

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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>