

Yo Gotti

"Messed Up"

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Intro(gotti talking)

Aye say ma, you know I wanna apologize for any and everything I ever put

You through, and I also wanna let you know that any hurt I caused it was

Non intentional. I'm here to tell you I'm sorry.

Verse 1

Mama, I just wanna apologize for 20 some years of pain now I realize

All this shit I put u through, back and forth to juvenile ma ian have a

Clue

When grandma went to church, I was selling work

Walked up in Trezevant high wit dat 38 under my shirt

They tried to kick me out mama came act a damn fool

They let me right back in, but wat I go and do

Skipped class, catch me on all 3 lunches, smoking og kush a nigha had da

Munchies

All the hurt I caused high speed chases from da laws

Neighborhood gang fight a nigha done it all

Ma overall I just want a better life

For you and my sister that's why I start sellin' white

Ma every night and every day

I contemplate about da day dey came took chuck away

Den I wasn't afraid, to go to jail

Dats when I hit da streets, start givin' dese nighas hell

But in yo eyes, I know dat wasn't da right choice

I thank you for yo love and support

Dats why I jus wanna pologize.

Chorus x4

(Cause you know I messed up baby)

Yeah, a this dis real life shit homie

See nighas make musik

I make musik from the heart

A drama you know I jus tell it how I live it homie

Dats da only way I know how

Verse 2

Daddy he a OG brutha he was a hustla too
Shit run in my bloodline
What the fuck you think imma do
Mama down bad
Car repoed and the rent was due
Fo I let her starve I'm off da porch without a fuckin' clue
Pistol in my hand no mask
Who would ever knew
Goon turned rapper to millionaire
Look what life a do
Mama got a big house on the hill and it's white too
Think she goin' cocaine crazy jus got a white coupe
Mama say she proud of me
All dese nighas who doubted me
Raised me ta be a real nigha
Memphis brought it out of me
Ridgecrest apartments
Slangin' dope down on Garland
Feds givin' out too much time, fuck it um robbin'
Mama say she gon pray fa me
Know dat dey got a place fa me
Told her I had a plan
And this musik gon make a way fa me
Sorry fa all the pain
Tears and all the shame
But mama you know I love ya
And I promise u imma change (I am)
Outro (Gotti talking')
Hands in da air
U know I speak fa all real nighas around the world
Nigha we fall we get back up
We make mistakes we make up nigha
You feel me
You ever got yo mama do kicked in
Jumped out da rental car and now you had to leave it
there.
Know what um sayin', this dat life homie
And to my nighas who lost dey life in dese streets
Fo dey got a chance to tell dey mama dey sorry
Aye gotti gon tell her fa you homie.

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