

Break the Bitch Down

Kevin Gates

I'ma break that bitch down
Met her out in town
Got her on tequila
Made her turn her ass 'round
I'ma break that bitch down
Down, down, down, down, down, down
I'ma break that bitch down
Down, down, down, down, down, down
I'ma break that bitch down

Pull up in the car
Then let up the arms, suicide doors
I'm married to the game, never gettin' a divorce
Get in, baby this a coupe, ain't no room to fit your friend in
Red bottom, whatever, your Christian, who is 'Boutin?
Kinda new to boutiques and I don't do the salons
Swag kinda simple, I'm cute in Louis Vuitton
I'm headed to the 'telly, I wanna see you perform
No hood on the car, workin' on your vocals
Threesome after drinkin', grab a condom, we in motion
Break your bitch down, leave her sleepin' on the sofa
In the kitchen, broke a brick down, she ain't even know it

Out of town for the weekend, accompanied by three friends
I'm supplyin' all y'all drinks then
Vacationin' from work, end up takin' time off
Had to break up with her guy and feel like all men are dogs
Tequila kickin' as we talk and we talk
If she ain't feelin' it, she would've been walkin' off
I'm about to 'scape away, she don't leave
All I did was ask Sabatha, she won't eat
Hotel room vacant, alone, she don't sleep
Clothes off, on the sheets, provided we underneath
Hollerin' in between, I don't get tired
But wonderin' why you sleep

Opposite of normal
I'ma get her number, be a week before I call her
I can see the future and I'm just bein' honest
What I gotta do? I ain't tryna meet your mama
I'ma get her loose, then I slang her this iguana
Actin' like she don't but I know she really wanna
Break the bitch down if she ask of my karma
Won't pick up the phone, make her turn into a stalker
Put her out the car, don't perform and you're walkin'
You was actin' bad, buy the part, don't be heartless
You are not a star to a king and regardless
You don't have a car and a section 8 apartment