

Log Off

Yo Gotti

(Dee, you poppin' your shit, nigga)

They asking what it's givin' when I already gave it
Moved to Calabasas when I knew that I made it
Shout to Kylie Jenner, yeah, she my neighbor
I should go and ask my rich friends for a favor
Let me hold a million dollars, I ain't gon' never pay you back
I be seeing shit on Instagram, like, "Oh, he gon' get whacked"
I be seeing shit on Instagram, like, "Oh, that nigga a rat"
I be seeing hoes on Instagram, like, I need to hit that

Log off, Gotti, fuck it, log off, Gotti
Eighteen hoes, call Cali, goin' off, Gotti
You too gangster, they too soft, Gotti (Pew-pew)
Now them 201
"The fuck you doin' in Cali'? You from the Nawf, Gotti"

Remember DMing my crush, now she sitting here right beside me
She a ride or die, plus she wet, give me a ryhmy
Heard they wanna kill me, but they say it's hard to find me
I been all in Greece, I been all in Italy
I been in Malin buying Chrome Heart exclusively
I just bought my bitch a Ghost, we ate dinner on the Mafia coast
Shrimp and lobster, crab legs and pasta
Besides Glo, it ain't no other bitches on my roster
CMG the mafia
We the only record label on Interscope that profitin'
Ask John, Jamie and Breman, I'm a earner
Every strap I got outside the streets, nigga, I earned 'em
Formal at the BET, and I got a burner

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