

# Counting On Ya

Kevin Gates

I mean, whattup?

I mean

A lot is countin' on ya

Your women sidin' with ya partners, why they plottin' on ya?

We might never understand, no one's there to hold your hand

Even heaven would agree sometimes, how this road gets

Losin' focus

Can't depend on them, why do they depend on me?

They was all I had, I mean what made 'em go pretend on me?

Spirit of the sermon, discernin' moments I see shit

Can't look me in the eyes then it's somethin' you don't agree with

Perhaps I'm too quick off the draw from how I deal with altercations

From where gangsters only talk cocaine, it ain't no other language

Awkward interviews discussin' my inner views on life itself

Figure me pretentious, evading mischief by writing hymns

Labels shown interest, no showers are showin' interest

Both old ladies show resentment, resented my show of interest

Moved out from my momma detached garage and a small apartment

Shut the door or shut the fuck up, we fussin', we always arguin',

It sucks we always arguin', but she started it

Moms believe, I grew up on the farm with no understandin'

Kevin's stupid, tell him anything, he won't understand it

Stupid ass Kevin, anything, he won't understand it

Stolen cars, open charges, matchin' blunts blowin' each other charges

Summer '08 me and Menance in a Daytona charger

Club exquisite, nigga know the business, pull off in the front

Ain't no VIP, got nook in front, pockets got the mumps

Money come in clumps, what I clutch might knock out your lung

Keep that on the tuck, it go kkk if you uh

Got two people livin' in me, one the realest one a killer

Luca Brasi, he a sinner, Kevin trynna be a Christian

Seems life is less fulfilling when livin' is unattended

Performin' rituals to whatever God that'll listen

Had a lot of prayers answered, ain't had to sit in no buildin'

Run your flap, get your bap for a package, I'm in the buildin'