

Touchdown

Yo Gotti

Aye you know I'm cocaine crazy right?
These niggas go white dis , white that (Quit fucking with me, white everything)
A lil' bitch I fuck with talk bout she want white cat
You know this my city nigga! (Ho you crazy) Pussy ass nigga
I got bass in the trunk, highs on the inside,
Marshmallow paint 49ers on the inside Touchdown,
A nigga going long, field goal,
Extra point a nigga going strong 210 on the dash,
Blue jean inside, white wit blue top,
Like the Yankees when I come past Home run,
That boy out the park, bases loaded, world series, that boy hustle smartStreets talkin', gotta be doin' good
Niggas wanna try 'em,
Couple niggas from the hood you know how that go,
Niggas say you don't fuck wit em,
Truth be told wen I hustlin' I ain't fuck wit 'em same nigga still owe me on a pack,
Think a nigga forgot because I'm rappin' nah
When I get off the road,
I shoot back to my town new whips,
New watch, fuck with me,
Its goin' down own family hatin',
Niggas looking mad, guess it be little better if a nigga was doin' bad, but momma got a smile,
Brother still wild I gotta get this money I just had another child, They say I'm gettin' fat,
Guess I'm eatin' good 20 racks in the motor, got my name under the hood, Yo Gotti,
Sometimes I think back, I could of went fed, this a chance in a lifetime I gotta think ahead
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A nigga going long, field goal, extra point a nigga going strong 210 on the dash,
Blue jeans inside, white with blue top, like the Yankees when I come past Home run,
That boy out the park, bases loaded, world series, that boy hustle smartMy city rootin' for me the club owners
mad 'cause I won't come to kick it for under 25 bands
And you taking it personal I'm just tryna feed my mans see you ain't a real nigga
So that's somethin' you wouldn't understand but if it wasn't for my homeboys
And if it wasn't for my fans I would of been clicked on you bitches
And doin' a quarter off and the can but I'mma keep on grindin' and keep on shinin'
'Cause that's what you can't stand I'mma kill you bitches softly every time I ride pass
What the fuck make you wanna beef wit me like you street as me
Running round here talking down bitch you ain't use to be wit me bitch
You ain't use to tote heat wit me bitch you ain't use to eat wit me bitch
I was thuggin' and Ridgcrest yo funky ass was somewhere down the street
Yo fuck ass ain't no real g tell me where dey do that at gang bang in yo neighborhood

But round me wouldn't even throw up your set Motherfuckers do anything for a check,
OK that's cool but don't fuck around & let project pat and juicy j get yo ass wet
On another note I'm the same nigga wit mo paper nd mo bigger
And wen ever I'm and town bitch im rite here on shady vista
My jewelry on my car parked my shirt off wit no pistol
Ain't nan nigga gone take nothin' my lil niggas a shake somethin'
My lil' niggas got mo paper my lil' niggas don't even rap runnin'
Round talk bout you got signed bitch you still livin in the trap!
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Marshmallow paint 49ers on the inside Touchdown,
A nigga going long, field goal, extra point a nigga going strong 210 on the dash,
Blue jeans inside, white with blue top, like the Yankees when I come past Home run,
That boy out the park, bases loaded, world series, that boy hustle smart

Songwriters

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