

# Gotta Lotta (feat. Lil Wayne)

## 2 Chainz

Lotta dope  
Gotta lotta dope  
Ba-ba-da-bopeBa-da-ba-da-beee  
Ba-ba-da-bope  
Yeah  
Ba-ba-da-bope  
I said we gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta coke  
We got weed, that's a lotta smoke  
Yeah, that's that loud I hope  
We gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta dope  
Ba-ba-da-bope  
I said we gotta lotta dope, yea we gotta lotta coke  
We got weed, there's a lotta smoke  
Yea, that's that lotta dope  
I said we gotta lotta dope  
Ba-ba-da-bope  
Okay we gotta lotta dope  
We got the hotter hoes  
I said we done shot a lot of folk  
We be in and out of court  
And I done seen so many cowards croak  
It's like watching flowers grow  
I mean, please, don't you cowards know?  
We will leave your bloody body on your mama's porch  
Lord, born in the projects  
Papa was a rolling stone, selling rock crack  
Yeah, I grew up in my day  
Making juugs on a phone with no contacts  
I'm drinking Activas only know Hi-Tech  
Hold on, think I'm getting too high tech  
Yeah, I think she getting a contact  
Now she needs some dope dick, and she know who to contact  
Ba-da-ba-da-beee  
Ba-ba-da-bope  
Yeah  
Ba-ba-da-bope  
I said we gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta coke  
We got weed, that's a lotta smoke  
Yeah, that's that loud I hope  
We gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta dope  
Ba-ba-da-bopeYo Tunes, pass the steel, or bash the steel  
My passion real, I'm fashion ill

The pussy niggas are Massingil, mass appeal  
My past is real before I had the deal, you dig?  
Pies and cakes, out of state  
Lies is fake, God don't make mistakes  
Got the girl pussy smelling like Codeine Syrup  
Got the bands on me like a football field, I'm ill  
I deserve a threesome for my birthday  
If she pretty it's Magic City on the first date  
Cup of lean and toast, yeah I'm 'posed to boast  
Goodie Mo the quote, not many coming close  
Trying to smoke what I never smoked before  
Dream what I never dreamed before  
Woke up and my Rolls sky high  
I ride by, I drive by then hop outBa-da-ba-da-beee  
Ba-ba-da-bope  
Yeah  
Ba-ba-da-bope  
I said we gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta coke  
We got weed, that's a lot of smoke  
Yeah, that's that loud I hope  
We gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta dope  
Ba-ba-da-bopeBig dreams, big rings, big chains  
Switch lanes, sip lean  
Sixteen, seventeen, Medellin  
Favorite color money green  
A triple beam, a hundred Ps of sour Ds  
A bunch of Ds, she can come suck on these, no suckas please  
See I look like my daddy though  
I get high, I get the munchies eating edible  
If it's available  
Bitch you never know  
Oyster Perpetual  
Trapped at the Texaco like I'm OJ  
Trying to put it in her mouth like Colgate  
Ben Franklin, that's my muthafuckin soul mate  
Yea I need a mop, I got a new flo' today  
I'm sippin' syrup like a got a fuckin' cold today  
I'm throwing tres up like Golden State  
Old school the same color as Sidney PoitierBa-da-ba-da-beee  
Ba-ba-da-bope  
(Got a lot, got a lot)  
Yeah  
Ba-ba-da-bope  
I said we gotta lotta dope  
(Got a lot, got a lot) We gotta lotta coke  
We got weed, that's a lotta smoke  
Yeah, that's that loud I hope  
We gotta lotta dope, we gotta lotta dope  
Ba-ba-da-bope

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

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