

# Sold Out

## Junior Tucker

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.

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[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  
Sellin' out the club  
Fish scale tour  
Ain't what you thought it was  
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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