

# Miami

## Yo Gotti

[Intro: DJ Khaled]

Yeah we gettin' money nigga

We gettin' money nigga

We the best

It's DJ Khaled doing that

Big dog Pit Bull, Terror Squad and Yo Gotti

Rick Ross (Ross) Listen...

[Hook: with Rick Ross ad-libs]

Take me to Miami tonight

I-I-I-I wanna party in Miami tonight

[Verse 1: Yo Gotti]

Ross, yeah tell me what a hundred cost

A hundred on the watch, a hundred on the cross

Hundred thousand dollar car, now that's a whip

Hundred bullets in the clip, bout to let it rip

Hundred on the vacation, now that's a trip

I'm down there fuckin' with them Haitians, I'm bout to flip

A hundred thousand of them pills, a half a mill

A hundred thousand on the tab, that'll get'cha killed

A hundred hundreds, young'n he'll get'cha done

In north Memphis we be posted with a hundred guns

Yo Gotti, Triple Cs stamped on everyone

I'm back and forth to M-I-A tryin' to cop a ton

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

Yo Gotti nigga tell me what the lick read

Sixteen look at me blowin' big weed

Seventeen, I stumbled across my first ki

Eighteen grand blowed in the first week

On that street shit yeah that's what we eat with

Turn a half to a whole, sell his ass the remix

I get chickens in flocks, get the Benz in the box

I get plenty of shots just if he big and he box

I supply the supplier, get you higher and higher

Half a brick for the rims, that's just to admire

Yo Gotti my nigga, when you need 'em I send 'em

I'm in debt with the Lord, at least a couple million, Ross

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Yo Gotti]

I ain't sold a million records or won a Grammy  
But I seen a million dollars worth of nose candy  
Miami, that's the home of the cheap price  
Where you can ball and re-up in the same night  
Watchin' "Cocaine Cowboys" like this the shit  
Fuck a rap career I'd rather have a hundred bricks  
Cause this real money right here, right now  
I'd be two and a half platinum right now  
On my way, goin' on a cocaine tour  
Alabama, Atlanta, Memphis clean up to Detroit  
Only a and our gat hold a hundred rounds  
So you can play if you wanna nigga it's goin' down  
And I don't need a manager cause I don't trust a soul  
One day five birds sold just like the show  
Count my own paperwork, make my own decisions  
Executive produce my whole album off of movin' chicks

[Hook x2]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>