

Touchdown

Yo Gotti

Aye you know im cocaine crazy right?
These niggas go
White dis, white dat
(Quit fucking with me, white everything)
A lil bitch i fuck with talk bout she want white cat
You know dis my city right?
(Hoe you crazy)
Pussy ass nigga

I got base in the trunk, highs on the inside, marshmallow paint 49ers on the
inside
Touchdown, a nigga going long, field goal, extra point a nigga going strong
210 on the dash, blue jean inside, white wit blue top, like the yankees when
i come past
Home run, that boy out the park, bases loaded, world series, that boy hustle
smart

Streets Talkin Gotti been doing good
Niggas wanna try em, couple niggas from the hood
You know how that go, niggas say you dont fuck wit em, truth be told wen i h
ustlin i aint fuck wit em
Same nigga still owe me on a pack, think a nigga forgot becuz im rappin? nah
...

When i get off the road I shoot back to my town
New whips, new watch, fuck with me, its goin down
Own family hatin, niggas looking mad, guess it be little better if a nigga w
as doin bad,
But momma got a smile, brother still wild, i gotta get this money i just had
another child,
They say im gettin fat, guess im eatin good
20 racks in the motor, got my name under the hood, YO GOTTI,
Sometimes i think back, I could of went fed, this a chance in a lifetime i g
otta think ahead

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My city rootin for me, the club owners mad
Cause i wont come to kick it for under 25 bands
And u taking it personal im just tryna feed my mans
See u aint a real nigga so dats sumthin u wouldnt understand
But if it wasnt for my homeboys and if it wasnt for my fans
I would of been clicked on u bitches and doin a quarter off n da can
But imma keep on grindin, keep on shinin cuss dats wut u cant stand
Imma kill u bitches softly every time i ride pass
What da fuck make u wanna beef wit me like u street as me
Running round here talking down bitch u aint use to be wit me
Bitch u aint use to tote heat wit me, bitch u aint use to eat wit me
Bitch i was thuggin n ridgecrest yo funky ass was somewhere down da street
Yo fuck ass aint no real g, tell me where dey do dat at
Gang bang in yo neighborhood but round me wouldn't even throw up your set
Motherfuckers do anything for a check, ok dats cool

But dont fuck around and let project pat and juicy j get yo ass wet
On another note im da same nigga wit mo paper and mo bigger
And whenever im in town bitch im rite here on shady vista
My jewelry on my car parked my shirt off wit no pistol
Aint nan nigga gone take nuttn my lil niggaz a shake sumtn
My lil niggas got mo paper, my lil niggas dont even rap, bitch
Runnin round talk bout u got signed, bitch u still livin in da trap!

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