Face Down

Kevin Gates

Damn, Chose, beat this [*beep*] up
She always tell me that she mad, then I touch her soul
She always tell me that we done and then she touch her toes
They always tell her she should leave, she tell 'em they don't know
She say she can't take no more and turn around and take some more

Face down, make-up sex (Make-up sex)
Dick so good, she ignore my texts (Know what's up)
And she show up on my steps, she like, "Where it's at?" (Like, what up?)
Tell her bend it over, I'm gon' break her back (Yeah, yeah)
Face down, make-up sex (Love the sex)
Choke her while I f*ck her, she in love with that (Love)
Grippin' on her waist, I make her bust it back, wind
She keep her face down, (Down) face down

I tell the truth, if that's a problem, go find you a yes man (Right)
Please don't blame me for the problems you had with the next man (Cleared fo
r departure)
Need to make up your mind 'fore the jet land
You know I'm fly, pass you by, ain't hard to get jetlag
Stuck in my ways, over the phone you talkin' sideways (Hello)
Up in my face, want me to park this dick in your driveway (Right)
Pullin' your hair, you callin' me, "Daddy," huh, know it's a cryin' shame
Sex too hard, show no remorse when you makin' that cryin' face (Yes, Lord)

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I bite your cheeks with my teeth, then [*kiss*] the top of your ass-
crack (Your ass-crack)
Bend you over, kiss the top of your shoulders, gettin' your ass smacked
I nibble the back of your neck and lick in your ear, you knowin' I'm here
Not too loud 'cause you got neighbors around, but I want 'em to hear
Bae, I love the face you makin' when I'm in your stomach in front of the mir
ror (Ayy)
And we had an argument, I'm solvin' it when I rip from the rear
I'll eat your clit out from behind, I crack a smile, a chandelier
You shot the text, applyin' pressure, Breadwinner atmosphere

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DJ Chose

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