

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>