

Yo Gotti

"Julius Erving"

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(Chorus) X2

You got them birds I want a few, first ima drop a deuce
Homeboy want twelve, I want thirty, boy that's forty-two
Call that pick, that James Worthin, zone six, (Julius
Erving)
Set my dunk on (Julius Erving) ride through the six like
George Gervin

(Gucci Mane)

see the feet, on the fleet, white cleats on an athlete,
tell em paper attack me, damn that thing look nasty
damn this thing a classic, everybody starin
pull up in a chevy, put your cutlass in a casket
simple dunk cant catch me, im dammit twisted
backwards
candy painted sixes, like them rims just did a backflip
my rims just did a backflip,
dem lips on my rims so big they fucked round and did
a front flip
the way I got my dunk flipped, way I got the motor
flipped
punch it then the front lift, whamming at the light belt
slammin at the light self, pull up in a white dunk

white guts, white rims

(Chorus) X2

(Yo Gotti)

73 chevy, but it look like a dump truck
trunk like a concert, that mean that bitch loud as fuck
everything kitted up, that boy digital
hundred thousand dollars in the chevy, that was pitiful
hardwood floors in that bitch look like my grandma's
house
white on white leather my seats remind me of my
grandma's couch
trunk having a heart attack, when im doin a
summersault
Michael Jackson twenty-six inches, they doin the
moonwalk

Sunday hang bumpin no real, im bumpin now green
Monday hang sellin no white, im sellin all green
Yo Gotti im the king, no soon as I hit the scene
Im watchin (colors), and then I watch my plasma screen

(Chorus)

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