

M.A.T.A

Kevin Gates

Luca Brasi

You know we 'posed to have life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness
For some reason, maybe it's just me, I don't feel like I have those rights
I'm in the buildin' right now
Hey, listen to me one minute
Hey, you know how this shit really 'posed to be goin'
Know what I'm sayin'?
What up?

Still got two phones, in the trenches, where the robbers at
Put a stamp on in the backroom, I want all of that
Bought it in the trap, bought a knife and a pie
I come from the same place, we still hustle when it's hot
Make America trap again
Make America trap again
Make America trap again
Make America trap again
Still connected with the plug, but we keep that on the low
I got it out the mud, goin' hard is all I know
Tryna make the trap great again, great again
Tryna make the trap great again, great again

I drop time on first time non-violent offenders
Drop the bricks to thirteen-five, right in the city
I drop the gas to a dollar three-five, I'm tryna get richer
Let the families from Mexico go be back with they children
Free Larry Hoover, Jeff Fort, they political prisoners
They treat the Muslims unfair, that's in all of the systems
They tryna break my nigga Ralo, tell the fam that we miss him
They put that panel against, you gotta stand on that witness
That's all the way

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Whatchu talkin' about when dude tried to rob me
I was solo, I ain't have no one 'round me
I go anywhere, I ain't got no boundaries
Election time, it was tight for Obama
Streets stalker, what, you upped the revolver?
What I did, bitch? I grabbed for the gun
You let off two times, one in the hip and back of my leg right under my ass
Bullet hit, breakin' the bone in half
Hospital two weeks and a half
After that I healed up in a cell
Prayin' to God when I was in jail
Going in black, they put you through hell

Holdin' you ransom, raisin' your bail
Throw you a sandwich, hot nigga, yeah
Yeah, I'm fully prepared

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