

Wysin'

Kevin Gates

See me flash on TV channels (Never throw the towel in)
People passing, keep harassing (Asking what my style is)
Just go grab some rubber-bands and watch this money pile in
Got two freaks that's super nasty, everybody's wysin'
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Jump the brick the 55, Luca Brasi in rack mode
Drove a bucket, went from a Cutlass, to slamming Lac' doors
Shoes dusty, smell a little musty, I'm dressing bummy
Sad but touching, now when I'm shopping everything on the rack
gone
Shawty here in front me, and she ain't much got a back bone
In two different lanes, live everything in my rap songs
Chat with other rappers and not too many done handled
They talented, for example, and more than half ain't done clapp
ed chrome
Get your flap gone, for slipping, moving your flap wrong
All day I dream about stacks, bricks with stamps on
Trap-phone, Boost Mobile chirp alert with the gat on
On-side of me as if into pornography with a strap-on

Never throw the towel
Women steady gettin' wild
Cashmere ostrich interior, ? on the ground
While my head is in the clouds, blowing loud by the pound
Eatin' crab cakes with your main line, in my hood it's goin' do
wn
All they know is Kevin Gates
I wish you would get in the way
Through my section Willie Harry, with a weapon in my waist
My lil' Juvie jumpin' rope, before I left and did a bid
Used to watch her while I hustled, she would sing with her lil'
friends
They like "See that house on top of that hill, that's just wher
e my boyfriend live"
That Phantom and that Corvette his, his watch cost a few mortga
ges
If you don't know what a Corvette is, I can show you what retaw
did' is
Free Lee Lucas, clutching rulers, no solution, hard to kill