

Great Man

Kevin Gates

Ayy

Dealin' with heartbreak, heartbreak

I've been dealin' with heartbreak

Nigga, my heartache

(Know I'm sayin'?)

Swear to God

(You know)

Look in the mirror, what do you see?

I see somebody dealin' with heartbreak

When I love a nigga, my heartache

I know how a Cuban cigar taste

But that do not help with the heart pain

My lil' brother died in a car chase

And spend all my older brother from beside the whip

He got the car spray

Guess he got through on the crossway

Thankful that we ever crossed ways

Wonder do heaven got hallways?

Prayin' how much I say always

Salute OG Boobie, that's all day

Bringin' it back from the call way

Ain't fuckin' with niggas, they all fake

'Cause I pour my Hen' and they all hate

You can't get mad at a nigga who's gettin' it

If he not carryin' y'all way

I had to make a decision

Bread Winner mission to get it while y'all wait

I get that coffee delivered

Metric ton off the boat in a tall crate

Maybe I'm havin' an off day

Maybe I had a heart and my heart changed

Look in the mirror, I see a great man

Look in the mirror, I see a great man

Just look in the mirror, I see a great man

I see a great man, I see a great man

I used to look like a caveman, stressin' 'til I done got grey hair

Me and Odell Beckham back room havin' conversations

Label the lightware

I told 'em I used to have nightmares

Somebody killin' me, tryne get rid of me

Bitch, I'm really retarded

You gotta finish me right there

Mazzi was smiling when somebody shot him, diamonds on heaven in the night air

Lemme me breathe for a minute

I mean, did a nigga really not think this day would come?

I mean from allah we come

To allah we must return

I pour a four in a two liter

And remember some joy and we all well

I put a ho in a two-seater

I press on the floor and the car bail

Runnin' the raw like a Barksdale

Dump through the miles with the cartel

Say you a dog with a small tail
Loped to the ground with a large heater
The ho that you lovin', she garbage
I'ma go vrmm in a Corvette
Take your shoes off in the apartment
We could go sit on the carpet
Look, I made you some tea, she got all wet
But I am not fallin' for all that
I hit from the back and she all head
You got 'em leavin' on call back
I hit from the back and she all head
And you gotta leave 'em on call back
Only the player shit I entertain
I done matured, I was bein' lame
I had some cuts turned into stains
You know I'm still prayin', fully flate
I'm still affilated with the gang
Bread Winner Gang (Bread Winner Gang)
Cop lights, no lookin' around for stop lights
These niggas be actin' they not right
And the security top flight
It might went over your head a lil' bit but it come off of Friday with Mike
Epps
Smokin' a clip with a nice hep
We tryna celebrate another season
I'm tryna levitate it out of reachin'
I'm tryna meditate you with my breathin'
I'm tryna bet a way from livin' decent
I'm on some medication, got me thinkin'
I roll a cigarillo with sativa

I'm on a different level on the kids
(Yeah) I'm on a different level on the kids
(Ayy) I'm on a different level on the kids
I'm on a different level on the kids
(Ayy) I'm on a different level on the kids