

# 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'