

Kebo Gotti (Interlude)

Waka Flocka Flame

right?

Kebo Gotti, you know what I mean?

Mr. Internationally Known, Locally Accepted, you feel me?

This shit don't go no better than this, you feel me?

I'm talking about real... it's so exclusive, right?

I'm finna give it to y'all niggas

I'm just gonna run with the bars

Something new, you know what I mean?

I spit venom on the track, call it lyrical poets

And I burn them on wax, I'm a lyrical arsonist

You didn't want beef? Well, you shouldn't have never started it

My flow stupid like I was stupid, your're seconds from retarded

Try to act little slow, man, my shit is the hardest

No mercy for these weak MC's, laying like I'm in the industry,
taking over the market

Real Money E-N-T, you know who my squad is

Say my name on the track, that'll leave you stinking like halitosis

Make that know your trap, like that some Grove, bitch

I Suge Knight you, run off in your studio

Strip you from your master, leave you hog-tied on the floor

They don't respect Gotti

They said that where I go, I take shit from nobody

Let everybody know that I ain't in it for the fame

I'm in it for the dough, stealing every cracker every trap

Like a and I'm sucking up bread crumbs

Playing with that money get you stuck up like a thumb

When them fools plan, they like: "Where'd he come from?"

27 months in the joint, it helped me brainstorm, yes

And I brainstorm like I'm that X-Men

DJ Khaled-syndrome, we the best, man

Married to the game and the streets is my best man

Keep my enemies so close, we like best friends

Get popped, I just checked in, but didn't have reservation

Caught that young G that flew and took a vacation

You find the real from the fake when your case came

They call it incarceration, but to me, it's still preservation

I knew the road would glow and would still chose to take it

The streets love me so much, man, the streets waiting

They say them niggas talking, well, that don't amaze me

See you doing good, that's when a nigga hating

Niggas say they goons? Man, I swear they faking

Who hotter than me? Bitch, I'm hotter than Cajun

Now I'm so hot, man, I'm hotter than Heart of a lion, the brain
to lead the whole nation

Gotti