

# Funny How

Kevin Gates

Yung Lan on the track  
That's how these hoes do, bro  
When shit don't go, man  
They gon' jump whatever dick jumpin' at the time, you heard me?

You know I find it funny how, you was actin' funny 'round me  
Wouldn't let me touch you, wow, think I'm disgustin'  
Know I probably wasn't gettin' enough money, ouch  
I had to buckle down  
You my motivation, you the reason why I hustle now  
You know I find it funny how, you not actin' funny now  
My name ringin' money, power, showin' off your body now  
Dancin' to my music, loud, every show you in the crowd  
Textin' me and tellin' me I'm daddy, want me to love you down

Bitch, I coulda been like Chance the Rapper  
Penitentiary chances, I took a chance at rappin'  
Black sheep of the family  
Everything I touched would turn to shit  
Nobody proud of me  
Consistently a f\*ck up like a black cloud was surrounding me  
Niggas I was loyal to, behind my back they clownin' me  
I was really diggin' this lil' bitch and she skipped out on me  
With this NFL nigga, she went out of town on me  
Shoutout to the disbelievers, 'preciate you for doubtin' me  
When that shit happened with this one, you went put that in the hood  
But they both know what's happenin' with me, I eat that p\*ssy good  
You exposed yourself and now it's shit you'll never know 'bout  
Come to the Chi, get outta line, you get your brains blown out

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You know I'm platinum, I got status on some hood shit  
You know I wish I could not see through all your bullshit  
You know I wish it could be us, we could good with it  
I done took off, a thousand miles past hood rich  
I ain't forget where I came from, we was in them trenches  
I can't forget all my day ones, know I miss you niggas  
You did me dirty, now I got you niggas in your feelings  
I'm in the booty club, throwin' money at the strippers  
Yeah-eah-eah  
I don't know how, I don't know how to turn down (Say look, it retarded)  
God sent me an angel when he sent me Dreka  
Held it down while in a drought, we made 'em all believers

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Ayy

Don't let me catch you niggas standin' there, uh  
I was 'posed to be your baby, I'm supposed to be your baby, huh