

# One Thing

Kevin Gates

Baby hit this weed because it might calm you down  
I rub your feet listenin' to everything you talkin' bout  
Straight out the streets, I'm grimy  
I talk, my diamonds shiny  
Don't mean to be too aggressive baby  
I go to war with God behind you  
One thing I really love is makin' love to the pussy  
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No stress hit off the chest, God I made it, I'm off of paper  
Certificate of completion, I felt like I graduated  
Enough about that, I ain't come for that  
I came to comfort pussy drippin' through your draws  
What I mean need to be punctured  
I'm gutter, make love crazy back to the hustle  
In the mirror makin' faces, I'm killin' ya from the back  
Stuffin' dick in your slow, tryna rip the track from your scalp  
Phone ring, bitch you know you can't answer  
You call 'em back

I say I'm sicker than you, I got more bitches than you  
And I can buy a murder charge cause my digits, they grew  
I say I'm sicker than you, I got more bitches than you  
And I can buy a murder charge cause my digits, they grew

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Round two let's get it, cut up you know I'm with it  
I'm out my mind, I don't get tired, hold up bae it ain't no quittin'  
Hold the back of my head with my tongue in your ass, ain't no ho you trippin'  
,  
Spit drippin' down the crack of your ass, watch the liquid drip all in you k  
itty  
Show me you love me  
Get on top while I'm suckin' your titties you owe me  
Slow motion, you move it around while you do it  
Don't nobody know how we thuggin', you know it  
'Cept for the people you told me you told 'em  
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