

# Free Lunch (feat. Blac Youngsta)

Yo Gotti

I used to dream about a .9 when I had 4 in the spliff  
When you fucked up, don't want no niggas around, is you and your bitch  
Used to live in public housin', get free lunch at the school  
Had to jump 'fore they came out, had them bring the strap to the school  
I was trappin' in school, I was actin' a fool  
I was a freshman and I was the freshest nigga in school, yeah yeahLeavin' the school. I was  
fuckin' the seniors  
I got caught with the strap and sent to juvinial detention. yeah yeah  
Never liked police, shootin' dice under bleachers  
Free period, get money, don't mind PE class  
No books in the book bag, took math, I need to add  
I was gon' get a bag  
Came to school, filled the lot up  
Play with me and get shot up  
Five hundred for the Coogi sweater  
Three-fifty for the Prada's  
Teacher told me I could be anythin' I wanna be  
OG told me you gotta love yourself and don't love the streets  
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school, gave him the street blues  
Nigga tried to jump me in school so I went and got my tools  
Yeah, I was fresh in school  
I been broke all my life, I got somethin' to prove hoe  
I shot my teacher hoe bitch, I took recess hoe bitch  
You better Google me and do your research hoe  
I fucked plenty bitches under the bleachers hoe  
I cheat on my bitch 'cause I don't need you hoe  
When I skip school, Grandma whoop my ass  
I give my lil' brother my last  
Made the best out of what we had  
Tried my best to make it last  
It was hard on me and my brothers  
I ain't never ever see my dad  
All my life I had to struggle  
That's why I talk shit and show my ass

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>