

Gotta Lotta

2 Chainz

Lotta dope
Gotta lotta dope
Ba-ba-da-bopeBa-da-ba-da-beee
Ba-ba-da-bope
Yeah
Ba-ba-da-bope
I said we gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta coke
We got weed, that's a lotta smoke
Yeah, that's that loud I hope
We gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta dope
Ba-ba-da-bope
I said we gotta lotta dope, yea we gotta lotta coke
We got weed, there's a lotta smoke
Yea, that's that lotta dope
I said we gotta lotta dope
Ba-ba-da-bope
Okay we gotta lotta dope
We got the hotter hoes
I said we done shot a lot of folk
We be in and out of court
And I done seen so many cowards croak
It's like watching flowers grow
I mean, please, don't you cowards know?
We will leave your bloody body on your mama's porch
Lord, born in the projects
Papa was a rolling stone, selling rock crack
Yeah, I grew up in my day
Making juugs on a phone with no contacts
I'm drinking Activas only know Hi-Tech
Hold on, think I'm getting too high tech
Yeah, I think she getting a contact
Now she needs some dope dick, and she know who to contact
Ba-da-ba-da-beee
Ba-ba-da-bope
Yeah
Ba-ba-da-bope
I said we gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta coke
We got weed, that's a lotta smoke
Yeah, that's that loud I hope

We gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta dope
Ba-ba-da-bopeYo Tunes, pass the steel, or bash the steel
My passion real, I'm fashion ill
The pussy niggas are Massingil, mass appeal
My past is real before I had the deal, you dig?
Pies and cakes, out of state
Lies is fake, God don't make mistakes
Got the girl pussy smelling like Codeine Syrup
Got the bands on me like a football field, I'm ill
I deserve a threesome for my birthday
If she pretty it's Magic City on the first date
Cup of lean and toast, yeah I'm 'posed to boast
Goodie Mo the quote, not many coming close
Trying to smoke what I never smoked before
Dream what I never dreamed before
Woke up and my Rolls sky high
I ride by, I drive by then hop outBa-da-ba-da-beee
Ba-ba-da-bope
Yeah
Ba-ba-da-bope
I said we gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta coke
We got weed, that's a lot of smoke
Yeah, that's that loud I hope
We gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta dope
Ba-ba-da-bopeBig dreams, big rings, big chains
Switch lanes, sip lean
Sixteen, seventeen, Medellin
Favorite color money green
A triple beam, a hundred Ps of sour Ds
A bunch of Ds, she can come suck on these, no suckas please
See I look like my daddy though
I get high, I get the munchies eating edible
If it's available
Bitch you never know
Oyster Perpetual
Trapped at the Texaco like I'm OJ
Trying to put it in her mouth like Colgate
Ben Franklin, that's my muthafuckin soul mate
Yea I need a mop, I got a new flo' today
I'm sippin' syrup like a got a fuckin' cold today
I'm throwing tres up like Golden State
Old school the same color as Sidney PoitierBa-da-ba-da-beee
Ba-ba-da-bope
(Got a lot, got a lot)
Yeah

Ba-ba-da-bope
I said we gotta lotta dope
(Got a lot, got a lot) We gotta lotta coke
We got weed, that's a lotta smoke
Yeah, that's that loud I hope
We gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta dope
Ba-ba-da-bope
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>