

Don't Come Around (feat. Kendall Morgan)

Yo Gotti

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Don't come around again
I believe it
I believe it Don't come around again
I believe it
I believe it When a nigga talk dope
Damn they'll speak about the truth
Damn they'll speak about you
When a nigga talk real
You won't even know how it feel
How you gon' tell me what it is
When a nigga say Gotti
All that noise from my Maseratti
All that noise turnin' up the party
All that noise young nigga with a whole bunch of rubbers
All that noise young nigga gon' catch a problem
When a nigga say no, nigga come and jumpin out the Porsche
With a bag full of 50 same court
Nigga still I try to fight a gun charge
Try to fight a brick charge
Lawyer ain't show up in court
When a nigga say trial, nigga comin' down with life
That's how a nigga really earn his stripes
When them niggas say
You'll fuck with me like I fuck with him
He ain't finna do something right
That nigga finna snitch
I knew that nigga was a bitch
Man I don't owe that nigga one shit
Ain't got no heart, man I knew that nigga wasn't rich
Should've killed him when he went up that lift
When them niggas say bang, nigga they be talkin bout my squad
Nigga they be talkin bout my cars

When they say white
Nigga they be talkin bout brick side
Buy that shit off of black card, talk to em
Don't come around again
I believe it
I believe it
Don't come around again
I believe it
I believe it
When them niggas say bitch, we don't really mean no harm
She ain't gotta be so offended
When a nigga say ho, ain't say you know what you is
Shawty you ain't got to be so defenseful
Niggas say you bad
That's a compliment, not literally
Half naked pictures, but you lookin' for a gentleman
Instagram your whole life after the pull of trying to get your followers up
Sold your soul to the internet
Damn, damn right it's a cold world
Losing sleep, I'm a little girl
Them are right and we gonna like the right
Damn sure, ho be do me like oh girl
True when a nigga say it like you
Niggas sayin what he gon' do?
Tell a nigga he a lie, tell him that a real bad bitch get his own so that money can't buy
When a nigga say he ballin and someone's title in the desert
Not worth closing, it's teasin
Ask him if he ring
Tell him that your daddy was a real baller
He was blowin' money by the seasons
Let him know you good, left a couple mil and a whip for you
Big burner rays right that'll kill for you
Mama broke bad, left a nigga down bad
I ain't trippin, don't show I'm still here for you
Don't come around again
I believe it
I believe it
Don't come around again
I believe it
I believe it

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