

# Glock Stay Cocked

Kevin Gates

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I put that on my life  
My hoe, my BG's in training  
Fleeing from the DT's  
My street getting strangled  
When I'm hungry gotta have it  
So the heaters don't go crazy  
You know Travis, that's my nigga  
You can miss me with that hating  
Knowing life ain't nothing easy  
So I keep one in the chamber  
Be with Beezy you know me  
You got a gangster  
Stole my quarter bird  
So I don't reason with you fakers  
Ran up on the D's  
And showed my teeth  
And got to banging  
My momma know I'm gutter  
My momma know I'm strapped  
She know I killed the kid  
In case they try to murder back  
She know Christina and Alicia  
Keep my dirty gats  
She know you take a shot at me  
I'm sending thirty back  
Gates on the muscle  
Got base for a customer  
Wait while I shuffle  
So my cake on the up and up  
I fuck with silent niggers  
Hoping that they tell the truth to me  
People pointing the finger  
Based on how a nigga used to be

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For my protection  
Imma squeeze the fifth  
Not just where my fingers at  
Niggers know my altercation  
Basic where I see it at  
Badger me with questions  
I don't answer that

Don't believe in that  
Claim that you supposed to know  
But ask me where I keep it in  
My team like a silencer  
40 get my business handled  
Dirty urine samples  
Got remained and had to go to jail  
Money make my lawyer fight  
Reduction got me out on bail  
Gates be like fuck the parish  
Grind up to the red light  
We get apprehended  
District send us to the fed life  
Only words of wisdom  
If you sleeping it ain't bed time  
Now I'm drinking water  
But my kidneys trying to piss it off  
Niggas with that snitching  
Get that issue when we pick em off  
I can't comprehend  
You talkin' reckless on that cellular  
Life is too depressin'  
To be stressin' on the regular  
Disconnect my chirp  
My cousin out in Tennessee  
Standing on the block  
With [?] I could sip a lot of lean  
I could sip a lot of lean  
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I just adjusted to the pressure  
When your people always help you out  
Niggas was your niggas  
Would they really try an sell you out  
Show you what my mail about  
My album on a later date  
Confessions of a casualty  
Turn around on labor day  
Now I'm out here every day  
On a grind slangin' yay  
Serious 'bout my Benjamins  
Will stick you all in your face  
Fresh in my white tee  
Licking on my white teeth  
Fed it through my avenue  
Similar to Spike Lee  
You could do the right thing  
Or get hit with the night beam  
Any disrespecting with my weapon

Imma slang a few  
Binocular precision with the Smith n  
When I aim at you  
God answers prayers  
Always knew that I'd get straight  
Even as a child  
Watching Jenny Jones and Rikki Lake  
Been about that action  
Got a scratching for a bigger plate  
Bitter with the sweet circumstances  
Made be better  
Learned to drop my nuts  
Through taking chances made me cheddar

You see what the fuck I be talkin' about  
Nigga can't even support they drug habit  
But you know my drug habit  
Be more than some of you niggas rent  
You know what I'm saying get it right  
Keep Gates name in your mouth  
Emma bat the fuck out you

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