

Rico (Freestyle)

Yo Gotti

Niggas like talk yo shit Gotti, these niggas don't know what's up
Nigga hating on you, you boutta tell em
It's cool
This the money call right now

Look, old money, new niggas I don't really feel 'em
Copped that Lamb off the lot, I can't wait to kill 'em
New crib like the mall, can't fill the closets
Back n forth to the bank, too many deposits
And that's cool, rockin 'em Robins and Giuseppes
Niggas ungrateful ain't no more happy
Please quit axin me for them selfies (Urgh)
I don't take pictures with niggas, (Can't do that)
I take em picture with hoes
He got a bitch and she cheat on him wit bitches
Them my relationship goals
Old problems, new beef, shit may never end
If we ain't broke bread, got no money, we ain't friends
Quit callin me bruh, I ain't yo brother, nigga we ain't kin
(We ain't brothas)
Blood thicker than water, nigga nah, shit thin
Whole label got me here honestly
I got em young gangstas under me
I got them niggas gon gun for me
I'm trynna get me a hunnid piece
On the cool I'm talkin like a hunnid mill
Multi-millionaire but I'm a hunnid still
Shotgun duplex with a hunnid thou
I can show you how a hunnid feel
I can show you how a hunnid click up
If you fuck up then you lose a twenny-five
Half a quarter for twenny five
Partna under twenty one and got a twenty-five (Ooooh)
Lawyer paid, buns, made niggas got a friend (Got a friend)
Got a bun, yo partna left in jail (That ain real)
Same nigga give you chopper tell you go kill (Yaaw niggas)
That what yo niggas call real then I guess I ain't real
Industry fake and you know that shit
Niggas be hating over hoes n shit
Bitches fuck up cuz they slick n shit
You swear to God that yo know yo bitch (But do you really?)
But I know the bitch better, keep that a secret (But that's coooool)
I can tell you sum shit about the bitch's secrets (Oh really)
You buying the bitch baths [?] trying your best to keep her
But all she wanted was some lingerie Victoria Secrets
Why these niggas still killin, 'bout thy penance, I don't really get it
And I'm good wit to my niggas, millions, guess I'm still hustlin till the te
am win it
Super bowl, Championship, why these niggas still jumpin shit
Bury me with a hundred thou, pack of rubberbands and a thirty clip
Ay I'm boutta get hit with the RICO, you niggas go snitchin like Nino (You a
in't New York City till the feds came home)
Don't jump in the water, you ain't Nemo
(Don't jump in the water with the sharks, boy)
All the hustla niggas that's aloof