Cases

Yo Gotti

[Yo Gotti - Hook (x2)]
We cop Rozay by the cases, Forces by the cases
Three hundred dollar True Religion, we cop em by the cases
Lawyer fight my cases, Gucci's got no laces
Bakin' Soda by the cases, in the kitchen doin' the matrix

[Yo Gotti - Verse 1]
Go up, down, up, down, my top doing the matrix
I'll need a model, we don't ride shit basic
Everything kitty, cocaine crazy
Bitch they hit my phone, they fucked up my situation
DJ droppin' Gotti, dope boy's all went cray
Shoot a thousand, bet a thousand, gambling with your savings
Kitchen doing numbers, I may need a helper
Bitch said she wasn't fucking, so you know a nigga left her
Rozay by the cases, rubbers by the boxes
They all that I'm the shit, so how the fuck she gon' be cocky?
Yeah these hoes be foxy, yeah, my eyes be rockin'
I pulled up in that white cutlass, 4:15 that bass was droppin'

[Yo Gotti - Hook (x2)]
We cop Rozay by the cases, Forces by the cases
Three hundred dollar True Religion, we cop em by the cases
Lawyer fight my cases, Gucci's got no laces
Bakin' Soda by the cases, in the kitchen doin' the matrix

[2 Chainz - Verse 2]
I am gearin' to the money, all upper cases
Trap on fire, I stay down the street from Satan
Hell on Earth, I say hello to my neighbor
Ghetto nigger got a mansion, and I'm still stealing cable
Still air force ridin', I should get sky mileage
Try me in the club, we gon' whoop your ass inside it
All my hoes excited, damn yo weed is quiet
Plug getting mad, cause he think I'm gon' retire
Just had a case, lawyer ask for a dismissal
Real d-boy, I gotta settle for some Christmas
Me and Yo Gotti, from Atlanta down to Memphis

Getting money I could pay you nigga, fool, pay attention

[Hook (x2)]

[Yo Gotti - Verse 3]
Favorite rapper dead, so the gamin' got borin'
Pulled up in some foreign, drop the top and hit the horn
Snatched out doin' a hundred, they like Gotti where ya goin'?
I got a bitch from THU, I'm 'bout to scoop her from the dorm
Yeah, we doin' the matrix, call her children of the corn
Fuckin', somethin' ain't right, 'n she gon' swallow my unborn
Friends say she whorrin', talkin' bout she goin'
Say she want that Luis bag, I asked her which one
It's not a big issue nigga, know my ho can get it
I could get your bottle, truckload fill up my whole kitchen
Why these niggas bitchin, when they come down to they bitches
All these excuses, all this trickin, man I guess they just ain't get me

[Hook (x2)]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/