

Wanna Play

Yo Gotti

Tuesday night, I was laid up in the bed
Tired as hell, I'm hearing voices in my head
Heard some knocks, grabbed my tone, ran to the doe (door)
Screamed, "Who is it?", but i ain't hear that shit no mo'
Cocked my nine
I went to peekin' out the blinds
Thought it was fine
But at a unexpected time
The doe (door) flew in, I got a two-story home
Seen 'em comin' wit they face masks on
Bust the choppers, down the stairs, they hit the cut
Two of them got away, but the other two got stuck
Hit 'em again
One in the neck, one in the chin
Then called the Law and said I did they ass in[Hook:]
OK, you wanna play
You say you know where I stay?
Well, come today
Bring yo bad ass on, I'm waitin on ya
I got a K wit a motherfuckin' shank on it
You bitch you
OK, you wanna play
You say you know where I stay?
Well, come today
Bring yo bad ass on, I'm waitin on ya
I got a K wit a motherfuckin' shank on it
You bitch you Say whodie, you won't believe what happened to me
A nigga all in my spot, and he askin' for me
See I wouldn't at the spot, but my broad was there
When she hit me on the phone, it's niggas in there
They knocked me off for a bird and my platinum chain
Them niggas from round there, they just doin' they thang
I respect the game
But they got to respect it, I aint no hoe ass nigga
I'm gone take car my business
Next day, broad-daylight, rode the track
The first nigga looked suspicious had to get in the back[Talking]Bitch, we ain't straight no mo'
Hoe we used to have fun, we don't play no mo'
Them niggas that you run wit, they kicked in my doe

So I'm gone shoot you in yo face if you don't cough up that dope, bitch[Hook]This situation is a cold thang
I got to explain
Cause nigga this a cold game
I was keeping my pounds at a spot in Raleigh
But I was moving them thangs, like they was hot tamales
Well, hot tamales, I played the cards I was dealt
Because I knew befo' long that they'll hang they self
I ain't no fool
Nigga that's why I play it cool
I know the shit you will and won't try to do
But what you came in wit, that's what you left wit (AHH HAA)
Because I'm three steps ahead, it's like you brainless
I been fuckin' wit money, I been having birds
I disassociated my self from bad nerves
Cause once you under pressure, you'll bust trick
And you the type of nigga that I can't trust bitch
And the nigga that went, you just a send-out
I tried to kill yo hoe ass, but you went out, the window, bitch[Hook]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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