

Yo Gotti "Women Lie Men Lie"

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[Chorus:]

Women Lie, Men Lie
Women Lie, Men Lie
Women Lie, Men Lie
The numbers don't lie
[X6]

[Yo Gotti:]

Ay, step up in the party and them bad b-tches be on
me,
I be sippin on Patrone, when I'm jumpin out ferraris,
I be rocking Gucci sometimes Louie, I'm retarded,
3 oh 5 chevy, and the shades by Bacaray
Hatin on my scrap I got my mind on my money,
Milan on, taking nothing from me,
Hated on these, hated on these.,

Ballin is my hobby, damn homie going shoppin,
Got 5 star with me a milli in the lobby,
Took her to the room, she hit me with that line,
She ain't that type of girl so I told her stop lying,

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne:]

Young money, yeah, ok,
I ain't gotta lie, cross my heart hope to die,
The numbers don't lie, G-5, over sky
I f-cked her p-ssy good, make her cry if I tried,
I'm tired of being sick and I'm sick of being tired,
Tired of these n-ggas and tired of these b-tches,
Sh-t let em lie as long as they ain't snitching,
And men lie about women,
And sh-t women lie about plenty,
They ain't lying on me I'm in the bed with 2 fine b-tches
lying on me,
So that would make 3 and numbers don't lie,
And money don't lie,
And neither do I,
B-tch!

[Chorus]

(The numbers don't lie, the the numbers don't lie)

[Yo Gotti:]

I'm trying to count to a billion,
My b-tch Brazilian,
Hop in that Lamb,
Push the button lose the ceiling,
Sun out no raindrops,
Posting the same spot,
Right here in north north memphis,
Is where I came from,
Hundred on the neck, I ain't never had sh-t,
The streets gave me family, Barry White couldnt,
Ain't no secret in the streets,
N-ggas know I got,
Got swagger through the roof,
I was born,
Zip code on my wrist,
Phone number in the bank,
In my ten til six
With my 305 paint
I got my 357 and my 501s,
And Lear 55 with my air force ones.

[Chorus]

Yo this your boy Yo Gotti
(Say what you want but the numbers don't lie)

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