

# Shakin' Back

Kevin Gates

Rippa on the beat bitch  
Yeah, this how I'm livin'  
Two for thirty-five, I just come out the H  
Hit it with' Bolivia, Lil' Lidocaine

27 ounces, three.9 pieces I'm shakin' back  
My old hoe gon' fuck on Sunday, can't wait for that  
H town, no fentanyl, we dealin' that  
Rumors hit my top every minute, I'm built for that  
If I can pray there, I can stay there, I ain't scared of nothin'  
Your grandma stay there, you don't lay there  
Boy you scared to hustle  
Oh well, really, yeah I name ringing bells  
And my neighborhood supplier just got out the Feds

I'm pissin' clean for my P.O, I'ma livin' legend  
Straight out the clink  
Fuck every C.O who encountered Kevin  
White people showing love  
Niggas hating on me  
Say they got a cake baked and they waiting on me  
I went flat  
Had to scratch  
Woman skated on me  
I pray 5 times a day I had to talk to God  
In Chicago going hard without a body guard  
I'm in control and I'm controlling I'm a shot caller  
Couple rappers but they names I am not calling  
Y'all gotta pay up that their lease land lord  
If you don't pay up what you order I'm not stakeholder  
Rubber bands  
Coming in

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Say he broke the seal  
Can I put it back on feet  
And once he run it up he gonna put it back on me  
He tell me all these things and get mad if I don't agree  
Your habit is stronger than your hustle  
Your hustle I don't believe  
In jail I run into you know I go in there like lump  
Wheezy changed forum thought we would stay in touch  
[?] hit the line when he call me I'm finna come  
I'm jumping out the rari he think I don't gotta gun  
What's happening nigga?  
Keep you something, If you not  
I could take you uptown and reach you something by the spot  
I'm holding shop with shop gettin' held for me

You hanging by my trap but you ain't ever sell nothing

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