

Off Da Top (3am)

Yo Gotti

It's 3am West Coast time nigga
We at Fat Burger
Hood nigga rich shit gourmet burgers
Know what I'm talking about?

She pussy popping pocket watching
They call her a thot
Bad credit cash it out
Fresh up off the lot
No back and forth yipping yapping
Niggas getting shot
10 million, 20 acres
That's the new spot
Flooded out my crib and
Told my dealer you the illest
Renegotiate my contract
Told my label I don't feel it
Fell out with my partner
He mixed friendship with our business
Broke up with my bitch
'Cuz she was too much in her feelings
I may fuck her friend
Fuck it I may fuck her friend
Between me and you
I always wanted to fuck her friend
If I kill a hater
Lord you gotta forgive my sins
That's one fuck nigga you ain't gotta worry about again
I'm forever thuggin' I ain't never changed
In plain colors but forever banging
Blowing money but I'm maintaining
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Got a gambling problem but [?]
Trying to help all the real niggas
Hate to see a nigga starving
Hate to see nigga robbing [?] that's loyal
Bitch trying to give me the pussy for a Birkin bag
I can't afford you
I grew listening to 2pac and that Biggie
Jay-z and that Nas
No gimmick niggas these rappers had bars
Back when record labels turned niggas into stars
Sending niggas to Mars
Nowadays the game done got hard
You get shot that make you hot
But where I'm from that make you start
Before I be a pussy I'd rather rapper had the balls
I throw me some guns
Get myself a charge
Never see me do that
I came too far to look back
I did too much to get here
20 mil in one year
100 grand in one night
50k in one flight
I've been trapping my whole life
Ain't no secret I be thuggin'

Ain't no secret I be hustlin'
Drinking [?] over money
Money orders to my homies
Groupie bitches be all on me
Leave your phones at the door
You won't put me on no blog
Once I fuck you gotta go
3am ain't nothing open but IHOP
And a bitch legs, and my trap spot
I said 3am I'm trapping at the IHOP
And I'm connected to the plug like a hotspot
I'm a grower we don't do drought
Birds in the sky we call them ICLOUDS
You know the birds fly down south
I took a bitch to eat at Mr. Chow's
I met the plug at Benihanahs
On hibachi grills eating rice and talking numbers
I don't do no middle men
And I don't trust no runners
I'ma pay on time and I won't never take you [?]
I'm an OG dope boy
I ain't nothing like these youngins
I don't take the dope I'm selling
I won't ever do no telling

I ship in the 18 wheeler and I ain't talking UPS