

Strapped In Calabasas

Yo Gotti

Hottest label in the game
Maybe I should retire
Walk out the house in Calabasas
I'm still clutching fire
Why you bulletproof the car
You must think you gon' die
They shoulda bulletproofed they car
Cuz nigga nothing slide
Real smoke get smoked nigga
Any day I can go back to selling dope nigga
Imagine that
I'm re'ing up with like 30 mil'
You sign with me
You get a plug and yo record deal
And that's a bonus
Bad bitches on us
Soccer team owner
Hellcats in traffic, just to do donuts
Been tryna buy the hood
Wanna buy the Grizzlies
If I buy a bitch a Birkin
Is you gon' be in my business
I just seen myself on Shade Room
Head first in a relationship
And I knew that shit was gon' fade soon
Cuz I'm the type of nigga take 2-3 bitches to Mexico
You know Tulum
Never gon' jump that broom for real (Never)
I'm just in the field
Cuz I don't know fake from real

Get the money, feel important
You want the Dior's or the Jordan's (Both)
Supreme Forces like a trey
We come from nothing by the way
I just fired my CPA (Fuck em)
Too much money for a safe
Type of money for an estate (Yeah)
So Mario & Maria & Kayla straight
For real

Dope boy life what I be living
Nothing special than making your first million (keep going)
Spend it how you wanna cuz it's yours
I know you gotta get that Cuban & that foreign