

By My Lonely

Kevin Gates

Killers in my hood, they know me by my first name
You know 'em by their work name, I know 'em by their birth name
Type of weight make a man stand on principle
Kill yourself but get your whole fam slammed on principle

I had to make a couple bands by my lonely (Lonely)
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f*ck nigga, I don't wanna be your homie (For real)

Yeah, Speaker Knockerz, I just ordered up, I got a hundred in
Keep the mop, watch how you talk to me, bitch, I'm not one of them
General for real, g-give a decree, the streets salute me
Sweaty sheets, jumpin' up outta my sleep, this how we gotta go eat
Safety pin apiece, cocaine resin stuck on the side of the scale
Watchin' the cameras
If you can deal with the smell, dealin' with paraphernal'
Weight in the pale, keepin' 'em off of the trail
Texture up under my nails
Storm comin', bond money, inevitable that you sit in a cell

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Sick and tired of my phone ringin', workin' that bitch, I'm takin' a
call (Hello)
Workin' with bricks, I'm drivin' a car, (Killer) got my body hard
Big ol' stepper with a rod, shop in the mall, no bodyguard
Heavy metal in my section, I'm controllin', I'm in charge
It's the heavily respected, I'll take a bitch to war
Bitch, I got steppers in my section, bodies on their firearms
Blow the clothes off your back, boom, boom, set off car alarms
C-C-Carbon with a drum, tiger, you no try to run
Give a f*ck 'bout your Chanel (I don't)
I'm tied in with the mayor (Achoo)
Go sit down, went to jail
I'm part of the cartel
I'm a Breadwinner don and we came up from nothin'
And we prayed off crumbs, I was raised in the slums

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