

# Gangsta Party

## Yo Gotti

(Come on and get up, oh, party, yeah) This ya boy Yo Gotti  
Street Tunes Productions  
We gon' ask everybody to stand up on this one  
D Boys, this a gangsta party  
Bun B, Eightball and this ya boy Yo Gotti [Chorus]  
All my hot girls bop for me  
Go 'head and drop for me  
D Boys rock with me  
Come buy the bar with me  
Dime pieces smile for me  
And all my gangsta niggas wild for me  
Throughout the crowd with me This for them big, thick fine girls, diamond-studded belly ring  
Niggas who be flippin' that work, screamin' money ain't no thing  
Car clean, mouth full of gold with the princess cut rocks in it  
Back pockets hangin' low because I got a glock in it  
Straight out of that Memphis, Tenn Orangemound for y'all niggas don't know  
Come flip with a pimp, let me show ya how to nuke that swing like I was Nino  
Premro, Fat Boy, Eightball whatever y'all niggas wanna call me  
Call me for a hot sixteen I'ma shine in the booth like a brand new bling  
But I don't sing I bust them flows that go so tight with the track  
Bitches get freaky niggas get crunk and don't know how to act  
I got the sack roll something, pop that 'gnac and po' it  
Ya fine bitches pop that puss like ya know it [Chorus: x2] I was movin' 'caine just doin' my thang  
Down here in Memphis where we off the chain  
Now, turn the top on my sixty-seven class then I'm switchin' lanes  
I done served a fiend, sipped the lean, twenty-four inches don't cloud my screen  
Roll candy paint, blowin' purple dank, they claim grip grain but I know they ain't  
I'm posted in the club, we can get it poppin'  
Ya violate my gangsta partner then it's bodies droppin'  
I just come to party, get at shorty head  
Do my thang, spit some game you know how Gotti play it  
I'm like all these hoes gon' get it man  
One of these hoes gon' get it man  
From the 'Mound to the west to the north to the south  
Yo Gotti gon' represent it man  
No fitted man just a head band, Polo shirt and some Birdmans  
Still thugged out and it ain't no secret  
I got my paper out the drug zones  
I got my paper out the gutter man

Sellin' bud man with my brother man  
If you a North Memphis raised during my D Boy days  
You'd see why Gotti still love the game  
My wrist, my neck, my ear, my hand, my mouth look like a light show  
Yo bitch, my bitch, his bitch, her bitch just hit the flo' and get it low[Chorus: x2]This for all my street niggas  
and bitches  
From M Town to H-Town  
Free Pimp C, shitHere we come, we keepin' it trill  
Ain't no need to ask if you see  
Ain't nobody gon' keep it triller than me  
Myself and I that's Bun B  
I'm a G, I'm a boss, I grip grain and I sip lean  
I'm ball all out with the biggest G's and spit and throw the sixteen  
When it come down to the south you know that I'm holdin' the key  
I be in the Caddy rollin' on women damn near older than me  
Them screens six inches or better, the stitches in the leather  
If the trunk is popped it'll show in neon get it together  
Cause when I pull up at the valet man  
Eyes is wide and them jaws is droppin'  
Steppin' out the freshest clothes, brightest ice man the show is stoppin'  
People start oohin' me eyein' soon as they see us  
Women wanna be with us and fellas they wanna be us  
We the G's and don't try to fight it, got dro and we fixin' light it  
Laid back and that thang up on us we startin' to get excited  
I'm ballin' with Yo Gotti and Eightball two of Memphis tightest  
Cause we havin' a gangsta party man everyone's invited[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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