

Yo Gotti "MrTell It"

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[Chorus: x2]

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 tattle tell
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 waying 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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