grandma's house
White on white leather my seats remind me of my grandma's couch
Trunk having a heart attack, when I'm doin a summersault
Michael Jackson twenty-six inches, they doin the moonwalk
Sunday I ain't bumpin no rap, I'm bumpin Al Green
Monday I ain't sellin no white, I'm sellin all green
Yo Gotti I'm the king, no soon as I hit the scene
I'm watchin (colors), and then I watch my plasma screen