

King Sh*t (feat. T.I.)

Yo Gotti

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh this a hit nigga
With no words on it I got on two chains, but, no, I ain't Tity Boi
I'm dream chasin', but I ain't from Philly boy
Bitch bad, and she said that I can get it boy
This a hit and I'm a make a nigga feel it boy
My flow on range, my swag's insane
And my campaign on ten, I like the bitch
She down to fuck, but I'm really into her friend
House up on the hill, got it off of cocaine
Aventador Lamborghini, condo off of Biscayne
Bitch I'm in my lane, fresh as hell, no stains
Robert jeans with the stones, Giuseppe man's my chain
I'm different, I was built for this, my bitch only rock Tiffany
You rat, you'll sing a symphony and I'm back, city been missing me
My watch silly my clock ignorant and I'm the king of my city
I'm banned up and I ain't in a band
But my flow just like an instrument
Bass, feel that, yellow tape of the trizack
Hating is a disease, pussy where they do that? L.A. Reid cut the check for me
King shit and you know what it is
Shawty smell like a pound of that loud, but a nigga look like a hundred mill
But I drive Ferrari, fuck the motherfuckin dealer
Pay 10 million for a mansion, that worth more than your opinion
I got racks all in my cargo pants
Standard clip with that hollow man, yo' bitch ass
If yo bitch bad, she get fucked fast, ain't no romance
My diamond dancing in 3D nigga
Like a bank strip when you see me, nigga
Your money wrong and my money long
And I'm playing with it like PE nigga
Real nigga no joke, don't think there nigga no ho
I got mini Mac-10 and a 100 round drum

In the carpet up under my car
And nigga I don't wanna smoke your weed, plain gas the only thing I smoke
And I gotta thank God for the niggas off Bankhead
Shawty, they taught me everything I know
Like how to whip it, cook it, cut it, deal it
Hand it to your partner let him flood through the city
Really, we bout that action, you try us and we blastin'
We turnt to the max that's a motherfucking fact
I'm a real nigga, fuck these rappersDoor up, doors down
When I'm in the club, bitch it's going down
Shawty think it fucked, hand down, hands up, pants down
Down, down, shawty fuckin head down
I see my phone blowing up, I know it's going down
Once I busted at the rapper, then it hit the town
Check the numbers in the city, boy it going downThis that dope boy academy, them three letters been after me,
(Who?)
The F.B.I. ever catchin me, my family my witness a tragedy
Shorty open her legs up happily
I ball hard like an athlete
Young black nigga in a big white phantom
Nigga, I look like a referee nigga
They blowing the whistle they telling
I do the clam I'm chilling
This bitch turned up making rain
When I'm in the club you yellin
They talk about these Bentley's that I'm gettin on the daily
One foot in the game and one foot out, swear I barely made it
I'm a real nigga till the death of me
Never sing a song like a parakeet
50 bandz in my pocket just blew 60 grand on that Cherokee
I be gettin money like a motherfuckin Brinks trunk
Standing in the kitchen, nigga, trying to build a brick up, uh!

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