Complaining

Kevin Gates

Sweetheart, let me make you understand something These bitch always gonna have a problem with you For one you bad as a motherfucker For two, your nigga have money

Keke and Te-te got Dre-dre and Ri-ri My theme song on repeat, Mesha she a rider Throwing dick inside her No Baby Phat no BeBe Isabel Marant, Emilio Pucci, Christian Louis Vuitton Sara operated careless Mouth on me she do it raw Tonya get on top of me, probably while blowing strong Excuse me, I meant to say A+ Fuck up her hair and makeup And her feet she go to sleep And when I leave she don't wake up

When I walk in with that bag She know it's gon' be raining Spending all that paper, it's a damn shame ain't it? My little mama bad Outfit look likes it's painted When I threw that money up them hoes fainted (Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining, I buy her what she wan t in New York, an understanding Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining, my ho ain't complaining g)

Cocaine Aston Martin, I just bought that (I been scared to drive it) I be over an Audi probably ask me how the fuck you buy it Pull into the club with a bag full of bands (Scurr) and a Maserati Pants sagging, got it raining, her body painted All the bitches turn they nose up, no my ho she's not complaining Spend a night with me vacation taken never make it famous Head back to my trap, pull up in that Mercedes Say she feel it in her stomach, grip her waist, she making faces

Ice melting, champagne bottles, white sand around me, pay to watch he
r
Bad bitches in two-pieces your dame out here wanna mingle
I stay grinding, I can't stop it need eight collars my strap on me no
seat-belt
Make it spray, M-I-A, yeah he felt it
Big nuts with a lot of heart and a foreign car with a foreign cord
No rest and relaxation all my key partners say all in order
Back to jail with this pistol then that might make me a foreign star