

Gotti Family

Rick Ross

It's family (fusiness)
Strictly Yayo
Fuckin' moolies
Yo Gotti
I, I got work
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Oh so much work baby
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I'm a boss nigga, you a lost nigga
(Cup a green shot, just to across nigga?)
I don't [?], that's how I floss nigga
You can wife the bitch, but there's toast nigga
Cocain numbers, they'll never lie
We Grade-A fish scale, we'll never die
Fuck a hater too, (then make?) them multiply
Then [?] with the redeye (yeah)
Ain't nobody bitch sideways
I had the kitchen, jumpin pots, cookin sideways
[?] work boi, I'm like the [?]
Yeah I rap now but bitch I've been served

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You niggas silver spoon, I shiver spurs
Sat on a corner had it poppin like it self-served
Octane talkin' bout my block game
Boy the Glock make it so to help me with my lock game
Whipping concrete now a nigga [?]
Hard-headed they digits in my dry-wall
I run the street robbers won't approach the boy
Take a picture of ya cause she knows you poster boy
Lamborghini, new picasso, pullin' over boy
I'm wet niggas, yeah I take it overboard
Carnival cruise lines for me to choose mine
Duffle bag of hunnids, a new fit, and two nines

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