

Act Right

Yo Gotti

I'm going going back back to the Bay
Rest in peace Mac Dre
All I do is talk yay

In the club got them bottles on replay
Tryna break a record like a DJ
That's a hundred fifty bottles in one night
I give that bitch some act right

Act right, act right
Money don't fold if it act right
Act right, act right
Niggas playin' games you can act right

I'm goin' goin' back back to the Bay
Rest in peace Mac Dre
I'm a street nigga all I do is talk yay
Want me in your city nigga know they gon' pay
Ain't lookin' for a free throw, lookin' for a freak ho
Cuban link chain on my neck weigh a kilo
Nigga just violated pissed dirty to his P.O.
On the real nigga scale one to ten you a zero
Damn, that a bad bitch you a Creole
On the West coast but she say she from the N.O.
Act right, get your life changed
Fuck a pair of shoes, you can get the last name
Real nigga shit boy I hate lames
All my nigga sell dope or gang bang
Me and cash get the act right
You ain't in a foreign you don't look right

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I'mma tell ya off top mother fuck free Boosie
Ridin' in my Lamborghini with the dope man uzi
Thinkin' came with a step might be the shit
I got a rooster in my Rari might be your bitch
I said I pull up in this bitch in that Aventador
Make you bitch pass out straight hit the floor
Said I never seen a car like that before
What's that thang stickin' up? That's the door
I told YG I'mma go ride the whip
You just hangin' out the window ghost ride the clip
I made my first quarter million dollars off the blow
He want a nine piece chicken took that to-go
I'mma tell ya like this, ya'll motherfucker listen
Kilo all day motherfucker I'm trippin'
But if you run up on me think I'm slippin'
Michael Jordan with the chopper man I hit you like Pippen act right

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Goin' goin' back back to the bank
Rest in peace to myself
I'mma fly nigga nigga I take your ho
I'll have to leave her if she did me like Coco
The devil talkin' to me, but I dont hear him
Act like I'm deaf like So-So
Fuck you, fuck him, fuck them
Fuck my ex and her cohorts
Hundred bottles in the club, for no reason
Niggas start trippin' boom bow dope fiend
Fendi on my shoes, Fendi on my belt
I'm in the Fendi store I don't need help
All gold everything like Trinidad
I went to high school with you bitch you been a rat
I don't got money problems, I got trust issues
Two things I gotta stay is with the two pistols

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Yeah, I had to do it for the street, hoe
Do right, getting money, living life hoe
Gotti, Young, YG (Yeah) Silk G (Yeah)