

# Had To

Kevin Gates

Oooh, ooh, ooh  
You had to, you had to know it  
Oooh, you had to know it  
What you doin'?  
I'm a professional

Too many snakes in my grass, yeah, yeah, I had to mow it (Too many snakes in my)  
Too much lean in my soda, you know I had to pour it (You know I had to pour it)  
Rubber bands in my hand, shawty bad, I had to throw it (Hunnit, hunnit)  
I be trickin' on a bag, yeah, yeah, you had to know it  
Is you rollin'? Ooh, you had to know it (woo!)  
I'm, I'm a soldier, ooh, you had to know it  
Too many snakes in my grass, yeah, yeah, I had to mow it  
Time to go get what I'm owed  
Get throwed, you had to know it

I'm a professional, she fell in love in the bed  
She let her heart get the best of her  
Butter, she spread, dope what I do to her legs  
Like the cocaine, I be stretchin' 'em  
I've been hurtin', you wouldn't know the half  
I'm a snake and she ain't mow the grass  
Guard's down, now I'm on her ass  
Credit card I'm maxin' out again  
Drop top vert, do the dash  
Breadwinner (yeah) in the Jag  
My lil' brother, yeah she let him smash  
Ain't too many real, where they at?  
Stack it to the ceilin', do what you 'posed to do  
Watch everybody that you keepin' close to you  
f\*ck over you bad and won't nobody notice  
My heart felt the razor, ain't nothin' disposable  
Gave it my all, went to war, I've been scarred  
Dealt with a broad and she played with my heart  
Played on by friends, not protectin' my cards  
They would all say they was playin' their part  
Came from the bottom, we aim for the stars  
Won't shoot in the air, that's like playin' with God (Bitch)  
What up?

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Climbin forward, strivin', I'm a grinder  
Rearview watchin' what's behind you

Peripheral, watchin' what's on side you  
Close homies just as a reminder  
You can smoke, just don't let it blind you  
These scriptures what I'm tellin' Khaza  
Don't let nobody know that you a monster  
Keep it on the tuck and then surprise 'em  
Mouth shut, let 'em think you're quiet  
Big steps, always movin' silent  
Strong shit, a legend when you sign it  
You should want the shit you don't acknowledge  
Pillow talk, p\*ssy shit in private  
Hoes only, know that you a lie  
Stunt on all ten like you a tall one  
One thing you are not is a coward  
Never rat, if you do, you sour  
Respect level, keep it at a dollar  
Not involved in other people's problems  
Everything you hear you think about  
Don't make sense, nothin' wrong with doubtin'  
Ease off, get it from around you  
See trouble, try your best to dodge it  
If it's meant for you, you die about it

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