

## Yo Gotti "Touchdown"

Visit "[Touchdown](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

aye you know im cocaine crazy right ?  
These niggas go  
white dis , white dat  
(quit fucking with me , white everything)  
a lil bitch i fuck with talk bout she want white cat .  
You know dis my city right ?  
(hoe you crazy)  
Pussy ass nigga

I got base in the trunk, highs on the inside,  
marshmallow paint 49ers on the inside  
Touchdown, a nigga going long, field goal, extra point  
a nigga going strong  
210 on the dash, blue jean inside, white wit blue top,  
like the yankees when i come past  
Home run, that boy out the park, bases loaded, world  
series, that boy hustle smart

Streets Talkin Gotti been doing good  
niggas wanna try em, couple niggas from the hood  
you know how that go, niggas say you dont fuck wit  
em, truth be told wen i hustlin i aint fuck wit em  
same nigga still owe me on a pack, think a nigga forgot  
becuz im rappin? nah...

When i get off the road I shoot back to my town  
new whips, new watch, fuck with me, its goin down  
own family hatin, niggas looking mad, guess it be little  
better if a nigga was doin bad,  
but momma got a smile, brother still wild i gotta get  
this money i just had another child,  
they say im gettin fat, guess im eatin good  
20 racks in the motor, got my name under the hood, YO  
GOTTI,  
Sometimes i think back, I could of went fed, this a  
chance in a lifetime i gotta think ahead

I got base in the trunk, highs on the inside,  
marshmallow paint 49ers on the inside  
Touchdown, a nigga going long, field goal, extra point  
a nigga going strong  
210 on the dash, blue jeans inside, white with blue top,  
like the yankees when i come past

Home run, that boy out the park, bases loaded, world  
series, that boy hustle smart  
My city rootin for me the club owners mad cause i wont  
come to kick it  
for under 25 bands & u taking it personal im just tryna  
feed my mans  
see u aint a real nigga so dats sumthin u wouldnt  
understand  
but if it wasnt for my homeboys and if it wasnt for my  
fans i would of been clicked on u bitches nd doin a  
quarter off n da can but imma keep on grindin nd keep  
on shinin cuss dats wut u cant stand imma kill u bitches  
softly every time i ride pass  
what da fuck make u wanna beef wit me like u street as  
me running round here talking down bitch u aint use to  
be wit me bitch u aint use to tote heat wit me bitch u  
aint use to eat wit me bitch i was thuggin n ridgecrest  
yo funky ass was somewhere down da street yo fuck  
ass aint no real g tell me where dey do dat at gang  
bang in yo neighborhood but round me wouldn't even  
throw up your set  
Motherfuckers do anything for a check, ok dats cool  
but dont fuck around & let project pat and juicy j get yo  
ass wet  
On another note im da same nigga wit mo paper nd mo  
bigger & wen ever im n town bitch im rite here on  
shady vista my jewlry on my car parked my shirt off wit  
no pistol aint nan nigga gone take nuttn my lil niggaz a  
shake sumtn my lil niggas got mo paper my lil niggas  
dont even rap runnin round talk bout u got signed bitch  
u still livin in da trap!!!!!!  
I got base in the trunk, highs on the inside,  
marshmallow paint 49ers on the inside  
Touchdown, a nigga going long, field goal, extra point  
a nigga going strong  
210 on the dash, blue jeans inside, white with blue top,  
like the yankees when i come past  
Home run, that boy out the park, bases loaded, world  
series, that boy hustle smart

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