

Get Em

Kevin Gates

Niggas looking like they mad
What he sayin though
Won't use my hands, I'ma let them rubberbands go
New bitch and she bad though, my ex a sad ho
Fall off in the club, pants saggin' smokin bad dough
Mad dog, I'ma grind full time, I can't slow up
Fifty grand with the lean, all eyes on me, I can't pour up
Michael Jackson bad, all these hoes calling me thriller
Got a nickname in my section and you might know me as "Get Em"
Cause I get 'em

Pockets lookin' like munchkins
Her booty lookin' like pumpkins
Got a toolie on me, I'm thuggin
Wanna' do me something, it's nothing
This one goes to those who live illegal all day
Hustle sun up to sun up, tryna' get it always
I'm a grinder, shots fired
Big, I miss ya, this shit different, hold up lighters
Infiniti truck see me
Not much eatin, but fuck sleepin
That nigga a fuck boy, gun touch people, not much either
Outside with the loud mouth, nigga broke your jaw, you fouled out
Roundabouts, don't fuck with me, if they fuck with me, then it's "blaow blao
w!"
Jean jacket, with the Timbs on, got tattoos on my neck
Nobody needs nobody, now I say cut the check

I'ma lean in, throw left jabs
Side step, with the left hook
Right hand, lead, like Ali
I'm a shit talker that read books
Plain Jane, my best look
Ain't complaining bout my left foot
Fifteen cavities, yeah this team in back of me
That'll be fixed when the song over
Syrup faucet, just got cut off
Nigga been sippin strong doses
Club soda, doctor visits
Sent soldiers on mobster missions
Thinkin my condition, top condition
Feel the world should move for me
They ain't got no cure for me
Bitch say ain't no pull for me
All I seen in real vibrant colors
Stand for nothin, you'll die for somethin
Terrance Hines just went to jail
The good Lord sat him down for something
Reason being, we'll never know
I made money, I sacrificed
They say, lifes a gamble, for example, ride or dice