Yo Gotti
"Had To Quit Fucking With You"

CHORUS

I gotta quit fucking with you {2x}
Damn homie all the shit we done been through
I gotta quit fucking with you
Gun jam, say the muthafucka wouldn't shot, ight,
I Gotta quit fucking with you {3x}
You was my main bitch and i loved you too, biggest hoe
in da city,
I gotta quit fucking with you {3x}

VERSE

Let me tell you a story about this bitch i had, use to buy
this bitch all types of bags,
Little bad bitch, kept me on my swag shit,
Went to school to be a stylist, bitch kinda act a little
childish
My main bitch, i think i like this hoe, what the fuck
wrong with me thinking i could wife this hoe,
lets put it like this she on the money team,
every rapper, every trapper, any athlete
I gotta quit with you, every nigga in the city been
fucking with you, little lien bitch, always on dat crying
shit,
fine bitch, cute face, you'll think she so innocent
yeah she innocent, into to me, we intimate,
we be fucking instantly, got head game consistency,
consistency She fucked my head up mental, head in
that new bently, I thought this bitch was in to me.

GO BACK TO CHORUS

VERSE 2

My home boy, ride or die, bricking coppin pistol poppin,
we stay in the sky,
One sunday night, fell in the club, Now pistol on deck
so you know what it was,
Enemy in this bitch, we laugh on cheers
We know when he in the club we posted to kill,
Gun down, homie forreal, took his strap straight out the

window and unloaded the clip,
its war time, you know what it do, fuck you aint know,
i gotta quit fucking with you
Home boy in the feds, hunna twenty months
he been down for about 3 and get out in a couple
months
i gotta quit fucking with you, i can read between the
lines i know what it do.,
he tellen sumthan, and im tellen him to,
let the streets know i gotta quit fucking with you

Go BACK TO CHORUS