

Hunnid (feat. Pusha T)

Yo Gotti

Ayy Gotti, what you gon' do homie
You gon' swap it up, slang it out?
You gon' keep it street?
What you gon' do, nigga?
Nigga I'ma re-up, fuck you mean, nigga?
Tell Enrique send my shit to Mexico
I don't even wanna see it I don't know another nigga that had done it
Can't remember last time I got fronted
And the watch that I'm rockin' is a hunnid
Man the streets everyday, I'm a hunnid
If you really want beef, we can run it
Pull up on the squad, we dumpin'
Ran off on the plug with a hunnid
Got the mothafuckin' trap house jumpin'
Boy I'm really in the trap, my way strapped
Truth be told, I don't really like to rap
I got quarter halves a slab, pill percs and tabs
Really got a pound runnin' laps
Bitch I'm in the hood, really, really, really in the hood
Niggas like, "Gotti, what's good?"
The coupe two hunnid, nigga I be fuckin' up the money
And the drum really hold like a hunnid
I don't know another nigga that done it
Can't remember last time I got fronted
Yeah I remember last time I got fronted
I was like, "Fuck the plug," I ain't bring back the money
I ain't savin' no hoes, it ain't Sunday
Know the alphabet boys, they comin'
I blew a 10 at the mall and a 10 at Kamal's
And a 20 at Magic last Monday
Every weekend I'ma sell a hunnid
Plant a money tree and I'ma be up under it
3 mil' for the condo, new marble floors
And the mothafucka ran like a hunnid
I don't know another nigga that had done it
Can't remember last time I got fronted
And the watch that I'm rockin' is a hunnid
Man the streets everyday, I'm a hunnid
If you really want beef, we can run it
Pull up on the squad, we dumpin'
Ran off on the plug with a hunnid
Got the mothafuckin' trap house jumpin' Aye Gotti, while we're talkin' 'bout a hunnid

We're some niggas who ain't done it
That's 45 kis on a calibrated scale, bitch countin' on her stomach
If you checkin' the math, countin' on your fingers to add
We don't count extras when it's like Tetris
Yuugh, let me dummy down my lecture
Digest, these watches got sister, cousins
My Rollies got missin' numbers
These bezels is blindin'
The 3 and the 9 is like distant lovers
Now guess what I fronted, nigga (take a guess)
Keeps at 300, nigga (double that)
I say about 5, I kept it alive whenever you want it, nigga
Maseratis for the monkeys (fuck them niggas)
Any dodge for a flunkie
Only one above me is the God in the sky
I'm a man without a country I don't know another nigga that had done it
Can't remember last time I got fronted
And the watch that I'm rockin' is a hunnid
Man the streets everyday, I'm a hunnid
If you really want beef, we can run it
Pull up on the squad, we dumpin'
Ran off on the plug with a hunnid
Got the mothafuckin' trap house jumpin' I got a hunnid guns, hunnid clips
Swear to God I took a hunnid trips
Million dollars, that's a hunnid flips
[?] at a hunnid rip
A hunnid grams on the kitchen table
Tryna hide a hunnid pounds from my nosy neighbors
I got a hunnid problems but it ain't no hoes
I got a hunnid robbers tryna take my soul
I know a hunnid ways to make a hunnid thou
We done skipped public housing
Gotta thank God I made today
I never joined no gang, I always got my money
I never crossed my partners, cause it ain't one hunnid
I sold dope on Saturday then went to church on Sunday
Call my plug and re-upped on Monday I don't know another nigga that had done it
Can't remember last time I got fronted
And the watch that I'm rockin' is a hunnid
Man the streets everyday, I'm a hunnid
If you really want beef, we can run it
Pull up on the squad, we dumpin'
Ran off on the plug with a hunnid
Got the mothafuckin' trap house jumpin'

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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