

BARS

Kevin Gates

They say you are what you eat
Outta my heart, grow forth the thought to breathe deep
And walk on this street, spark a dead leaf
Smoke like a chimney, coughin' in chief
Got it hard, playin' cards with the devil
Could've got caught, but the Lord never let 'em
Beat 'em at they own game, fought with the metal
Bloodshed and tears, toss in the letters
Another dead body, no talkin' to Kevin
I am what you call a survivor in the clutch
Grew up in the game, misguided by the trust
Respect somethin' you earned, got it with my nuts
Gotta get it with guns, only logical to bust
The monotony of bein' philosophical is just
It is what it is, take it and you live
Any disagreement, you will take it to the rib
No escape in the game, too caught in it
Tuck dope in my dreads under New York fitteds
Where the money move faster than New York City
Fuckin' women in Manhattan, suckin' New York titties
Got the cougars on my waist, the hook up on the way
The fakes evade Gates, scared to look him in the face
Lookin' out for Jakes, you get took without a trace
Fire under the body, then we push 'em in a lake
It was love, so I just wanted to be around him
Keep from bein' found, had to keep him underground
Name a rapper in the same state as me
That could eat off the plate with me, I got a full seat
I'm in the nosebleed right where the hoes be
Dick 'em down, kick 'em out soon as the door squeak
Many approach me actin' like they know me
Lick it from the bottom, mommy, put it in your throat, please