

## 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 coooooool)  
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