

## Yo Gotti

### "CPR"

Visit "[CPR](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

They compare me to the rappers out to sale  
Who outdated other ones who had a couple hits, but  
barely even made it.  
When they doubt me and they out me, make me  
stronger, make me face it,  
But I know I'm not a phase, imma be one of the  
greatest.  
In beginning, when I first started and I had dreams  
Didn't wanna stop, wanna be a lyrics.  
Illiest with the whole flow, west style rapping about  
dope, get call on, this ain't your shit.  
Before young Jesus started rapping detailed about  
things all the niggers wanna hear that shit,  
I could've done that shit if I were to be him, but they  
come along with the synthesis.  
Must have went to New York like a million times, won a  
mil' on a table, they got insane.  
Wanna head to it and I turned it down, did a lot of shit  
in this life of mine.  
I have no hip, I hit the ground, no complaints, be on  
time,  
The rap niggers are normal, 99 per cent niggers land.  
Bigger industry, Vegas full, you won't like to shot me  
up,  
Niggers saying hip hop's dead, CPR, wake him up.  
Flat line, heartbeat, game in a coma,  
Nigger, I'm a dope boy, I do what I wanna.  
Grew up upon the Al-Qaeda, neighborhood, I was an  
outcast,  
In the middle of my hood, what break three states, get  
a hundred twenty five and a clear bed.  
And we got big board guns, hold a hundred,  
That's for the eating of pussy ass, nigger wanna run  
her.  
What it do, Rolls? What'up, Wayne? Salute, Stunner,  
Gucci Mane.  
Niggers ask me why I never done a song with Plaz,  
I understood I gotta be as plain, so I never reply.  
Race for the money, never get tagged,  
Plug on the way, he never retired.  
Order a Hammer and put that on my name,

Is death on the money, it's blood on my chain.  
Therefore we got bodies, niggers killing for harvest,  
Nigger got holes in the roof, we got hoes in the lobby.  
Bitches fucking for free, niggers killing for pennies,  
See, I'm G as a team, win the streets so we're in it.  
Bigger industry, Vegas full, you won't like to shot me  
up,  
Niggers saying hip hop's dead, CPR, wake him up.  
Flat line, heartbeat, game in a coma,  
Nigger, I'm a dope boy, I do what I wanna.  
Remember Sosso told Tony not to fuck with me,  
Then Don Sosso sent them boys at my hundred D,  
Then Tony want going, but his head did,  
So Tony should have listen to what Sosso said,  
But he was fucking with that dope and he won't focus,  
he won't focus,  
Read between the lines, I'm talking to you, locos.  
I'm diving in and nigger who won't want,  
Then let me get my hands up, you don't wanna walk.  
Bigger industry, Vegas full, you won't like to shot me  
up,  
Niggers saying hip hop's dead, CPR, wake him up.  
Flat line, heartbeat, game in a coma,  
Nigger, I'm a dope boy, I do what I wanna.  
I wanna plant of marijuana,  
Not a plant, but a field,  
Not a field, but a don.  
See niggers cook gate,  
Sir find me, I ain't home,  
Same niggers G'd up,  
Pitch up, same song.  
I wanna look at niggers different, but I can't.  
I wanna try to trust these bitches, but I ain't.  
Niggers instagraming cars that they know ain't theirs,  
You can be a fake rapper, this day nobody cares.

Visit [Yo Gotti](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.