

# King Shit (feat. T.I.)

Yo Gotti

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh this a hit nigga  
With no words on it I got on two chains, but, no, I ain't Tity Boi  
I'm dream chasin', but I ain't from Philly boy  
Bitch bad, and she said that I can get it boy  
This a hit and I'm a make a nigga feel it boy  
My flow on range, my swag's insane  
And my campaign on ten, I like the bitch  
She down to fuck, but I'm really into her friend  
House up on the hill, got it off of cocaine  
Aventador Lamborghini, condo off of Biscayne  
Bitch I'm in my lane, fresh as hell, no stains  
Robert jeans with the stones, Giuseppe man's my chain  
I'm different, I was built for this, my bitch only rock Tiffany  
You rat, you'll sing a symphony and I'm back, city been missing me  
My watch silly my clock ignorant and I'm the king of my city  
I'm banned up and I ain't in a band  
But my flow just like an instrument  
Bass, feel that, yellow tape of the trizack  
Hating is a disease, pussy where they do that? L.A. Reid cut the check for me  
King shit and you know what it is  
Shawty smell like a pound of that loud, but a nigga look like a hundred mill  
But I drive Ferrari, fuck the motherfuckin dealer  
Pay 10 million for a mansion, that worth more than your opinion  
I got racks all in my cargo pants  
Standard clip with that hollow man, yo' bitch ass  
If yo bitch bad, she get fucked fast, ain't no romance  
My diamond dancing in 3D nigga  
Like a bank strip when you see me, nigga  
Your money wrong and my money long  
And I'm playing with it like PE nigga  
Real nigga no joke, don't think there nigga no ho  
I got mini Mac-10 and a 100 round drum

In the carpet up under my car  
And nigga I don't wanna smoke your weed, plain gas the only thing I smoke  
And I gotta thank God for the niggas off Bankhead  
Shawty, they taught me everything I know  
Like how to whip it, cook it, cut it, deal it  
Hand it to your partner let him flood through the city  
Really, we bout that action, you try us and we blastin'  
We turnt to the max that's a motherfucking fact  
I'm a real nigga, fuck these rappersDoor up, doors down  
When I'm in the club, bitch it's going down  
Shawty think it fucked, hand down, hands up, pants down  
Down, down, shawty fuckin head down  
I see my phone blowing up, I know it's going down  
Once I busted at the rapper, then it hit the town  
Check the numbers in the city, boy it going downThis that dope boy academy, them three letters been after me,  
(Who?)  
The F.B.I. ever catchin me, my family my witness a tragedy  
Shorty open her legs up happily  
I ball hard like an athlete  
Young black nigga in a big white phantom  
Nigga, I look like a referee nigga  
They blowing the whistle they telling  
I do the clam I'm chilling  
This bitch turned up making rain  
When I'm in the club you yellin  
They talk about these Bentley's that I'm gettin on the daily  
One foot in the game and one foot out, swear I barely made it  
I'm a real nigga till the death of me  
Never sing a song like a parakeet  
50 bandz in my pocket just blew 60 grand on that Cherokee  
I be gettin money like a motherfuckin Brinks trunk  
Standing in the kitchen, nigga, trying to build a brick up, uh!

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