

Yo Gotti "U A Gangsta Rite?"

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Since 50 dropped wanksta erbody a gangsta(this ya boy yo gotti)
Since 50 dropped wanksta erbody a gangsta(gangsta)
Yeah, you put on ya gangsta image nigga but you know you aint gangsta(gangsta)
You can fool yaself nigga but the fact still remains you niggas just aint gangsta(gangsta)

Chorus:

You got ya braids to the back(you gangsta rite)
Sold ya rags get some tags(you gangsta rite)
So you roll wit a clique(you gangsta rite)
Claim you dont date no shit(you gangsta rite)
I see you got ya golds in ya mouth(you gangsta rite)
But them niggas shot up ya house(you gangsta rite)
I know you aint gonna go like that(cuz you gangsta rite)
you gangsta rite(rite), you gangsta rite(rite) You gangsta get real.

All you animated put togther Popeye thugs need to hit cha spend it fo ya try to step to me cuz aint yosamite sam nor elmer fud
Got a mold bird pump and it filled with slugs hit ya hunni in tha mouth
you ran thats how tha cookie crumble
Damn im too fast you remind me of the Warner Brothers
you aint gon kill nutthin or let nutthin die
be tha first to testify to tha LBI
Yo Gotti got guns we aint seen before
AR 15's red beams and scopes
ya moms house got sprayed
and ya mans got hit
you was all on a dinner date trickin to a bitch

Chorus(x1)

Yeen shot nobody
yeen sold no O's
yeen been on a mission
kicked down no doors
yeen pimped no bitches

yeen with no riches
yeen cut a nigga head made em go get stiches
yeen bout yo skrilla
and you sho aint a boss
you aint help young niggas
you cant seen no cross
you with ya ho romantic
i make ya petty
Im tha mild cold deala like shootin that cannon
and ya bitch can get it to
so get a taft none
gangsta why tha fuck you run wit a gun
Real niggas dont press charges
what tha fuck you doin
you on tha stand pointin fingers at peliminary hear
me vs the state and you was the victim
thought you said you was a solja
you runnin with killas
yeah tha truth hurts nigga
but im more than bullets
i make a bun get a gun
run up on you and pull it

Chorus(x1)

you niggas square as a pool table
and twice as green
type of nigga take all his work and front it to fiends
real gangstas get money
and they call tha shots
got block burnas that dont rap
i can get you shot
and then niggas tryna get tha Don's killed
thats why i neva leave tha house with out my heata
consealed
i got one in tha cham when i jump in tha range
keep my hand on tha trigga
i blow out ya brains
leave tha club switchin lanes
half a life doin a hundred
tryna catch this cred dummy that wont pay me my
money
Im from north memphis nigga we dont play that shit
You threw ya door fenders and windas
and kill that bitch

Chorus(x1)

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