

## Yo Gotti "Pure Cocaine"

Visit "[Pure Cocaine](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus]

Pure cocaine, pure cocaine [x2]  
All I ever served out in these streets is pure cocaine

[Chorus x2]

[Yo gotti]

Remember me coca'ina you like my best friend,  
When I was down and fucked up you got my ass in

Far as I remember my nigga my life is full of pain,  
I posted up in the snow I stood out in the rain

I laid that white on the table I watch em catch a drain,  
I knew right then right there that I would never live the  
same

I'm like a bird myself nigga wrap me up and move me,  
I got a stamp in the middle the whole hood approve me

But you can't break me down (down) you gotta sell me  
whole (whole),  
It's a drought on real niggas you already know

I'm that ether nigga that fish scale,  
You that oil base homie you don't cook well

I'm yo gotti the king and I got that young cash,  
New money in a muthafuckin dufflebag

All hundreds in a sour creme ruffles bag,  
Young money bitch I keep a couple hundred stashed

[Chorus x2]

[Gucci Mane]

Coca'ina heavily cooking dope excessively,  
Heavy risk activity my god given ability

Hid the bricks in the 6 wait 'til they get low to???,  
Shawtys start a lotta problems let her start it off wit  
bricks

Gucci mane the dope boy point me where the jays at,  
Heres a 50 slab watch my'74 to payday

Shawty want some hardball baby want some powder,  
I'm so high I see stone mountain

Gucci got da birds I aint talkin bout da falcons,  
Gucci slangin birds also known as a dragon

Hundred pounds of midgrade stash that in my  
magnum,  
Roll it to the country then them country boys I tax them

Gucci mane bastard cook dat dope faster,  
Make that dope stretch like a 80 inch plasma

Coke skank dope skank smokin on my airplane,  
80 in the air man bricks over here mane

[Young Cash]

Yeah, I never thought I would be ridin dirty on i-10 just  
reup and flip again,  
Rent a car from enterprise license proof of insurance

Speed limit 65 so I'm goin 62,  
Both hands on the steering wheel drivin like a old lady  
do

Crackers pull me over they aint got shit gotta let me  
dip,  
Purple haze is all I smoke but she couldn't make it on  
this trip

Usaully keep a pistol too one in the chamber clip full,  
Not today on i-10 it's nothing but me and redbull

Collared shirt brown slacks lookin like a business man,  
Bible on the passenger side yeah I'm a christian man

Yeah I pray to god let me get these bricks back lord,  
Please don't let these crackers try to search this lil ol'  
honda accord.

Shit I'm wide awake, I aint sleepy so I aint gon swerve  
Told you I like the traffic when it rain I call em  
thunderbirds

I'm the only one touch the work so I know it's all good,  
Cause I don't move nothing but, nothin but, nothin but

Visit [Yo Gotti](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.