

Cory Gunz

"I Gotcha"

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Verse 1

Cory Gunz:

What you niggaz know 'bout this
I'ma get the spot jumpin' on some all-out shit
Making all my thug niggaz wanna call out shit
Snatch ya bitch and have ya on some fall-out shit
You lil' niggaz is targets
Too hard to figure who triggers he dodgin'
Call your sergeant, Weezy Baby cause an arson
Tell the fire marshall, call the squadron
Me, I'm quite alright, off from Dodgers
Pack your paper, bitch I went back for your pardon
I done hung with the brothers from Hollygrove come
for the summer
Them shotties blow, bodies go from the numbers ya
hear me
No sweat, to me this is easy
Cuz all the help, I squeeze it and please it
I reps New York, young, fly Sinatra
Yeah apply the hatin', I supply the docks now

Hook

Cory Gunz:

Weezy F., you lines crack homie, I gotcha
You tryna get out without a scratch homie, I gotcha
Yep, and I shot ya
Yep, and I wrote ya
Yep, and we gotcha
Yep, now it's over
(Repeat)

Verse 2

Lil' Wayne:

I tell 'em get off my dick, you niggaz can't fuck with me
It's Lil' Wayne and company
You come at me wrong, just another R.I.P. song
One time equals three, Bubba Black be home
Matter fact, I'm on, whoever want it, come on
Come on, come on baby let's see bone tone
Bootleg, ya knuckle blade come outta ya leg
Have the whole block mad like you killed Cornbread

Fuck the feds, and you can tell 'em what I said
Fuck a rat, and you can smell 'em when they dead
I tell it like it is
We used to have to spend the whole day choppin' up
and now we sell it like it is
We sell it out the fridge
We wrap 'em up in baby strollers, and I know a bitch
with 17 kids
So fuck you ain't feelin' me
I'm a Cash Money Millionaire literally
Fuck y'all

Hook

Verse 3

Cory Gunz & Lil' Wayne:

Cory Gunz:

It's like, when them rain clouds was above
You couldn't pay anybody to show a nigga love
But now I'm gettin' dug by the real juvenile thugs
On the Island with them toothbrushes comb'll stab
slugs
The roughneck types call oxes, Deuce-Deuces
Don't know what the definition of truce is
To lose it nigga you stupid
I'm wit' a movement so ruthless the O.G.'s with stripes'll
feel like they got blue shit

Lil' Wayne:

Yo Stunna, and I'm fuckin' with Gunna
I'm hot like I'm fuckin' the summer, or bun in a oven
Thou who cometh shall be punished
Dead, gone, run this
Up in this year, ay Young Co' I had to switch my image
Need to presidate the more folkers don't percentage
Him and his politicians, they got sentenced
Whoever in here not strapped they not with me, yeah

Hook

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