

John Gotti

Kevin Gates

Sometimes I tell the bitch I'm with, "Shut up and pass the weed" Free my nig gas!

I been smoking griggity, wish I was with em
Free my niggas!

My cousin CJ tried to hit me with a brick of raw
In Alexandria, yeah it's nothing for to get it gone
With music, I ain't won awards, but I kept it gangster
Gon be a God in New Orleans like that nigga Daymond
Landlord in the south like my nigga Lucci
Corvette in front of David Ways screeching free Lee Lucas
Fuck that nigga bitch, I got her saying free Lee Lucas
Beeto and Bryan bitch, I just got off the phone with em
My old friends hatin, sending me the wrong signals
My dog recorded conversations, man what's wrong with him?
You got them college niggas fool, I be with stone killers
Doing bad 'fore they switched on me
When you're out of power it's over
Everybody love you when you feed the streets
When you leave the streets, they don't know you
Brook used to love me till another nigga with a bigger check approached her
Up in DCI, when I was calling home she was at the nigga house smoking
I was trying to go to church as a family, but her and him be going
Audi S7 was a surprise, I had went and bought that for her
Texting, saying someone that I love let her use his whip as a loaner
Praise be to God, everything done in the dark really come back on you
Cocaine flipper, got the same niggas I came with, and we rolling
In the studio with my nigga Hood, but them niggas round him, they pussy
Gangster shit, get to going platinum, they'll sit around and be looking
I'm so depressed I'll kill myself, wish somebody go head and cook me
Fuck!

Bet a lot pussy niggas want to murder Brasi
Boulevard, Murcirélago and a Maserati
Boobie Black, Gunna, and Menace still a catch a body
And if you fuck around with Rayzor, bitch I'm out my body
Sideways, coupe be out my body
Whole clique pull up in Vettes, bitch we out our body
And you ever disrespect it then it's kamikaze
I just be with me a shooter like I'm John Gotti
I feel like John Gotti
John Gotti
Cause it ain't shit to send a hit, I feel like John Gotti
It ain't shit to send a hit, I feel like John Gotti

Praise to Allah, I was born a God, with the murder game I'm righteous
Cancel shows just for Rayzor wedding, I don't know another just like it
I love Bunker, but despite the love, I don't know what made him dislike it
But me and Gunna in the Porsche truck and we screeching off like lightning
Fast, doing the dash, your bitch on my ass, she want me to smash
Flip out and flash, I'd rather get cash
Drika she bad and she into bags
Up in the Louis, Emilio Pucci
I tell em it's Gucci when they want them bands
I got them racks and no longer wear jewelry
Cause I'm bout my business, and back selling sand
I don't get tired

I'm bout my business, and back selling sand
I'm bout my business, and back selling sand
Packed up my bags and jumped back on the freeway
Say home's where the heart is, don't know where I'm going
Actavis drinking, I'm leaning and pouring
Those who don't get it say what are you on
My mother had sex with an angel
Born an immortal and ain't even know it
Driving alone while inside of my Porsche
Beat the fuck out a bitch, ain't no slamming my doors
I'm only excited by spiritual things and I swear I can't wait to move on
All my niggas I lost know I miss you can't wait to be with you
I'm on my way home
When they flip the script without warning
Talking bout shit you never did for em
God blessed you with breath in your body
Wish I would let you dig in my pockets
Lazy ass bitch, get up and start grinding
Not in the streets, you never been bout it
Finally got blessed and money started piling
Got my first mil, a nigga ain't smiling, wylin'