Gotti (feat. The Lox)

Lil Wayne

Say the judge or the jury can't spoil this
Nah two thirds of the world's most loyalest
I'mma shoot em
I'mma pay the bail, I'm sure of this
I'mma kill em I'mma get the witness, teach 'em more of this
We never sing not even on a song where the chorus is
Dig the hole, get the wood box bring the florist in
Tell the pastor tell the family we was just warning them
38's 45's, all type of Taurus'
About to hit the bong, pour the holy water in
Celebrating for participating and the slaughtering
Eating steaks at the same spot they killed Paulie in
Frank White's three in the quarter taping your daughter in
Columbia with the connect putting the order in
Nigga act we gonna clap like we the audience
Make sure you wipe down the strap, get rid of all the prints
Do your homework on whoever you go to war againstI had 20's on my Benz, lent it to all my friends
And everything was all gravy, everything was all gravy
And if I need something call Baby, I need something call Baby
And the streets was calling me, but a nigga had call waiting
And yeah we all went through our phases
We all went through our savings
Some niggas stayed on point, some niggas was point shaving
And sometimes we had to be vegetables
That mean we had to stay patient cause they say you are what you eat
I took the star out of starvation, bitch
I come from a Third World, start rapping in the fourth grade
Start trapping in the sixth grade, went platinum in the tenth grade
Dropped out a nigga was getting paid
This when Birdman had a fade
This when Hummers didn't come stretch, but Birdman had 'em made,
This when pretty bitches set you up, and niggas didn't give two fucks
You had two guns and two phones, you could waste time and get and get a new cup
But this when niggas had pimp cups, and new rappers got hem'd up
And all them niggas that's biting got they fins cutI know real niggas gon' fuck with this
Like "that's that shit I be talkin' 'bout"
I know real niggas gon' fuck with this
Like "that's that shit I be talkin' 'bout"And we gon' be around til yo motherfuckin' body rot
And if the Feds bring us in we get the same time Gotti got

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And if the Feds bring us in we get the same time Gotti gotBut this when niggas had pimp cups, and dirty money got rinsed up
And the early birds in the worm hole would get so fat that they'd get stuck
We'd clean our fingerprints up, we'd clean the shit we didn't touch
This when niggas called Diddy Puff
Letting Biggie bump while I'm sitting up in that big body
I can show you a dead body
Lotta niggas got pinched, and the snitches ended up dead lobsters
Wrap the birds in red tape call them bitches Red Robins
Pops had Kilos, I needed one key I would've made Cops
Free my niggas down and Rest In Peace to all my dead partners
I smoke by the pound in like a week, and fuck the Weight Watchers
Got my self a brand new triple-beam, just to weigh options
I stumbled upon a gold mine I thank God that it ain't copper
Some niggas were late bloomers, but boy look how they've blossomed
Don't know niggas that wear wires but I know niggas that go haywire
I know hoes that play possum, and will bring us to y'all mailboxes
And dead man can't talk and the Feds don't have sÃ©ances
Look you put a knot on the end of a condom full of drugs and put it in her pussy
And get through customs cause last time we just took em
I rather be blind before I be the nigga that stand around just lookin'
And you can beat around the bush and find a nigga laying behind them bushesI know real niggas gon' fuck with this
Like "that's that shit I be talkin' 'bout"
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