

Case Closed

Kevin Gates

I come from nothin', dick
I just want some money, you heard me?
I been up a week and a half for this shit, mane
I get bored fast
(Cito)

Been up a week and a half, sleepin' impaired
Still tryna get a sack
People upsettin' me bad, can't let it pass
Still tryna get him smashed
Keepin' it positive, while on the internet, laugh
Deep down, I wanna flash (Fuck him)
Already ran through a bunch of bands (I did)
Too far in, no turnin' back (Gotta have it)
Askin' my killers what's takin' so long
I don't remember this takin' so long (Too long)
Whole lot of tryin', can't take it no more
Already knowin' what need to be done
He used to tell me he loved me but turned to a hater
But that was like ages ago (More like years)
I want his face on the explore page of the Insta
But I want the case to be closed

What you know about standin' in kitchens?
Weighin' food on a digital digit
Dropped the fast lane, up in a blunder
Hit it with the yeah, turn on the blender
Hit the bitch again, spray it with vinegar
Drop it in the vice, then reassemble it
Do a pass-off, then we distribute it
Lil' boy, stand in the back of the line
I see your face again, you better be buyin' (What you want?)
Big general, I'm so sick and tired
Of leavin' my children I'm really supplyin'
Goin' to jail and jumpin' a bond
Catchin' them charges, then facin' time
When you keep it solid then pressure applied
Can't do no snitchin', but I was just mentionin' this
In case you felt like you had got tired

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Weighin' pale on a digital digit
Fishscale, let it drop in the pot
With a lil' bit of soda to go 'head and hit it
I'm usin' the same water from the boil
Drop in the Pyrex, stand on the business
What you know about physical fitness?
Jumpin' out the gym like it's a gymnast
Cool the water off, then let it stiffen
Paper towel, let it dry in a minute
What the business is? Really ridiculous
In the matchbox, pull up and get it
Put the lil', put the lil' bitch in a smoke mask
Two heads with a toe tag
The other really was the intended target
But that's how it go when it go bad
Jumpin' out with a book sack
Full of book, strapped with a Glock 40
Broke nigga, get your eyes off me
'Member back when we was pack noodles
Gettin' packs off, rockin' Bob Barker
Crack spot, holdin' crack in your ass
Want a gram, but he died for it
Your homeboy with the side talkin'
He passed by and rolled the window down
Let him pass back, I'll blow the window out
Pass mine, rolled the window down
Fuck it, pass back, I'll blow the window out

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Case to be closed