

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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