

NLE Choppa, Camelot (Remix, feat. Yo Gotti, Bloc 9c)

Yeah (What? Huh? Huh?)
FreshDuzIt (Da-da, da-da-da-da)
Yeah (Da-da, da, da-da), huh? Huh? Huh?

I ain't gon' say too much when a nigga speakin' on that hot shit (Yeah)
Fuck the police 'cause them bitches ain't gon' stop shit (They ain't stoppin' shit)
Oppositions mad, if they play they gettin' popped quick (Huh? Huh? Yeah)
Flyest nigga in the game, yeah, I'm a cockpit (Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)
Posted on Camelot with a hundred-some shottas (Shottas)
I be swimmin' with the sharks, lil' nigga, you a lobster (Lobster)
Bullets heat a nigga up, like he eatin' on some pasta (Some pasta)
And shout out to Kingston, I keep me some Rastas (Yeah, yeah, rrah)

My niggas trappin' out the bando, shout out to the Migos (The Migos)
If a nigga knock wrong, shoot him through the peephole (Yeah, yeah, brrah)
The trap always open, bitch, we ain't never closed (Never closed)
We movin' them packs and we movin' them kilos
Step one, step two, do my dance in this bitch (Huh? Huh?)
Got a hundred-some drums like a band in this bitch (Bah, bah, bah, bah)
Man, she keep on bitchin', all that naggin' and shit (All that naggin' and shit)
Ho, shut the fuck up and just gag on this dick (Yeah, yeah)
I'm a side nigga, and I love when she swallow
If a nigga say something, hit him with a hollow
That Glizzy (Yeah), knock your meat out your taco (Your taco)
Flexin' on these bitches, they call me Johnny Bravo
School of hard knocks (Yeah), let me take you to class
My bitch is real skinny, but she got a lot of ass
I love counting money, I get a lot of cash
If you try to take it from me, his toe gon' have a tag

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I ain't gon' say too much, really, I been posted on some Bloc shit (Bloc shit)
Gang member, but they got a nigga in the moshpit (Word)
Blue faces all in my pocket, check how I mop shit (Crip)
I drop shit, opps see me in person, change the topic
I'm on Camelot with Choppa, we got choppers (Woah)
No Burger King but we gon' whop it, you won't make it to the doctor (Rrah, rrah, doon-doon-doon)
You know I'm married to the cake, I need a bitch like Betty Crocker (Betty Crocker)
Try to rob me, that's a nada (Nada)
No OVO, I got the Drac' in this Impala (Drizzy)
I'm in LA kicking shit with Mr. Morgan (Hah)
You ain't gettin' money, nigga, then you're boring (Yeah, yeah, yeah)
I just called the hit and told my niggas kick your door in (Door in)
They twenty deep, we thirty deep, no backup, bring some more in

Who am I? (Huh?), Big Gotti (Yeah), for the record, I'm worth fifty mil', boy
All my lil' homies millionaires and my whole city'll kill for me
Camelot ('Lot), my bitch scam a lot (Swipe)
CMG, this shit gangster, respect it like we Rap-A-Lot (Beep)
In the kitchen with the pot, I'm on Sunset in a drop (Skrrt)
Half a mil', Richard Mille, that's a crib on the watch
Money high like helicopters, niggas play and we gon' chop 'em
Her ass fat, that's from the doctor, NLE, that's my lil' partner (Yeah)

Been breaking bitches, call me Moneybagg Pimpin' (Big Bagg)
Hit it, then skate, I'm a black Bart Simpson (Skrrt)

Lambo' doors up in the middle of the trenches (North)
Breaking down pounds, losing weight, I'm slimmin' (Work out)
Bread Gang business, we got loafers, you keep the crumbs (Bum)
Reaching for my charm, that Draco knock off your arm (Brr)
Inhalin' all the smoke, fuck what it's doing to my lungs
My lil' Philly bitch so messy, I'm through fuckin' with that jawns

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