Gangsta Party

Yo Gotti

(Come on and get up...oh...party...yeah) [Repeated in background throughout song]
[Yo Gotti speaking with ad-libs]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
[Hook: Yo Gotti]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 niggaz wild for me
Throughout the crowd with me
[Verse 1: Eightball]This for them big, thick fine girls, diamond-studded belly ring
Niggaz 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 niggaz 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 niggaz 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 niggaz 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
[Hook x2: Yo Gotti][Verse 2: Yo Gotti]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
[Hook x2: Yo Gotti][Yo Gotti]This for all my street niggaz and bitches
From M Town to H-Town
Free Pimp C, shit
[Verse 3: Bun B]Here 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
Cuz 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
Cuz we havin' a gangsta party man everyone's invited
[Hook x2: Yo Gotti]

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