

# Errrbody

## Yo Gotti

This shit here for errbody errbody ...Errbody wanna be a dope boy  
Errbody wanna be a coke boy  
Errbody gotta choppa  
Errbody get money  
Errbody say they from the hood  
Errbody real but they not boy  
Err'bitch say that she a bad bitch  
Errbody on Instagram lookin' like (I ain't got Instagram)  
Errbody say they started from the bottom now they at the top  
Really had crack in the 90's  
Really hid guns from my momma, nigga ask about me  
Money, weed, pain pills, drank  
Four course meal, I got full off the appetizer  
Bitch I really got shooters right beside me  
Really got groupies in the lobby, hoopin' and the holl'in'  
And I really got bazookas with the silence  
Pointed right at your medulla oblongata  
Ramen noodles on your collar  
I maneuver like a cougar with the chopper  
Connoisseur, entrepreneur, pursuin' every dollar till I got 'em  
Got a crew of niggas who will get it poppin', if it's poppin'  
Ya'll newer niggas ain't really poppin', that's what's poppin'  
Got a crew of bitches come to pussy poppin', that's what poppin'  
And we gone do it big, astronomic, catastrophic  
Everybody said, that they fuckin' everybody  
Everybody sayin' that I'm fuckin' everybody  
Lil Tunechi  
Fuck that, we're still at the bottom  
Anybody get it  
Had to leave the streets cause everybody snitchin'  
Why these niggas marry strippers when they everybody bitches?  
My fault, that ain't everybody business  
Really got partners in the Feds  
Really transition out the street, really, really got some bread  
I'm a different type of nigga, I'ma play my position  
I like different type of bitches, payin' mortgage and tuition  
Why everybody tryna get likes, tryna get followers  
And every bad bitch is a model  
And everybody livin' pound blessed  
#NiggaWeMadeIt  
When everybody got problems  
I know a lot of rappers dead broke

Livin' off a note, waitin' for the label to say go  
Fuck that, I'm independent  
CMG still winnin'  
I done pull up in the white Ferrari, Lam, Lamborghini, screamin' Everybody wanna say that they  
the best rapper on Earth  
Too full of yourself, everyday ya'll suck  
Need a pat on the back 'til ya'll burp  
I've been gettin' money everyday  
Since before rappers started wearing these skirts  
And your girl say my dick like a 9 to 5  
So everyday I be puttin' in work  
Everybody ain't built for the spotlight  
Everybody ain't got this watch  
Everybody got 99 Problems  
But ain't got sacks like JJ Watt  
I smoke that Silverhaze, that Train Wreck  
That Blueberry, that Blue Cheese  
Thousand dollar belt around the waist, mothafucka  
Ya'll dragonfly, I'm Bruce Lee  
While I was on the 4th, ya'll was on the 3rd  
Never slung a quarter, never slung a bird  
But I kill any rapper sippin' lean, smokin' green  
On a hot 16 and that's my motherfuckin' word  
Been gone to long, but I'm coming back around  
So I'm guessin' everybody can't catch up  
How we go from OG to the Freshman class?  
Tell these niggas I'm next up

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

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