

Yo Gotti "Shawty Violating"

Visit "[Shawty Violating](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Wup that hoe [x13]

[Chorus x2: Yo Gotti]

Wup that hoe, Wup that hoe (she fucked yo baby daddy)

Wup that hoe, wup that hoe (shit I aint mad at ya)

Wup that hoe, wup that hoe (shawty violating)

Wup that hoe, wup that hoe (shawty been hating)

[Verse 1:]

There were two hoes, Yo Gotti, one couple hearin
Who be hollering look at that hoe fucking her friend
Knowing 'bout the beef and shit I gone tuck my eyesPop
my collar, hit my boy and let these hoes fight
Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee
Shawty got a right like she Laila Ali
Thats just my baby mama
And her best friend
Coming out they stilettos to do these hoes in
U fucked the wrong nigga
Caught the wrong bitch
Hit the wrong club, and got yo ass kicked
I fuck wit hood hoes
Them hoes stay jacking
Look at shawty weave
I'm like dammmnnnnn what happened

[Chorus: x2]

Wup that hoe [x13]

[Verse 2: Lil' Chat]

The hoe done fucked my baby daddy

Now the hoe is out here braggin'

When I see the hoe, through the door her ass Im gone
be draggin'

Bitch I be ya mad

What you did hoe is nothing

But I gotta beat yo ass cuz you think you did something

I aint fucked up bout no nigga

Niggas coming by the dozen

I be with da shit, my paper is thick, like niggas kill they

cousin
Talkin shit now I cant go
Throw dem thangs on dat hoe
See you buckin in da club before you know you on da
floor
I be strapped like jab in the back
Beat dem killers thats gone attack
Hoe you know its gone be on when you talking about
fucking off with Lil' Chat
Bust these bitches with a bottle
Naw I'll bust you with my popper
Hoe you really don't want no problem cuz my 38 will
resolve them
Hoe you fresh straight out the mall
Brand new set, get staright, get dirt
Shit its gonna help you get blazed up cuz you'll get
smoked just like some perk
I don't play no games with these bitches
Lil' Chat straight gone let you know
If you disrespect my gangsta
Imma staright up wup you hoe! (straight up wup you
hoe)

[Chorus: x2]

[Verse 3:]

My main girl trippin', she think Im fucking off
Ask me 'bout some bitches, I had to play it off
Told me if she catch me then she gone cut a shine
Found a couple rubbers but I told her they weren't mine
She checked my phone, she watched my home, she
searched my clothes
She asked me 'bout
Where I'm at and who I'm with
She tryna figure pimpin out
She cursed me out said I'm a dog
She sitting here crying and saying I'm wrong
Calling my phone all through the night and ask me
when I'm coming home
Rule number 1, if shawty from the projects
Niggas takin' care of, you hoes better respect that
Nigga got her pregnant, you hoes better respect that
Where I'm from hoes get guns and leave hoes wet

[Chorus: x2]

Wup that hoe, wup that hoe ['til fade out]

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

