

# Drive

Kevin Gates

Never made love outside in a car  
Eat dick, while I twist a cigar  
Young lady in the streets  
Don't know what you mean to me  
And a queen to this king, Yes you are  
But every time you're around me, baby  
Make love, I drive you crazy  
Ride smooth like a Mercedes  
And I'll fuck you like the bitch that you are

Come here boo give me kiss  
Taste your own pussy got to get it off my lip  
Spit it in your mouth  
Then ya spit it on my dick  
Six nine, six nine, we wobbling the headboard  
'Bout to put it in your life, what you scared of?  
Bend ya to the floor, they don't want it from a nigga (Uh ah!)  
Lick all in ya booty, got you runnin' from the lizard  
I got diamonds on my Momma  
Like the middle of December  
(Bling!)

First time I made it this cold  
I had to figure out the shiver  
Hate to be around too many  
I don't really like to kick it  
I don't fuck with other women  
Baby you don't really feel it  
When you tell me that you want it  
And a nigga don't deliver  
Hit 'em with some shit  
I know you feel it in your kidney  
Leave the ground or make a Plan B  
I know you don't really miss it  
Pull up to the trap  
I got a meet my brother, Mang (Mang!)

This stupid nigga out of line  
I put his feelings on the trigger  
(Aye!)

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I'm and O.G you can say that shit (What's that?!)  
Bitch I been knew you was a trick (Bitch!)  
Never did hate, get that cake (Get it!)  
Suck a nigga dick, look him in the face  
I don't give a fuck 'bout broke ass hoes (Fuck 'em)  
Real ass nigga, 'bout my doe (Ya!)  
'Cause a bitch wanna chase, get up in the race  
All my niggas still runnin' in the race (Uh, Ah!)

Slapped in the face, Bitch oh please!  
None of you bitches are winning this race  
Trust no hoe, just called your brother  
Bet you [?] [?] goddamn motherfucker  
Stupid ass hoes, trying to get a look  
Like ya fag shit, ya keep in ya hood  
This that shit, that's goin' pierce your guts (Damnn!)  
She knows what it is, and the bitch understood

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Home of the silence  
Souldier Slim, watch out bitch  
You better not say a word  
Slap on her ass three times, for the third  
Cut up in the kitchen, gettin digits for a pizza  
G-Gettin' to the biggest, with the [?] [?]  
Don't keep the bag orange  
Getting on a niggas nerve  
Squealin', squirming, I know what to do  
Yeah, pay attention when I told ya not to move  
Let me get my keys, I'm a fuck you in the coupe  
In the backyard sales still coming through (come on)  
I don't get tired, where you going? (come here)  
I ain't through (come here!)  
I'm a make you get on top  
And ride it while I'm driving  
I'm a keep the gas, all you got to do is [?]  
Eye contact hoe, let you know you got me  
Rest in peace Joe  
Yeah, young nigga wildin' (Whaat!?)  
Rest in peace Joe, yeah young nigga wildin' (Whaat!?)

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