

# Chico

Kevin Gates

If mi carnales have a calling card  
My Zoro voodoo, we can go to war  
My Jamaican bring the reefer in  
Grabbing five, I can throw you ten

KD said that he don't want to sell to nobody  
Probably cause he don't want to tell on nobody  
You and them niggas ain't scaring nobody  
Just left Mississippi, they bout the grab it, you know how I'm  
acting  
Say there go shawty, we jump in the Maxima and she do the drivin  
ng  
I like to ride passenger  
Highway therapeutic  
I type in my phone while I listen to music  
Now we in Houston  
Fucking with broads and miniature Thompsons  
Did somebody shoot me?  
Breadwinner came, pull up in Bell Austin  
Promoters want posters that all of you know what I told em  
You know it's gone cost you, straight up

It's gone jive when they come recompress  
Break down, rebuild, repack, resend  
I'm just saying, what you mean what it is?  
Cameras on all TVs in the crib  
Yeen really this, I ain't that, what the fuck?  
Serve your chain up, get the thing in the club  
[?] off, call off, phone keep blowing up  
Street nigga Bread Winner sign, we throwing up  
Pounds in the kitchen on the floor in the bag  
Butcher knife, cutting through the blocks on the slab  
Newspaper on, get to shake [?]  
Country boy need 50 so I got to get him fast  
Four hundred 48 grams on the scale  
Money counter going dumb, I ain't tripping on the smell  
Say they really need it I can put it in the air  
Front door step if I put it in the mail