

# Yo Gotti "Mr. Tell It"

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Mr. Tell It gone do yo thang (do yo thang)

Mr. Tell It present yo game (sent yo game)

Mr. Tell It gone head and squeal (head and squeal)

Can you see that my hoe ain't going

I thought you was real

[Verse 1]

I got Mr. Tell It up on the phone

Disturbing peace inside my home

Tryna tell my biz and shit so he can get inside the throne

I guess the nigga like my song after I fucked a nigga's bitch

I'm fucking niggaz all daily baby ain't gotta snitch

Strong you'll never sell memoir salt don't kill a playa

Once a hoe forever hoes always been a tattler

Ever since the third grade still got the same waves

Ridin' and kickin' shit with you

And the hoe know every move I make

This nigga must think I'm dumb

Getting' the numbers out my phone

All around hoe navi - gaty (navigator) lickin' out his tongue

2 wayin' my bitch and shit he know something' what she don't know

Nigga what you think this a Jenny Jones or Springer show

Nigga I got hoes to give, hoe wit rides, and hoes wit cribs

Synonyms and antonyms, negatives and positives

Frankly what I'm trying to say you can tell the President

My hoe know numbers Gotti on tip she relevant

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Mr. Tell It tell the truth, is you jealous or you jes?

Overprotected don't fuck around and get no injection

Not bout the bitch but bout the principle

That you wanna see me living life miserable  
They say bullets ain't got no name money ain't got no  
rules  
And a bitch gone do what she want to  
My street literature spit at her so quick and smooth  
She give a fuck about the hustling doubts that you went  
through  
So get yourself together dawg and tune in tonight  
She wanna fuck with a thug Mr. Tell It you too nice  
All you wanna do is lick her pussy and hit her bare  
She wanna fuck with a nigga that don't really care  
Yo gotti hit the bitch and I'll never call her again  
Same room same hotel next week with her friend  
So Mr. Tell It I hope you linen (listen)  
Stay the fuck up out my business

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Mr. Tell It don't shoot me down to knock a bitch  
Mr. Tell It don't use my name, remember you the shit  
I can't help I fucked your hoe, and yo cuz, and yo sissta  
And yo ex-girl-lah  
Mr. Tell It want to pay be back, ain't that a bitch  
My name ain't Kurt so remember that  
Mr. Tell It these hoes already know that I'm a dawg  
Mr. Tell It can't say nuttin nice then don't speak at all  
Mr. Tell It quit bothering me, watching me  
Following like a private eye agency  
Mr. Tell It just leave me alone  
Cause on the real, I don't want to put one in your dome  
So leave me alone  
Mr. Tell It we tryin' to sleep  
Quit leaving message bout where I was last week  
It's understood, Mr. Tell It listen close  
I ain't married and ya boy don't love the hoe  
Mr. Tell It

[Chorus] - repeat until end

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