

## Yo Gotti

### "Picture Me"

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Picture me rolling, top drop through the sunset,  
Mind on a billion, for shit I aint done yet.  
No more thinking about millions, cause Ive already  
done that,  
Life of a dope boy, where my sac and my gun at?  
Look in the mirror, see my reflection salute back,  
Homie had a strap, them niggas shot, he aint shoot  
back.  
Off with his head, homie, no, we dont play that,  
And never keep that work in the house where youre lay  
at.  
Finessin my recipe, Im wining my destiny,  
Missing my home boys and they get the best of me.  
For Im walking with angels, get money with strangers,  
The life of a street nigga, my bitch got a bangle,  
I love her to death, but shes still a hoe,  
And Im still a nigger, so you know how it goes.  
Try not to look at her friends, try not to play her in  
public,  
But it is what it is, if she leave than fuck it.

Its 2012, a long way from 1999,  
A young nigger, ridgecreste with a glock 9.  
I remember one time, more than one time,  
At the school pushin thousands out, in the lunch line.  
I was hustling and grinding like a motherfuckin grown  
man,  
16 years old, paying the bills, Im a grown man.  
Momma Im hustling while my brother doing jail time,  
Wrote him a letter, try to givea nigger fed time,  
Strong survivor, and aint no bitch in my blood line,  
Whole hood at war, and nigger Im on the cut line  
They say life about choices, and niggers got vices,  
Thats why im swingin that work like a nigger got  
license.  
Fuck these hoes wit a rubber, cause these bitches be  
trifling,  
Cut the lights in the club, every nigger be icey.  
Niggers talking I n codes, Im just listening for prices,  
I keep one in the head, cause these niggers be shiesty,  
still.And thats real.

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