

## Yo Gotti f/ Lil Wayne "Women Lie, Men Lie"

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[Intro: female singing] (Yo Gotti) {Lil Wayne} Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie Numbers don't lie (Heh, I'M YO GOTTI~!) Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie Numbers don't lie {YOUNG MONEY!} Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie (Ay, all I see/C is notes) Women lie, men lie {Yeah!} Numbers don't lie Women lie, men lie (16, 16.5, 17, 18...) Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie Numbers don't lie Women lie, men lie (Ay Chris, you'll need the money machine for this one...) Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie Numbers don't lie Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie Numbers don't lie [Yo Gotti - Verse 1ne] Ay, step up in the party and dem bad bitches be on me I be sippin on Patron when I'm jumpin out Ferrari's (WOO!) I be rockin Gucci, sometimes Louis, I'm retarded And the rims by Asanti, but the shades by Bulgari (WOO!) Hand on my scrap, I got my mind on my money Plus if my mind on dine, he ain't takin nothin from me Headed on this choppa tool, headed on this choppa tool Got headed on a hunderd round 'cause that's how much the choppa shoot Ball-ballin is my hobby, countin hundreds, goin shoppin And a 5 star wit me and I met her in the lobby Took her to the room, she hit me with that line Said she ain't that type of girl, so I told her stop lyin [Chorus: female singing] Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie Numbers don't lie Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie Numbers don't lie (But them, but them numbers don't lie!) Women lie, men lie (But them, but them numbers don't lie!) Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie (Them num-them num-them numbers don't lie!) Numbers don't lie Women lie, men lie (Don't lie! Don't lie!) Women lie, men lie Women lie, men lie (Don't lie! Don't lie!) Numbers don't lie [Lil Wayne - Verse 2wo] YOUNG MONEY~! YEAAH!! Okay, I ain't gotta lie, cross my heart, hope to die Them numbers don't lie, G5 over sky I fucked her pussy good, make her cry if I tried But I'm tired of bein sick, and I'm sick of bein tired Tired of these niggaz, and tired of these bitchez And shit, let 'em lie, long as they ain't snitchin, ha ha! And

men lie about women and shit... women lie about plenty  
{Women lie, men lie} And they ain't lyin on me I'm in  
the bed with two fine bitches lyin on me so that would  
make three, and numbers don't LIE and money don't  
LIE, and neither do I, bitch! {\*overlaps chorus\*}  
..'cause I'm the truth Yah, now what are you? Ha ha!  
[Chorus] [Yo Gotti - Verse 3hree] I'm tryna count to, a,  
billion My bitch, Brazillian Hop in that Lamb', push the  
button, lose the ceiling Sun out, no rain drops, postin  
the same, spot Right here in North, North Memphis  
where I came from Hundred on the neck, I ain't never  
had shit That the streets gave me family, Barry White  
cut the check Ain't no secret in the streets, niggaz know  
I got neck Got the swagger through the roof, I was born  
just to flex (Yo Gotti!) Zip code on my wrist, phone  
number in the bank In my ten 'til six with my 305 paint I  
got my 3-5-7 and my 501's in a Lear 55 wit my Air Force  
Ones - NO LIE [Outro] Women lie, men lie Women lie,  
men lie Women lie, men lie Numbers don't lie (Ay, this  
ya boy Yo Gotti~!) Women lie, men lie Women lie, men  
lie Say whatchu want but the fucka don't lie

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