

## Yo Gotti "Sell My Dope"

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Look here, you know what I mean  
I done did a lot of shit in my life  
Yo Gotti, street raised, street paid

I'ma sell my dope can't trust no bitch  
Pop my wheel break bread with my click  
If a nigga don't hustle then a nigga don't eat  
Steady chasin' paper out here running these streets

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Pop my wheel break bread with my click  
Kinfolks we block burn till we get these mills  
We do it how it go so we gone get it how we live

I'm back to the basics, face it I'm back on the rise  
Back with my guys, back 22 for them pies  
I'm back rollin' clean, back lookin' mean at niggaz  
That's throwin' up signs, lettin' off rounds for mine

Back in the hood like my niggaz think I should  
But knockin' on wood, they got a nigga back on that  
good  
Back on a mission in other words I'm back in the  
kitchen  
Water whippin' with my niggaz tryin' to sew up the city

Back in school, Gotti back to actin' a fool  
But seekin' some knowledge, southwest community  
college  
Took hold a nigga, enrolled and showed a nigga  
When Gotti around, ain't enough hoes for niggaz

Never did I get the big head or lie  
And say, I'm the mayne, I just said I'm workin' with  
change  
And doin' my thang, I can't help I don't trust hoes  
Move birds on the low and seen a hundred or mo'

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You wanna sue me? You wanna rob me?  
Get your choppers come to my shows and try to mob  
me?  
I took birds from your people so you gone kill me?  
Say, my beats be aight but you don't really feel me

Dog, I ain't hard to find I be in the bay  
Ridge crest, Shady Vista street everyday  
Sellin' yay with my nigga G.B. and Todd  
Lil' Mont Big G we all got heart

Rap shit aight but I'm from the streets  
Under all circumstances I gotta eat  
I gotta ki, what you know about thirty six o's in a  
drought?  
Double up make 'em bounce whoa, look at my mouth

Block burner nigga be rollin'  
I go the title from [unverified] my shit ain't stolen  
I'm watchin' TV's and DVD's, I'm thug bruh  
One more time Dre and Shine, it's love bruh, It's love  
bruh

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Dope just [unverified] and can't stop me from gettin'  
this paper  
Nineteen years a closet full of gators  
Platinumed out chain begets around my charm  
One hundred fifty shots, shots four five caliber drum

Got 4 spots, one for the money, one for the drugs  
A third spot for all of these hoes that I don't love  
A fourth spot for me and my shorty that stayed down  
The one who stayed strong and helped me through  
shady grounds

I'm a mean mugger, head buster nothin' nice  
I'm a street hustler and my motto is rock ice  
Streets is callin', why not picture me ballin'?  
Enjoy it while I got it 'cause one day I'm gone be fallin'

Dope boys do what they want not what they can  
You boys tag along and protect the man  
Cheap hoes jockin' them niggaz cause they got paper  
All hoes change like weather because it's nature

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