

Adding Up

Kevin Gates

My dog in this bitch (Luca Brasi)
My bad, dog (yeah)
Line 'em up, yeah (you know, man, I'm sorry)
Do it while I'm doin' my verse, fuck it
Then after that, we can do it, you know what up
Huh, yeah, record all this, fuck it

Oh, he say he thuggin', well that shit ain't addin' up (shit ain't addin' up)
I'ma keep on flexin' 'cause these niggas ain't man enough (I'm doin' it)
Bitch, I'm never goin' broke, shit, my money keed addin' up
I'ma keep on thumbin' through hundreds, I count money fast as fuck, uh

One mil', two mil', uh, I'ma keep addin' up
Three mil', four mil', uh, I'ma keep stackin' up
Five mil', six mil', uh, I'ma keep addin' up (add it up)
Seven mil', eight mil', uh, money keep addin' up (add it up)

Aye, pressure my motive (motive), I'm thumbin' through something, we blew out the motor
I jump in the bucket, dress up like a woman (come here bitch), I jump out and bust it in front of the Kroger
Tried to hold on to the holy approach, play for keeps, you gotta know it's a pproachin'
Hit a sweep, took a lot of my homies, couldn't sleep, Julio, he the closest
Brought the Range out, whippin' the rover, puttin' change out, nigga, you know it
Don't change now, I'ma stay focused, just notice, but try not to notice
Big load, bring a pack to the show, we back now, bringin' it back
Countin' good, my thinkin' intact, I'm hood, I perfected a craft
This means I can see through the glass, SS with a digital dash
With a turbo, goin' launch mode, doin' circles, still hittin' the gas
I signed for a brick and a half, touchdown to a milli in cash
I'm in the vet, I'm gettin' neck from a giraffe and I pray to God that we don't crash
Yeah, oh

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One mil', two mil', uh, I'ma keep addin' up (Gates, Gates)
Three mil', four mil', uh, I'ma keep stackin' up (add it up)
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Now we back talkin', got out my feelings, chalk nine, engine got reassembled (do you, Gates)
Glock 9, throwin' that in the blender, do I gotta mention I'm in the kitchen (I'm in this bitch)
Do I gotta mention, I don't deliver, ex-girlfriend, I don't remember (do you, Gates)
Ex-boyfriend, she don't consider, Goddamn, hm, I get the picture
Vacuum seal one, lower the ticket, vacuum seal numb, I'm 'bout to kill it

Get mad, bitch niggas ability, drop racks, offender a cynic
'Bout to sit down, talk with the city, free my big round, lower the sentence
Bigger bitch down, holdin' her titties, meanwhile, while controllin' the sea
ting
Need help now, loan you a penny, stayed down, would've gave you a ticket
Big feet, bitch, why is you trippin'? Don't get loud, talk with a whisper
When you see me, you know I be glistenin', lil sneak peak, you know I be lis
tenin'
Sound upset, why is you dissin'? I'ma tap something, make them come get you

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Say, Gates, what's happenin'?
The fuck, dog, I mean, you love this nigga, dog?
I just keep addin' up, dog, lemme show him
You know, I just keep addin' up, you know what I'm sayin'
What up, lemme show him, I'm, huh, I'm him
Wassup?
Luca Brasi