Sold Out

Rolando Random & the Young Soul Rebels

I'm Yo Gotti!
[Chorus]Pulled up at the show
Half a brick of blow
12 pack of goose, quarter pound of dro
This b*tch is sold out (4x)
We do it for the goons
Sellin' out the club
Fish scale tour
Ain't what you thought it was
This b*tch is sold out (4x)
[Verse 1]This Yo Gotti
Mic check 1, 2
I love you guys (white girls)
I love you too (Yo Gotti)
We got this motherf*cker jumpin off the hinges,
Ni*gas throwing gang signs, b*tches in a frenzy.
Lined up outside they said this motherf*cker sold out,
Word on the count they said that motherf*cker showed out.
He aint had the platinum on, but girl he broke the gold out
DJ played that gangsta sh*t, the waitress brought the rolls out.
Dope boy fresh, yeah they brought some 24's out
Them hatas stayed at home, but I bet I brought their ho*s out.
HAHAHA yeah I said I brought their ho*s out
Before I leave their city man, I'm burning up their ho*s mouths.
[Chorus]Pulled up at the show
Half a brick of blow
12 pack of goose, quarter pound of dro
This b*tch is sold out (4x)
We do it for the goons
Sellin' out the club
Fish scale tour
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This b*tch is sold out (4x)
[Verse 2]50 dollar hat, hundred on the chain
Thousand dollar jeans, I come to do my thing.
50 on the wanch, twanky on the ring,
Bass hitting hard, club off the chain.

Fire marshall tripping, they want to shut us down

Laws raid the club, they try to shake us down.
Helicopter high, we ain't coming down
You ain't smokin these, this sh*t from out of town.
Goons on stage, security in the crowd
B*tches pull my shirt, plus they want my towels.
They say you cool as hell, and you ain't hollywood
I say I'm real as hell, because I come from the hood.
[Chorus]Pulled up at the show
Half a brick of blow
12 pack of goose, quarter pound of dro
This b*tch is sold out (4x)
We do it for the goons
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This b*tch is sold out (4x)
[Verse 3]Wanna book a show, tell me when and where
A half a brick - could be a dro, I'll meet you there.
Hotel exclusive, ni*gas be playing games
With all that monkey sh*t, I'm knocking out your brains.
I'm a hood ni*ga, dog I know the game
Ni*ga want my watch, ni*ga want my chain.
Catch me in your city, walkin through the mall
And I ain't in your city, if I ain't strapped dog.
I'm a bad b*tch, I picked through them all
But I ain't f*cking nothing, if I ain't strapped dog.
Ni*ga started fighting, f*cked up the night
Yeah it's been a ball, but I gotta catch a flight.
[Chorus]Pulled up at the show
Half a brick of blow
12 pack of goose, quarter pound of dro
This b*tch is sold out (x4)
We do it for the goons
Sellin' out the club
Fish scale tour
Ain't what you thought it was
This b*tch is sold out (x4)

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