

# Wraith (feat. Yo Gotti)

T.I.

[Intro]

Yeah

Hey man

I got a real short list of shit I like to do

Ya dig

Get money (Yeah)

, Kick shit (I Just wanna ball, yeah)

I just wanna ball, yeah

That's the list, nigga, that's it[Hook]

I just wanna ball in the wraith

With your broad in the way

And I wanna, I'ma take my shot

Praise God, leave it all when you're dead

Leave your daughter with the papers

Fuck a hater till the day I die

Fuck what them bitches saying, fuck what them niggas doing

Before you were getting going, I was getting to it

[Verse 1]

Put it down, bankrolls in the neighborhood

Was catching cases, before I got to get some paper good

Lil homie asked me 'On God do you know you came up?'

I said you deal with every bitch who wearing lace front

I don't like her, feel that way about alot of rappers

I don't talk about 'em

Most these niggas ain't gon' bust a grape, and, they just talking loud

Godbody, got a problem, nigga go to war about it

Hm Having problems understanding your logic, man

Man, for four hundred, I'll take your honey and tour London

Get some more money

Don't believe it When your heard doubt me

Ain't no pun intended

Military guns in the mansion

Ain't no runnin' in it

A rebel when I fucked that bitch

It ain't no coming in it

Since my first album I been serious

Ain't no funny business

Bitch, ain't no funny business

No weapon, against me shall prosper

But it's welcome to form  
Knew from the day I was born I'd perform in the Forum  
Ringing bells and blowing horns when my name'd called  
I'm just a self made nigga in the wraith though

[Hook]

I just wanna ball in the wraith  
With your broad in the way  
And I wanna, I'ma take my shot  
Praise God, leave it all when you're dead  
Leave your daughter with the papers  
Fuck a hater till the day I die  
Fuck what them bitches saying, fuck what them niggas doing  
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[Verse 2: Yo Gotti]

I'm a dope boy legend  
Street form reppin  
Not a stone in a watch, no charm on the necklace  
They say I'm reckless, yeah, I might be  
Don't give a fuck about no nigga who don't like me  
Know If I go to jail today, that bitch gon' write me? No  
She gon' fuck me? No, if a nigga go broke  
I bet a Wraith on the super bowl  
In the kitchen, super cold  
Six ounce, four pints, that's a superstove  
I always had a plaque and a hit  
Boy, I bet I had a mac and some bricks  
If it's stars in the wraith, got the titles in the safe  
Got the lawyers on deck, got the money for the case  
Truck, truck, Lambo  
Guns, guns, ammo  
Me and Black Youngsta , back to back cause that's my fam-o  
He a white man, kill him  
For his shit, she want a check for the  
Pussy

That's that out the North shit[Hook]

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With your broad in the way  
And I wanna, I'ma take my shot  
Praise God, leave it all when you're dead  
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[Verse 3]

Presidential swag

In the slum with the hairnet  
Running up a bag, do it for 'em just to pass out  
Dab in my bag, give it to her, wear her ass at?  
Dick game great, give it to her till she pass out  
This the real caine, add B12, pour baking soda  
Stretch a quarter out a whole, and no details  
Shout to all my niggas, who legitimized they figures  
Now they rich and you just get it out the Blue  
Now he ridin' in the Rolls Royce  
Came out the bottom, now he making more ain't no boy  
Always been a hustler, not a robber, I never stole nothing  
Trappin', flippin' work till they come up on a whole one  
Hu ok, K-I-N-G, can't deny me  
Niggas still rhymin 'bout what we did in the 90's, nigga  
Yeah, See it on my face, dawg  
I'm just a real nigga riding ridin under Wraith stars  
[Hook]  
I just wanna ball in the wraith  
With your broad in the way  
And I wanna, I'ma take my shot  
Praise God, leave it all when you're dead  
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