

La Familia

Kevin Gates

Man I swear to god I got some niggas out there in the street so loyal it don
't make no fucking sense

That my nigga I call'em Blocka
That my bitch I call her Betty Crocker
That my brother I call him hundred
La Familia and I put that on my momma
That my nigga I call'em Blocka
That my bitch I call her Betty Crocker
That my brother I call him hundred
And I put that on my momma

Real nigga in the game, I know how to maintain
Rap and hustle, sell coke, bitch says the same thang
Counting money like Shawn, big money like Dawn
Shout-out to my nigga Don Juan, gotta grip the bag with 2 arms
Got the weed coming by the acres
Look like I robbed 2 farms
Jamaican cartel pull up, fat bwoy say wahh gwaan
I just hit'em like whaaaah
Still be going dumb
Mouth full platinum bitches asking where I'm from
Diamonds grill just like Master P my mouth be saying ughhh
16 2s 52 2s thats four bricks on a scale
And between me and you I just got out of jail
Took my lick I ain't tell, and I know you wish you could be here

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That my bitch I call her Betty Crocker
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Real nigga in the game, streets say the same thang
And if I get caught again, I'm going to the chain gang
Not afraid to take losses, gold mouth dawg we bosses
Trying to clip, ohh its gon cost ya
You gon have to come take it off me
Whipped out in the foreign with a bad bitch named Lauren
Say she use to live in California
She don't speak English and she foreign
Say her Ex boyfriend boring
Wanna drug dealer who important
Slanging dope dick I'm retarded
Finger licking chicken in the trap house
Know they love me in the neighborhood
I ain't gotta hustle with the strap out
Ion care what niggas rap about, I ain't rap about what they rap about
I'm the nigga they rap about
Murders getting reenact out
Kicking rocks in the crack drought
Up the gat I ain't back down

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