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]

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