

Narco Trafficante

Kevin Gates

Yo me llamo Luca Brasi
Ughh
Yo mato por nada
Yo tengo muchas pistolas, cabron
Yo tengo cocaina, marijuana, y lo que tu necessita
Numeros bueno
If you having trouble translating what the fuck I just said, go get Rosetta
Stone
Putta, pendejo

Passionate about crack sales, people wonder if I have a cracked head
See OG and freelow, don't ever call em no crack head
Brap brap, cracked legs, broke ribs, cracked head
Me cleavin' to the white meat, cracked eggs
Pots, pans, still objects, non-stick, district court
Nonsense child support, tryna settle things outta court
Luca brasi a mobster, chill get thrown in ya collarbone
Broken nose and a collarbone, neck look like a xylophone
Sick a being bothered pussy artist you can blast off
When I was broke I was a joke, I couldn't die far
Wrong number, call a bitch, I get the dial tone
Now my dipping game away from getting smiled Cheeks, cheeks, or should I say
no teeth
Been on the streets for 14 months and I ain't miss a beat
White girl wasted, a couple want me to cuddle
Need them bills to pay her bill, she love my lil' brother Chuckie
Booty club transaction in traffic saying they love it
OG car moving blocks boxing impuddle
Down sag hood, out the hood I suffer concussions
Why receive a past protection, no fumble, touchdown, or nothin, go

Bitch I run the streets, don't talk to police
Say what's my name perdon mi no habla ingles
Bitch I run the streets, mi no talk to police
Say what's my name perdon mi no habla ingles
Narco trafficante, narco trafficante
Ti quiero cocaina mi familia es mi hombre
Narco trafficante, narco trafficante
Te quiero cocaina mi familia es mi hombre

I know I'm the shit like my shit don't have a stench
And all my hoes are ratchet like I don't have a wrench
And all my hoes are in the game like I don't have a bench
And they gimme so much brain, them hoes don't make no sense
And my white girl in the kitchen work her wrist like Rachel Ray
I don't see no black and white, I see 50 shades of grey, yeah
Cocaine and jail, bars story of my life
I got 11 in the car, I hope amigo wrapped 'em right
I don't want these nigga's bitches so I'mma give 'em back to 'em
But they mouth game exclusive, I'm startin' to get attached to 'em
Bitches on my dick, I got to ask 'em where my dick is
Shout out to my girlfriend, act like you ain't catch it
Benz truck, I'm loving it, I love it so much I fuck in it
Am I tripping or is her pussy talkin', I swear it just told me to nut in it
Her pussy so tight I'm stuck in it, feel like she still sucking it
I beat it until it young bleed like her, nigga what in it

Bitch I'm fresh up off my grind like a skateboard in this prime
Don't skateboard why lie, couldn't skateboard if I tried
I like trap houses and kitchens and love to fuck with prescriptions
Got a bad bitch and she [?], you'd prolly guess she a stripper
She kinda tall, got a long weave, her thighs thick and she slender
She play men but she really sweet, got pretty teeth and she tender
My mother's Puerto Rican with pistols, illegal tender
I ain't pussy like the son of the one on illegal tender
Gason Donald bitch you play Willy Cooley I get you injured
Went to school, too busy focused on pigeons, we got suspended
Boyfriend ugly, girl I'm too cute to be going duffy
Keep that hifey shit from around me in public, could lead to scufflin'
Free zoah li jamalo while in the Roco republic
Still I thrive in the gutter, missing lives in the jungle
Pair of cleates dirty feet had to improvise when I'm probably
Boobly bumpy on a muscle, can't go aside from the hustle, no