

Dope Boy Life

Yo Gotti

[Quality Street Music]CHORUS 1

Man I promise this that dope boy life,

(Aight)

I'm just tryin' to keep my dope boy stripes.

(Aight)

In the club fresh to death err night,

(Err Night)

Poppin' bottles tryin' to fuck a nigga's wife.

(Aight)Man I promise this that dope boy life,

(Aight)

I'm just tryin' to keep my dope boy stripes.

(Aight)

Fresh to death in the club err night,

(Err Night)

Poppin' bottles tryin' to fuck a nigga wife.

(Aight)VERSE 1

This that dope boy shit,

(Boy Shit)

Man I'm tryin' to hit a dope boy lick.

(Boy Lick)

I been lookin' for a dope boy bitch,

(Boy Bitch)

So I can hit her wit that dope boy dick.

(Boy Dick)

I been posted in them dope boy houses,

(Boy Houses)

I been tryin' to stack them dope boy thousands.

(Boy Thousands)

Six-figure nigga still in the projects,

(Dope)

Wit them chickens in my baby momma duplex.

(Dope)

She won't keep her stupid ass out the night club,

(Bitch)

I beat her ass she right back the next night cuz.

(Bitch)

People keep on sayin' imma go to Jail,

(Go to Jail)

For real?

(For Real?!)

Oh well..

(Oh Well)CHORUS 2

Man I promise this that dope boy life,

(Aight)

I'm just tryin' to keep my dope boy stripes.

(Aight)

In the club fresh to death err night,

(Err Night)

Poppin' bottles tryin' to fuck a nigga's wife.

(Aight)Man I promise this that dope boy life,

(Aight)

I'm just tryin' to keep my dope boy stripes.

(Aight)

Fresh to death in the club err night,

(Err Night)

Poppin' bottles tryin' to fuck a nigga's wife.

(Aight)[[Dope boy life, fuck wit it]]VERSE 2

Big motor, big rims, loud pipes,

(Yup)

Lil' nigga, fresh to death, big ice.

(Yo Gotti)

Niggas say they smokin kush, they ain't smokin' regular,

(For Real?)

It's a drought so I whip it, I ain't sellin' regular.

(For Real..)

Cause I can take a quarter thing,

Whip it right,

Get a extra half a quarter,

And drop the price.

That's that dope boy shit if you ain't never heard,

How to get a half a chicken off of every bird.

Nigga that's my word,

(Nigga That's My Word)

you got the nerves,

(Got The Nerves)

Work wit them people,

(What)

Go tell on your people.

(What?!)

Nigga you's a bitch,

(Bitch)

Nigga you's a snitch,

(Snitch)

I just might catch you slippin',

I might just bust your shit.
You rap niggas,
(Rap Niggas)
Keep rappin' bout it, (Uhh)
But I was in the North, straight up sellin' dope up out it.
(Yup)
My brother home,
(Yup)
My money long,
(Yea)
My plug on the way and imma be gone.CHORUS 3 (OUTRO)
Man I promise this that dope boy life,
(Aight)
I'm just tryin' to keep my dope boy stripes.
(Aight)
In the club fresh to death err night,
(Err Night)
Poppin' bottles tryin' to fuck a nigga's wife.
(Aight)Man I promise this that dope boy life,
(Aight)
I'm just tryin' to keep my dope boy stripes.
(Aight)
Fresh to death in the club err night,
(Err Night)
Poppin' bottles tryin' to fuck a nigga's wife.
(Aight)[[Bitch told, me, alright,
All she listens to is Yo Gotti and Gangsta Grillz,
She said that's all the dope boys rock to.
She asked me if I could introduce her to Yo Gotti,
And could she get Gangsta Grillz.
(HaHaHa)
I said which one you wanna do first,
We can make that happen.]]

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