

Sit Down

Kevin Gates

I'm bout to tell you some shit. I ain't never told nobody
You gon' see where the aggression come from
You gon' see where all the pain, all the hatred come from
You gon' see where all the betrayal come from
Nigga get the dough nigga, fuck
(I don't get tired)

Fuck a meeting we about to have a sit down
Wrap the phone up in plastic and stick it in the fridge
They know where we are, but they don't know what we did
Anything bout a mix-up, murder getting sent
Gotta speak in code when you talking on the phone
Sticking to the code, they'll listen to the song
I told my team about manifestation
People are basic they thought I was crazy
Ball with the witchcraft, study every night
Philosopher's Stone, I perform another rite
Rite meaning ritual, created dry ice
Hid in plain sight wear the suit and tie nice
Mason mean more than a brick layer
Salmonella moving chicken got my chick paid
Poison that was giving, distributed in the streets
Find another way to eat, I'mma quit slanging
Bread Winner gang made niggas quit hanging
Other side hate it when a nigga bang money
Thumbing through the law books (And he know the law?)
Sent a hit in Baton Rouge (And he getting off?)
Third-eye focused (Wonder what he saw?)
Power in the tongue (Bullets in your car)
You ain't want it, had it on you, tried to pull it but you lost
War never knew mercy
Our Lady of the Lake won't receive you with open arms
You in yellow tape
Manuchi going stupid, he'll do it everyday
Talking bout leaving your grandmother, and will do it in your face
Shitting in the jack nigga you got do-do in your face
What you doing? Don't you know it ain't no doing it with Gates?
Peculiar, oolier, noodle your grape
Lot of days spent in the cage, wasn't what you think
Washing clothes with the toilet water, drinking out the sink
Hard mat hurt your back when it's no option
Everybody boxed in, trying to release toxins

Fuck a meeting we about to have a sit down
Not a part of this, pussy nigga can't sit 'round
Bread Winner business, model bitches getting dicked down
Get the phone back when they finish, get em' kicked out
All in favor for a favor for a favor
Any other matter we gon' bring it to the table
Organization gotta have communication
Full participation, Bread Winner's in the making
Fuck a meeting we about to have a sit down
Got the bread and basket then we split it with the clique now
Bought a share together people feel like we the shit now
Passing through your section I ain't showing no affection to a nigga or a bitch
Take a whiff no you sick now

Syrup, drinking out the bottle how I sip now
Ride around the bottom with the tint down
I'm a shooter, got a pistol with the dick out
True story, what I rap about I lived out
That's why I got a pistol with the dick out

Fucked up feeling when you get it from the gutter
Be the people in your own hood steady saying fuck ya
Way a nigga living when you see me in the picture difficult to tell the difference in the season when I'm thugging
Heart cold, long nose, stumping through the jungle
Automatic that I'm packing, wearing jackets in the summer
Body being healed, having trouble with my left foot
Learned how to fight different, caught him with the left hook
Really pushing D, with the clip, cooking Ki's
Many probably agree, on TV was the best look
Anticipated launch or a lift-off
Metaphor, going opposite of dick-soft
Mind on the ticket, out the mud seen Nicki album cover would make the dick spit, but it's still soft
Get out my cell when I shit, get lost
I'll punch a nigga down when I'm pissed off
Wanna wrestle, had to put him in a hip-toss
Lot of rap niggas backwards, Kris-Kross
Guess I never had swag
Pants tight on your ass, matter fact while you at it, put on lip gloss
Mind rambling, I guess it kinda slipped off
When Drake and Rihanna's song "Take Care" playing tears running down my face
I ain't playing, miss laying with my bitch having real-talks
Laying in her lap with her fingers in my scalp, get to rubbing on my back till I drift off (sleep)
Affection ain't cheap, coming with cost
Paying all the bills when the rent call
Fucking with a NFL player when his check long
Running back as if a running-back
Hard to stomach that you let him fuck for nothing when you find out that the check gone (check gone)
Found a ex-NBA player knowing that's wrong
Un-loyal you get slaughtered you get stepped on
Who your baby daddy? Picked me but you guessed wrong
Your mother mad cause she couldn't pawn me
Got it from the concrete
Will stand up in your chest under everybody
What you witnessing me getting richer failed to mention that I'm winning
Same nigga that you slept on