

John Gotti

Kevin Gates

Bet a lot pussy niggas want to murder Brasi
Boulevard, MurciRÃ©lago and a Maserati
Boobie Black, Gunna, and Menace still a catch a body
And if you fuck around with Rayzor, bitch I'm out my body
Sideways, coupe be out my body
Whole clique pull up in Vettes, bitch we out our body
And you ever disrespect it then it's kamikaze
I just be with me a shooter like I'm John GottiI feel like John Gotti
(Put your hands down, when you talkin' to me, bitch)
John Gotti
'Cause it ain't shit to send a hit, I feel like John Gotti
It ain't shit to send a hit, I feel like John GottiMy cousin CJ tried to hit me with a brick of raw
In Alexandria, yeah it's nothing for to get it gone
With music, I ain't won awards, but I kept it gangster
Gon be a god in New Orleans like that nigga Daymond
Landlord in the south like my nigga Lucci
Corvette in front of David Ways screeching free Lee Lucas
Fuck that nigga bitch, I got her saying free Lee Lucas (Free Lee Lucas)
(Say free Lee Lucas)Beeto and Bryan bitch, I just got off the phone with 'em
My old friends hatin, sending me the wrong signals
My dog recorded conversations, man what's wrong with him?
You got them college niggas fool, I be with stone killersBet a lot pussy niggas want to murder Brasi
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With the murder game I'm righteous
Cancel shows just for Rayzor wedding, I don't know another just like it
I love Bunker, but despite the love, I don't know what made him dislike it
But me and Gunna in the Porsche truck and we screeching off like lightning
Fast, doing the dash, your bitch on my ass, she want me to smash
Flip out and flash, I'd rather get cash

Drika she bad and she into bags
Up in the Louis, Emilio Pucci
I tell em it's Gucci when they want them bands
I got them racks and no longer wear jewelry
'Cause I'm bout my business, and back selling sand I don't get tired
I'm bout my business, and back selling sand
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