

## 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