

# Ru Gotti

## Celly Ru

[Verse]

Ain't no shootin' out this vehicle, bitch, I ain't into that  
The suckers sent some shots at me, on Jesus, nigga sent 'em back  
We tend to black  
Gotta take 'em off, we take this rental back  
We got the drop, then we gon' sit on that until he spin it back  
Ten a dome, that's all he good at, I put my nigga on  
He Jesus signin', strip his bitch ass and send that nigga home  
Better not let them niggas show up here, 'cause we don't get along  
Got on a homie, bet we did a skit before we did a song  
We in the streets, whenever I'm in the city, I'm in the East  
Forever East, Ru Gang, nigga, forever bang the P  
Real, man, some niggas is strange and they ain't gang to me  
Niggas do that high power woofin', ain't did a thing to me  
Pull up on suckers and watch 'em go the other way  
Caught him loafin' just the other day, I'm so gutter K  
On my brother grave, diss his names until I see his face  
Screamin' free my brother Brazy Dave until he beat his case, nigga  
Know I got it on me if you see me lonely  
Big black .40, same color as that nigga Kony  
Ten what it's holdin'  
Lemon squeeze, aim it at your homie  
Shout out ones before me  
I'm the nigga now, just so y'all know it, yeah  
Real nigga and I'm standin' on it  
Cuttin' niggas off the team, nigga, I been plannin' on it  
How you a shooter, nigga? You ain't even had opponents  
Spin somethin', send thirty shots like, "Pussy nigga, hold this"  
Out of the gang, I'm the coldest, on my mama's oldest  
I put my neighborhood on and put it on my shoulders  
Besides the city, they ain't know the symbols way before this  
And we ain't goin' shoulders, word to all my semi toters  
Twin Mozy, Mozy Twin, y'all already knowin'  
Gangland can't get in if Celly Ru ain't goin'  
We was really funkin', didn't contribute so you didn't notice  
Suckers in the Backwood if they ask me what I'm smokin'  
Ru Gotti, few bodies, left your homie dead  
Fuck the homie, he been rollin' over, talkin' to the feds  
Cannon on me, hammer on me, ride with contraband  
Glad he dead, but I hate to say that I ain't pop your man

All them drive-bys we ain't do, bitch, we be walkin' in  
Park the whip, when he drive by, we gon' park his shit  
Keep talkin', bitch, we gon' air him out, fuck all that arguing  
You just got it painted, bitch, we know what kind of car you in  
G-O-D, you ain't got no bodies with your bitch ass  
Your brother dead, bitch, and you keep talkin' 'bout a shitbag  
We don't never see you when we slidin' where you been at  
I can't wait until the day you die and say I did that  
Lay-up range, cherry pickin', hella close shots  
Hundred rounds on it, feelin' like it's never gon' stop  
Homies woofin', speakin' down because I stay four  
Friendly fire, hit his ass up with that AR  
Got it on me, keep a yeeky when I roll around  
Bitch mad, now she throwin' shots and she couldn't hold it down  
Fake nigga show up to my show, act like my homie now  
Tryna keep the snakes out of my lawn, I gotta mow it down  
Had to throw the thing inside the pond, we knocked your homie down  
Twenty-twos when we was young, got nothin' less than .40 cal  
Ru Gotti keep talkin' 'bout bodies, I'm just showin' out  
And I'ma have to die behind this shit 'cause I ain't goin' out  
(And I'ma have to die behind this shit 'cause I ain't goin' out)

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