

# 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  
Put a, 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