

## 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  
Blowing money but I'm maintaining  
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