

Die Bout It

Kevin Gates

Til' the paddywagon pull up and cuff us
My pants saggin', I'm double cup
Southside, hustle inside, hustle outside, I don't give a fuck
I might beam ya up, you won't get it up
You wanna shoot dice, we could do somethin'
In the club with like 30 bands, going hard til' like 2 somethin'
Go live on em, hit vibes on em
Niggas lie bout it, I'm fly on em
My lil' niggas, on my corner, they rap too, they trap too
Pull up broad day, you know the raw way
With the rod play, bap-ap you
Lil' Mocha said and Dearcy, Beeto and Brian just called me
Uptown Beezy, lil' Jeremy nook in my brother sprite no talkin'
Bring yappas out, pass by your house, December feelin' like August
Pullin' up on murder street, my uncles clutchin' revolvers
Hear anything about Hollis Green, you play with that, I'm gon' off ya
20 years in, rap hustlin', got in the game I'm hawkin'
Audemars, I'm ballin', bitch you love, I'm doggin'
Last old lady, took my feelings like Soulja Slim, no fallin'
She thinking she special, paid her, told her get to stepping, retawdid'!

I ain't got shit to do but cook like I was from Virginia
These niggas lyin' in they rhymes, you could stop pretending
My pants saggin' in this bitch, don't give a fuck who feel me
And if you disrespect me nigga, you gon' have to kill me
Bitch, I'mma die bout it
Nigga, I'mma die bout it
I'm from where niggas get it on
We don't cry bout it
You say a nigga disrespect you, nigga ride bout it
I know some pussy niggas scared, probably hide bout it

Faggot throwing water at the event at my show
Catch him on the rebound I wanna see if could catch what I throw
Look 20, bands, 30, bands, 40, bands, 50, bands
Get 'em captured, get 'em splattered
All in traffic, bout that action
Yea it's, up there, up there, up there
Did a, shut up, give a, fuck there
We'll come up there
Niggas from where I come up at
Taught to up that
Shoot to kill, don't discuss that
Done that, fuck that, fuck that, fuck that
Breath easy, this street sweeper go "Hree-hree!"
And delete people
Taking pictures all in front my car, is like dick-puller, I mean meat-beater
I met your mom, you had a good life
I fuck with your dawg, I don't fuck with you
As soon as that nigga went to jail you start doin' shit that a busta do
You don't know how to keep it street, reason why?
You not a street nigga
My uncle, mama, grandmother, thuggin'
Grew up in the street, real street nigga
Not a local rapper in your own city, boy you look disgusting
You lil' ugly, black, dirty, dusty, dingy
Pockets empty, mouth look like a place a toothbrush never entered

Young Get 'Em!

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Me and Stroke by myself, you know we in a black coupe thang, you heard me?
Me and Stroke down there thuggin' by ourself
You know we just, yeah all in that bitch, retawdid
You know, nigga ain't tell us nothin', you heard me?
You know every time I see that lil' bitch, he don't move by himself
He got a whole lil' entourage and shit you heard me?
That's a sign of weakness
You know a real 'vic will sit back, and look a nigga just like weakness
I ain't takin' no diss shots at no nigga man, I'm just statin' them facts yo
u heard me
Nigga ain't kept it street, I spoke about it, nigga caught feelings like a b
itch would do, you heard me?
So, I just know that when you do a bitch, you just yeah
Look, go do what you want to, you's a renegade ho
The worst thing you can give any nigga or bitch is rejection
You know hoes love attention
You ain't got to have a pussy to be a ho
A ho is somebody that just want attention from another man
They got a lot of hoes with dicks, outchea
Right now, you know me keep that thang all the way street
You know I be listening at these niggas talk
Mane you ain't gangsta, you ain't gutta, you ain't grimy, you ain't shinin',
you ain't grindin'
Look I'mma leave that there what it is
Look, B.W.A
Kevin Gates For President
All the way retawdid'!