

# I Love It

Kevin Gates

I love it, I love it, I love it  
I swear that I love it  
Not to be cocky but they do it all tryna win  
Middle finger right up, big smile on my face  
I don't get impressed by too much  
I'm gon' keep it real, keep it real  
I love it, I love it, I love it  
I swear that I love it

150 dollars for a haircut  
Remember bein' broke and I ain't had much  
Fresh kicks, no whip, hard to add up  
Got on my grind, I'ma pray they have them bad luck  
Balenciaga, Margielas  
Bread winners set a world record  
I took my team to the 'chip  
Bought us all some new whips, to the death you forever fly  
Think what you want, we in the sky  
Boarded a plane we know why  
I'm not endorsing getting high  
She like when I'm stressin', it give me body  
New coupe, matte black, peanut butter guts  
Porsche truck, BM, she the runner up  
You ain't gotta say a thing when you live your dreams  
Crack a smile, mess around, blind everything

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I could never let 'em turn my momma lights off  
Do whatever to survive, need it right now  
We the ones pretty girls used to turn down  
Now I got a nigga sweatin' all up in her mouth  
And they jumpin' through a hoop, doin' backflips  
And they say they get aroused by my accent  
Interstate, go and get it, comin' back with it  
Booty club, cuttin' up, throwin' racks in it  
Throw it back, get it  
In the club turnin' up, throw it back get it, get it, get it  
Throw, throw, throw, throw it back, get it  
Told my sister we okay, what you worried bout?  
Kevin Gates, I'm the one you prolly heard about  
Get a couple years, bounce back from the pen  
I'd do it all again for my kids, they the world now  
They the world now  
Get a couple years, bounce back from the pen  
I'd do it all again for my kids, they the world now  
They the world now  
I say I'm turnt up in this bitch (?) right now  
And I don't know how to turn down

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Emotions on my sleeve, I can't even lie  
Copin' with depression, I don't even try  
Not to mention bad denim with some women  
Tend to get all in my feelin's, even contemplated suicide  
Deep secret, keep it in-between you and I  
Late night text message, baby you reply  
You ain't sleep yet? Baby I don't get tired  
Who would have thought I was a snorter and I hit a line  
Who would have thought I was a snorter and I hit a line