

Gold Medal

Yo Gotti & Peewee Longway

It's award season again
I mean we gon' keep winning and taking all these trophies home
I don't see no real contenders Nigga I should win a trophy
Platinum wrist with the cola
I should get a gold medal
Can't nobody cook it better
I show you how to whip the yola
I show you how to whip the yola
I show you how to whip the yola
I show you how to whip the yola
I show you how to get some extras
Nigga I can bless you
Two bricks and a half, I got the kitchen under pressure
Take it out the water, rough white that's the texture
This shit just like a drive-thru, when you pull up may I help you?
Eyes on the camera, guns on the counter
Guerrillas with them choppas and they all got them bananas
Ran out of rubber bands then fucked up all the counters
Fucking count it half a hand, give me the pack and I'm a down him
It jumping out the gym, call it trap-oline yayo
How you a dope boy when you never seen yayo?
Ever since I was a kid boy I use to dream yayo
It's me and Snootie Wild and they call us team yayo
On the stove with the egg beater, whipping Jason Jeter
I can show you how to mix the yellow water make it ether
Longway Lulu got your [?] bricks we break em down to deuces
Cinnamon buns on the hand guns empty goin' [?]
Send the pack to Memphis and we workin' out the bitches
[?] and red, crash mans [?] got it in the trenches
Workin' my wrist whippin' up my credentials
[?] it be white like the dentures
Pocket monster cruisn' in the [?]
Blood on blood, this side get fucked
The money count, I just keep countin'
[?] and Yo Gotti gon' count it
200 bands and we dab in Cavalli
Mother fucker tell them send a deposit
So don't show we pull up in Bentley's and Masi's
[?] we be tippin' the pilot

G5 with a beat in the pocket
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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