

John Gotti

Kevin Gates

Bet a lot pussy niggas want to murder Brasi
Boulevard Mary logo and a Maserati
Booby, black gunner, and man they still gonna catch a bad ass
And if you fuck around with
razor, bitch, Im out my body, huh
Sideways, coupe be out my body!
Whole clique pull up in Vettes, bitch we out our body
And you ever disrespect it, then its kamikaze
I just be with me a shooter like Im John Gotti.
I feel like John Gotti, John Gotti!
(Put your hands down, when you talkin' to me, bitch)
John Gotti
'Cause it ain't shit to send a hit, I feel like John Gotti
Man ain't shit to send a hit, I feel like John Gotti
My cousin CJ tried to hit me with a brick of raw
In Alexandria, yeah it's nothing for to get it gone
With music, I ain't won awards, but I kept it gangster
Gon be a God in New Orleans like that nigga Daymond
Landlord in the south like my nigga Luchie
Corvette in front of David Ways screeching free Lee Lucas
Fuck that nigga bitch, I got her saying free Lee Lucas
Beeto and Bryan bitch, I just got off the phone with em
My old friends hatin, sending me the wrong signals
My dawg recorded conversations, man what's wrong with him?
You got them college niggas fool, I be with stone killers
Bet a lot pussy niggas want to murder Brasi
Boulevard, Murcirélago and a Maserati
Boobie Black, Gunna, and Menace still a catch a body
And if you fuck around with Rayzor, bitch I'm out my body
Sideways, coupe be out my body
Whole clique pull up in Vettes, bitch we out our body
And you ever disrespect it then it's kamikaze
I just be with me a shooter like I'm John Gotti
I feel like John Gotti
John Gotti
Cause it ain't shit to send a hit, I feel like John Gotti
It ain't shit to send a hit, I feel like John Gotti
Praise to Allah, I was born a god, with the murder game I'm righteous
Cancel shows just for Rayzor wedding, I don't know another just like it
I love Bunker, but despite the love, I don't know what made him dislike it
But me and Gunner in
the Porsche truck, and we screeching off like lightning
Fast, doing the dash, your bitch on my ass, she want me to smash
Flip out and flash, Id rather get cash
Drinking, she bad and she in the bags.

Up in the Louis, you're merely a Gucci
I tell em its Gucci when they want them bands
I got them racks and no longer wear jewelry
Cause Im bout my business, and back selling sand
I don't get tired
I'm bout my business, and back selling sand
I'm bout my business, and back selling sand
I'm bout my business, and back selling sand
I'm bout my business, and back selling sand
Bet a lot pussy niggas want to murder Brasi
Boulevard, Murcirélago and a Maserati
Boobie Black, Gunna, and Menace still a catch a body
And if you fuck around with Rayzor, bitch I'm out my body
Sideways, coupe be out my bod
Whole clique pull up in Vettes, bitch we out our body
And you ever disrespect it then it's kamikaze
I just be with me a shooter like I'm John Gotti
I feel like John Gotti
(Put your hands down, when you talkin' to me, bitch)
John Gotti
'Cause it ain't shit to send a hit, I feel like John Gotti
It ain't shit to send a hit, I feel like John Gotti
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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