

## Yo Gotti

### "Off Da Top Of Da Head Pt 2"

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[Gotti:]

A leo I want you to give me an in instrumental

[Leo:]

Aite what kind

[Gotti:]

I wanna do that off da top of da head shit again

[Leo:]

Aite

[Gotti:]

Let's slo dat shit down this time

[Leo:]

You fuck with this

[Gotti:]

Yeah I fuck with this

[Leo:]

Aite

[Gotti:]

You know how we do it right

[Leo:]

Shit you no I been doin thid to

[Verse 1:]

It go capital C Capital M he talk work but he from da M  
and he's a real

Nigga (I am) free Tip tell my partnas off in Forrest City  
tour bus in da

Hood I took my whole apartments with me if ya want  
me come and get me I'm

Waitin on ya I got dat K with the motherfuckin shank on  
it realest nigga in

It I bet the bank on it (beep) shots fired man down no  
prank homie

[Verse 2:]

They say I'm well rounded did a song with Wiz and  
wale shoutout to Vegas

Chillen qt milli just to parle my nigga fuck what you say  
I got a spot in

Da A now keep them choppas on deck so you can get  
shot in the A I take a

Shot of Ciroc I got a bottle of Ace I shake it up pop the

top and squirt  
That shit in ya face you throw a rock and hide ya hands  
say that shit to my  
Face I guess you want be satisfied until they give me a  
case a dis dat  
Cocain 6 realest shit in da streets niggas know when  
they see me I'm a go  
CMG I&E niggas know we in these streets this that  
Cocain 6

[Verse 3:]

A lot of niggas talkin loud dog but they don't want no  
beef lot of rappers  
Yappin bout that work but they ain't in no streets  
quarter ounce ass nigga  
You will never equal me now all that gangsta shit you  
talkin don't mean  
Nothing to me biggest nigga in my city so the haters  
target me I'm A1 just  
Like my door so they gone have to market me wonder  
if I didn't have this  
Money would these bitches fuck a G don't know the  
answer to that question  
So sometimes that bothers me bothers me bothers me  
really really really  
Really bothers me I'm standin on the couch where the  
models be you can  
Catch me in the club where the bottles be gettin my  
money I'm a Kick my  
Feet up told yung zilla we gone feed up bitch bend over  
I bet you can't  
Beat up pull my dick out bet you gone eat up we on chill  
you can't read us  
Best take notes try and be usin these streets everyday  
gone take a navy to  
Defeat us choppas chop I'm gone rock I push that  
button it's gone be war  
Have them niggas with them choppas at yo mammy  
front door have yo  
Grandmammy hollin oh lord on the church floor bring  
my baby back all black  
All that and more it's a long line lights on it look like a  
funeral nigga  
Playin with Gotti had him killed that's how the rumor go  
my life ain't no  
Rumor doe I seen a hoe rumor doe my shooters got  
shooters you gettin money  
But you goons are broke that shit don't make sense to  
me maybe they should  
Get we me I&E yo life ain't worth shit to me but a brick  
to me and I just

Count a hundred to a chicken b you will never get to me  
charges never stick  
To me realest I can be bitches be lickin me suckin me  
and fuckin me the  
City know what's up with me nigga you a fan of me just  
want to shake the  
Hand of me you the type to see me out and say man  
you just playin with me  
Apologizin and askin for advice I'm the type to say fuck  
you and yo boss I  
Fucked his wife.

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