

IDGAF

Kevin Gates

As a wise man that think if I possess the game in my mind
The reason I wear shades you can't see the pain in my eyes

In the rain storm in the blizzard, expressing all of my feelings
Pause, never took me serious, naw, mama never wanna listen
Stomach hurting my pockets empty how dare a nigga wanna tempt me
In the dark room all prayed out, I ain't never sat in no Bentley
Hustle hard in the alley way by Ms. Cita house I'm getting it
Wrecked my car Chris laughed at me, like I ain't supposed to remember
Wish Wig was still living, wish Shrimp was still living
Wish Joe was still living
Look at Chris how he tripping
Young troll just hit the phone
But he don't keep it a thousand
Ray Vicks just jacked him, and he ain't even see bout that
Now he telling me 'bout that
Seem to me he ain't 'bout that, nigga let me get a thrill juice
You don't have it now, but you gone have it later
My face card worth a hundred bands
Game recognize game baby, my lil brother lil Terrance Hines
I'd die for him and go to war behind him
Real niggas, all around me, bitch niggas ain't round me
Talkin Massachusetts exclusive, somebody bring it back
Cocaine made me smile but I cried
Ain't think my team a rat
Stroke know I love em
But nigga around could say fuck me
How that go when I fuck with nigga, ain't nobody gone fuck with em
In the neighborhood that I grew up in
They call it the southside, everybody house overcrowded
Forcing them to hang outside, my lil cousin Corey, hustle hard in fruits town
On the boulevard with the roof open like damn Ced what I do now
Me and Bees and Rodney, ice cup and it's muddy
You don't like me then fuck you
Probably dap me off and say fuck me
God forgive me next nigga play with me
I'll probably kill they mother
Make the funeral you in trouble
A lot of guns out and they bustin'
Pussy rapper talking shit on Twitter
But out in public it's nothing
Discussion had and I bump em
If looks could kill, I would've been dead
Bitch I'm with give real head
But I don't trust her that much
Let me slip and go back to jail
Watch how many niggas she fuck
Let me slip and go back to jail
Watch how many niggas she fuck

Niggas all on my dick (zip)
Bitches all on my dick (zip)
Only God know my struggle
Had it hard so I hustle
Don't fuck with none of you niggas
Don't trust none of you niggas

Run up on me nigga I'm with it
Put a slug in one of you niggas
Only God know my struggle
Had it hard so I hustle
And Everybody round me say
I don't give a fuck a bout nothin, nothin, nothin, nothin, nothin, nothin
I don't give a fuck about nothin

Most likely I'm too intelligent
They say cuts heal, not much here
You forget about it or you get around it
Can't forget about it, then you kill about it
I'm a ordained street minister
Read the bible, but a finish ya
Still have trouble with letting go
That ain't my ho, I just thought it was
My friends laughed when I kissed on her
Shoulda pulled my dick out and pissed on em
My family on fire wouldn't piss on em
Cold world, don't quit on me
Grind hard, get rich on em
Whatever you do just stack paper
My lil cousin Chief just called my phone, and I'm like what's the problem
"Heard about Lil Mocha? Nigga tried him and Lil Mocha shot him"
Bitch I'm going hard
It ain't no stopping, do that for the bottom
Everybody watching, Gates a great and he just made it out
Everything I make from profit
God I promise, I'll invest in houses
Just give me another chance at life
Put me back in bounce
Went to jail, already had my strips
Ain't no backing down
Shawty Spit Stacckz was in the cell with me
I'm laughing loud
This for all of you that hated
Panamaras backing out