

Concealed

Yo Gotti

They cooperating with the state, the case concealed
Remember Rico, from CM5 shit revealed
Jook ran off on the plug, damn near got me killed
But that's my brother so fuck em, ya know what it is
Hunnid choppers in the spot, look like Taliban
A hunnid niggas ready to kill, ya know what I'm saying
They tryin to shut the hood down, we ain't going though
I been depressed & stressing lately, so I'm blowing dough
Nigga hurting in the hood, trying to give em hope
Bitches tryna throw me pussy, I tell em no
I'm a million dollar nigga, it don't excite a nigga
Bitch if I go to jail today, would you write a nigga
Keep the game concealed
I'm tryna tell em how it is
Like Migos Bout my M&m's
Bitches jocking, niggas hatin, ya know what it is
Don't give no money to no hoes
Won't put money on yo books
I told Epic I'm bout money, I don't give a fuck about no looks
I don't give a fuck about no bitches, and they feelings
Fuck about no niggas, talkin I'm not real cuz I'm winning
Give a fuck about no penitentiary no consequence
Pussy niggas, I'm diving in it
Give a fuck about no gossip, no rumors, won't respond
All this and that, and back and fourth
All this social gangsta you won
Give a fuck about no bodies, or no murders or no guns
Give a fuck about no stripper bitches, even though I throw ones
Keep the game concealed
I'm tryna tell em how it is
Like Migos Bout my M&m's
Bitches jocking, niggas hatin, ya know what it is

Songwriters

Mims, MarioPublished by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>