

Shoot Off Pt. 4

Yo Gotti

(Tay Keith, fuck these niggas up)

Yeah

(DJ Meech, lil' bitch)

Ayy, Leo, don't stop me, this off top part four

Alright, alright, we got it like ninety bars

Ayy, used to be the fed, now the paparazzi snapping

Ayy, everybody smoking on somebody, boy, quit capping

Somebody tell Tay Keith he a fool, this bitch slapping

Left my last bitch, what happened?

Shoutout my last bitch, what's happening?

Real nigga, never been the one to pillow talk, I never seen a pillow

Bitch told me Richard Mille or bye-bye, I'ma miss her

FN hold baby missiles, it go through your bone gristle

High security, still tote the pistol

I don't rely on nan' nigga

Let's have some fun with this shit

I'ma slow down the flow (Okay)

You know this CM10, this "Shoot Off" number four ("Shoot Off" number four)

You see that Phantom and that Cullinan and that Wraith and the Ghost

I fuck your bitch on a plane, double back for the throat

I'm investing in crypto

I be texting in street code

Got more watches than jewelers

Want my bitches in plurals

That's more than one a time

If she ain't with it, it's fine

She know I'm busy as fuck, that's my favorite line (Shoot off)

When the beat breakdown, make me feel like I'm breaking down them pounds

And my sister [?] in the kitchen with that newspaper on the ground (Keep going)

When them bricks came in, me and Nero had ziplocs in them ziplocs

Standing over that stove, making that pot go do the beatbox (Go, go)

Joe Biden with the big rocks, fifty pointers in the Rollie

Trackhawk and a Redeye, none of my shit stolen

Shirt off in that XL, might go luxury, uh-huh

Know I keep it on me so don't fuck with me, uh-huh

I used to ride a four and now I'm in the Forbes

I used to step on woodgrain now it's marble floors

I miss the Honda Accord, used to have a bitch in it with the bricks in it

Rental trucks tinted with the sticks in it, yeah, I been spinning (Twenty-four left)

Yeah, I been winning, big Gotti big getting it

No feelings, drug dealing, turned that shit to a business

Solo on all my mission, want no witness or codefendants

Never put no hoes in the business

No cap, no kidding, I take this shit to the graveyard

I got a million in that Goyard

I made a half a million out my room, oh yeah, our trap booming

I'm eating noodles serving consumers

Locked in with the streets, never move off rumors

Facts only

This that Cocaine Muzik, yeah, I'm right back on it (Almost there)

Gave my nigga a hundred K, turned his back on me

Ain't no love in these streets, ain't no loyalty

How opps beefing with me but they avoiding me

(Alright, just make sure I get my credit)