

## Facts

Kevin Gates

(It recordin'?)  
(Yes Lord)  
(Daytrip took it to ten)

Look, facts  
If you got a problem, I'm pullin' up  
Strap  
Big booty bitch and I'm pullin' off  
Tracks  
I play with them words, I play with them birds  
I'm really that  
I'm statin' them facts, facts, facts, facts, facts

When I'm in the kitchen, no water whippin'  
Yeah, yeah, I used to trap  
I threw a brick like Jordyn Woods  
I cut a zip off, but right before that  
Make up what I'm servin', wrist go to work  
And got us some surgery, cut off the fat  
I play with them words, I play with them birds  
Yeah, yeah, I'm really that

Clutchin' the raw when I had a warrant  
Increasing my bond, was fighting two hits  
My new A&R threw me on the cross with a couple of rappers  
Manoeuvred through that  
My other lil' partner want 200 P's of the pressure  
I'm on and I got a new batch  
A lot of these niggas be hatin' on gangsta  
But I'm presidential, I'm statin' them facts

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Ooh  
These niggas be watchin', these women be plottin'  
I'm statin' them facts, ooh  
Everybody fake nowadays, these niggas be rats, ooh  
I see you in public, you knowin' what up  
I ain't givin' you dap, ooh  
I'm statin' facts, facts, facts, facts, facts

Look  
Camouflage dresser, see a hater  
Side-step him, bitch bad  
Body sexy, private jettin', jewellery heavy  
Send it at me, you better be careful  
I know how to get through the metal detector  
My money I'll slam on a bitch nigga value  
You guessin', I guess you ain't knowin' no better  
I'm flexin', I ain't really showin' no cheddar

I take a lil' flick with a chick, I ain't throwin' no dick  
And they thinkin' we goin' together  
I'm overseas on a trip, not a internet nigga  
Just let 'em be hoes together  
I'm a big speaker, you know I'm the reverend  
Preach to the streets and we got it for cheap  
All this ice in my teeth and the gold on the bezel

I'm statin' them facts  
Eight quarter tickets  
I sprint through my digits  
Every time redid a two million in racks  
I done fell off and I ran it back up in a matter of months  
Now I'm coolin', what's next?  
You ask me for money, act like I don't got it  
And then post a picture of me when I'm shoppin'  
Controllin' big money I got in my pocket  
I'll spend all your shit  
Just pretend I don't got it  
Ooh

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