

Yo Gotti "I Got Them"

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Already, kno what I'm sayin this Birdman and this how
it's goin down, that little youngin Yo Gotti I certified him
stamped approval, you feel me?, Energy or I see like
nigga it must be they got us fucked up, they got us
fucked up, they got us fucked up we been movin birds
bitch, they got us fucked up, they got you fucked up,
then get you fucked we been movin birds bitch

[Chorus:]

Quarters, Quarters and Halves, Chickens, Chickens,
and bricks, bundles, Bundles of dope, and Ounces,
Ounces and shit [x2]

I got what they lookin fo, keep what they lookin fo, all
they gotta do is tell me what they lookin fo, Cause I'm
da dopeman, dopeman, dopeman, dopeman...
I Got Em'

[Verse: Lil' Wayne]

Money to be made best believe a nigga clockin, I run it
myself like a quarterback option, I pitch a 10 g's tell a
bitch to go shopping, she buy herself some clothes,
and she bought me back a chopper, see niggas tryna
kick it, but no I don't play sucka, I'm all about my cake
I'm tryna marry Betty Crocker, a package on the way
you know my whip game proper, and enough for one
key I see seventy thousand dollas, Now I was shootin
dice, smokin on a joint, I bet with Yo Gotti, he hit five
straight points, we ovahere hustlin, we ova here
grindin, you rap about money and nigga might sign ya,
you rap about me and a nigga might find ya, banana in
ya ass with ya head right behind ya, DOPE GAME BITCH
let his mamma worry bout him, you can holla at me for
a fee but I
Got Em'

[Chorus]

[Verse: Yo Gotti]

I met the birdman with the Bird layin, got a twenty
piece, brought it back to NORTH MEMPHIS charged
twenty two a piece, now I'm in da kitchen with a beacon
and a blender, low key in a rental, with dem thangs in

da fender, see I full time grind january to december,
put that snow in da summer got it lookin like da winter,
I goin back to Cali, I gotta get that light green, mexico
valley, you know they got them pine trees, 18 wheeler,
now I'm on I-10, on my way to memphis, I gotta get my
hands in, I come from da NORTH where gangstas gon
grind, bitch niggas gon whine, and hustlas gon shine,
everybody say they trappin but most of dese niggas
lyin, I told slim, told stunna I'm waitin for my time,
either robbin, or poppin, click clack I shot em -, bullets
buryin, brrrrr I GOT EM'

[Chrous]

[Verse: Birdman]

Back where I started on my set in black, hop out da
passenger side of my 'lac, under my nuts was to
ounces of crack, but in my palm I had dat chromed out
mac, shinin on them bitches cause nigga I'm bot that,
flip a quarter bird to score a whole sack, pull up in the
club in a old school 'lac, with a bitch ridin fly so high,
you love that, it's grind time, nigga been about that, we
flippin birds let them hoes go to sacs, we livin large
with the garbage bag flats, want the money and the
power, real niggas gon stack, and ridin fly, 25's on the
back, flushed out nigga keep a few stacks, out the
hood, bout money that's that, if you ever cross the line
best believe you gettin gat

[Chorus]

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