

# Cases (feat. 2 Chainz)

Yo Gotti

"Cases"

(feat. 2 Chainz) We cop Rozay by the cases, Forces by the cases  
Three hundred dollar True Religion, we cop em by the cases  
Lawyer fight my cases, Gucci's got no laces  
Bakin' Soda by the cases, in the kitchen doin' the matrix  
Go up, down, up, down, my top doing  
the matrix  
I'll need a model, we don't ride shit basic  
Everything kitty, cocaine crazy  
Bitch they hit my phone, they fucked up my situation  
DJ droppin' Gotti, dope boy's all went cray  
Shoot a thousand, bet a thousand, gambling with your savings  
Kitchen doing numbers, I may need a helper  
Bitch said she wasn't fucking, so you know a nigga left her  
Rozay by the cases, rubbers by the boxes  
They all that I'm the shit, so how the fuck she gon' be cocky?  
Yeah these hoes be foxy, yeah, my eyes be rockin'  
I pulled up in that white cutlass, 4: 15 that bass was droppin'  
We cop Rozay by the cases, Forces by the cases  
Three hundred dollar True Religion, we cop em by the cases  
Lawyer fight my cases, Gucci's got no laces  
Bakin' Soda by the cases, in the kitchen doin' the matrix  
I am gearin' to the money, all upper  
cases  
Trap on fire, I stay down the street from Satan  
Hell on Earth, I say hello to my neighbor  
Ghetto nigger got a mansion, and I'm still stealing cable  
Still air force ridin', I should get sky mileage  
Try me in the club, we gon' whoop your ass inside it  
All my hoes excited, damn yo weed is quiet  
Plug getting mad, cause he think I'm gon' retire  
Just had a case, lawyer ask for a dismissal  
Real d-boy, I gotta settle for some Christmas  
Me and Yo Gotti, from Atlanta down to Memphis  
Getting money I could pay you nigga, fool, pay attention  
Favorite rapper dead, so the gamin' got borin'  
Pulled up in some foreign, drop the top and hit the horn  
Snatched out doin' a hundred, they like Gotti where ya goin'?  
I got a bitch from THU, I'm 'bout to scoop her from the dorm  
Yeah, we doin' the matrix, call her children of the corn  
Fuckin', somethin' ain't right, 'n she gon' swallow my unborn  
Friends say she whorin', talkin' bout she goin'  
Say she want that Luis bag, I asked her which one  
It's not a big issue nigga, know my ho can get it

I could get your bottle, truckload fill up my whole kitchen  
Why these niggas bitchin, when they come down to they bitches  
All these excuses, all this trickin, man I guess they just ain't get me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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