

IHOP (True Story)

Kevin Gates

I ain' gon lie I be getting a little emotional
Go head record it out
I be getting a little emotional when I be doing this but,
It's him with that camera, that shit be throwin me off
You ready?
Start it off
(You go)
You ain't gotta leave out, it's just I know I'm on film ya heard me?
So it fuck with me a little bit
You ain't gotta go nowhere though
You can sit down and stay
It's a true story
I ain't gon forget my words
Start it off

I was chillin in a Ihop, overheard a conversation
Both of them niggas killas, one of em was Michael Caden
Big brother The Jason
I went to school with him
His brother got killed, so now he keep a tool with him
Live around the corner from his two daughters, no father
That's when the waitress came over like,
"May I take your order?"
Give me the breakfast sample
Orange juice and a Coke
That nigga looked at me and nodded
He said I never spoke
Like what the fuck them niggas lookin at
That's what I heard the other say
Looked a mean muggin way
Nigga turned the other way
Had to turn deaf ear, Satan was in my left ear
Like go and council, you a nigga nobody could see you
Show them niggas that you real
Nobody could be you
I walked over and asked him
You wan take it off your shoulder?
Hand checkin him in his face
Tellin him I'm a soldier
I ain't no fucking drug lord
I ain't the type to try to be
Ten years of aggression, you don't wanna see that out of me
Jagged ass Smith and Wesson
Bangin' Sangin' I gotta be
That nigga, that nigga
All started on a Tuesday afternoon, me and my bitch got into it
Unnecessary fools, just toolin, her hair ruined
Found out from another chick
Livin out of town
In an upstairs apartment, that was three corners down
Click spot for my round
Jeff used to scope pounds
Tanya ran into me, her and Amber they ran into me
Me and Tanya remained cool
Amber's man was pussy
He ran to the block, and sent some niggas from another hood
They came back, and black masked up

Just like I knew they would
Runnin' out there buckin loud
Niggas only laught at ya
Hard not to bang when you got bitch niggas attacking ya
Up to 40 caliber, oncoming passenger
Scuffold through the tourist section
Stole all the traffica
See him with his clique
He used to mug, but never buck with them
Used to keep a smirk because my old lady was fucking him
Ain't no need to get mad
I'm thinking I ain't never fuck with him
Hit one of my niggas up, we bargained on his brain
Fucking with my little brother, who frequently snort the cain
Dapped him down as I passed him
What's hannin, where's Twerked em?
Back was turnt the whole time
Little brother ran up and murked him
Issued him two to the dome
And worked him with the chrome
And to this day, I can say
I set him up, and he's gone
Three months prior
I'm downtown, meeting Lisa McBoyd
I'm in town handeling business for Floyd
He couldn't make it, I'm a take it by myself
I'm awating a vaction
Three bricks going to Kurt, coming home from Las Vegas
On the phone with Joe, finishing a conversation
That say I was gonna be off, cause he was at a graduation.
Well shit, I'm on my way out of state to meet Mason
He told me to be safe and any problems, I could page him
Jeff sitting patient in a vacant location
Not knowing that we were stopping in another metropolitan
Tanya texts Jeff, still waiting, replied obviously
"Hope your cousin Kevin ain't fake, and he ain't jivin' me,
Or trynna get me up to the Jake's plotting on robbin me"
Tanya said "Kevins my cousin, he wouldn't lie to me, whenever y'all had talk
ed,
He was right here on the side of me, they in the real estate and probably lo
okin
At property."
Free lease
True story