

Complaining

Kevin Gates

Sweetheart, let me make you understand something
These bitch always gonna have a problem with you
For one you bad as a motherfucker
For two, your nigga have money

Keke and Te-te got Dre-dre and Ri-ri
My theme song on repeat, Mesha she a rider
Throwing dick inside her
No Baby Phat no BeBe
Isabel Marant, Emilio Pucci, Christian Louis Vuitton
Sara operated careless
Mouth on me she do it raw
Tonya get on top of me, probably while blowing strong
Excuse me, I meant to say A+
Fuck up her hair and makeup
And her feet she go to sleep
And when I leave she don't wake up

When I walk in with that bag
She know it's gon' be raining
Spending all that paper, it's a damn shame ain't it?
My little mama bad
Outfit look likes it's painted
When I threw that money up them hoes fainted
(Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining
Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining
Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining, I buy her what she want in New York, an understanding
Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining, my ho ain't complaining)

Cocaine Aston Martin, I just bought that (I been scared to drive it)
I be over an Audi probably ask me how the fuck you buy it
Pull into the club with a bag full of bands (Scurr) and a Maserati
Pants sagging, got it raining, her body painted
All the bitches turn they nose up, no my ho she's not complaining
Spend a night with me vacation taken never make it famous
Head back to my trap, pull up in that Mercedes
Say she feel it in her stomach, grip her waist, she making faces

Ice melting, champagne bottles, white sand around me, pay to watch her
Bad bitches in two-pieces your dame out here wanna mingle
I stay grinding, I can't stop it need eight collars my strap on me no seat-belt
Make it spray, M-I-A, yeah he felt it
Big nuts with a lot of heart and a foreign car with a foreign cord
No rest and relaxation all my key partners say all in order
Back to jail with this pistol then that might make me a foreign star