On Everything

Yo Gotti

A homie
See im a real nigga
I put that on everythang
I do, I does, I am nigga, haaa

My watch right and my chain swang
Big strap with my aim game
Baby momma my main bitch
Fuck with me we in the same check
Lambo im in both lanes
Club packed im wearin both chainz
2 chainz, I salute, we call the booth no hoe man
Dope talk thats cold man
T-shirt thats a whole thang
36, white shit, niggas already know man
Its fuck you, its fuck me, damn right she a hoe man
Left you, move me, that shit dont go man
Aston Martin, off set, that bitch look boo leg
Street talk, get money, hustle hard ima pro at it
Fuck chestaz, I po at it
Rozay, I mo at it
Im in the club, goin hard, now I got my hoes at it
Cat fight, bright lights, AP, 30 grand
40 all from the levis but the chain peace thats 100 band
Got 100 men with 100 guns and all white look like the kool klutz klan
1000 problems and 100 hoes, get off the road thats 100 shows

Im golded up on everythang
Goin hard on every lane
Im a fool my bread game
She a fool her head came
Hey, thats on everythang
Hey hey, thats on everythang
Everythang, everythang, on everythang, thats on everythang
Golded up on everythang
Goin hard on every lane
Im a fool my bread game
She a fool her head came
Hey, thats on everythang
Hey hey, thats on everythang
Swear to god on everythang
Play with me you a dead man

My Glock cocked and my beam on
Money up and my team strong
Eat, sleep, and shit money
Racks on racks my ringtone
Bang Bang my theme song
Millionaire my dream song
God sent me an angel, so now I can put my team on
Had a loss, at the bank, shake yo hands and make a deposit
True religion, rock jeans, Gucci throw in my whole closet
These niggas leave with my city star
Gotti real but these niggas flaw
Murder murder with my yung niggas
Stay the fuck out our apartments
We run that bitch like the fuckin carter

Lil mo grams but a lil mo smarter
Runnin to the side cuz we gon make them bombs and
We gon go to court and we gon beat them charges
66 hey nigga how you mobbin
Always broke nigga how you robbin
Target practice where you bithces headed
All you doing is bullet dodging
Got a bullet charge its all great
With them chrome rims and them pipes barking
Black tent with that black 40
When the windows down you see numbers barkin
Pow, niggas bodies droppin
Niggas made a client partner switch a side
And im just in Miami on the beach, ridin down ocean drive

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