

# Imagine That

Kevin Gates

No matter what, ain't no cryin'  
You don't gotta tell me it hurt  
I know it hurt  
No cryin'  
To lose somebody you really love and they not dead  
Suck it up and roll  
But you dead to me  
Yeah, yeah  
Love you with all my heart, I swear to God I do  
So I forgive you, I'll never forget what you did

I'm not a human being  
And I came up from nothin' just imagine that  
Now I got my own, just imagine that  
Tried to take it from me, I went and got it back  
I lost day ones, just imagine that  
Feelin' like it's all on me  
Soon as they fall, they gon' call on me  
I remember when they used to talk 'bout me  
These days now I got it all, just imagine that

Like I remember when it wasn't nothin' with us  
Now it's retarded  
These days now I got it all  
Choppin' game with the President, we on a call  
Now we flyin' over Bogota  
I swear that I'm flyer, it ain't no denial  
I'm drownin', yeah, we goin' up  
Got another female say she want it right now  
Told her I ain't comin', you gon' have to pipe down  
I'm in the studio, I'm on the grind right now  
Like right now

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I'm not a human being, but who do you believe?  
All praise be to God right now, I achieve  
I've been to hell and back, now I'm seein' different things  
And what we sippin' on, we never said it give you wings  
I don't get tired, I'm a billionaire, what you believe  
I'm a bread winner, tell Malcolm X rest in peace  
Lot of bred Japanese red stitch denim jeans  
I ain't scared of death, say you wanna get, we can squeeze  
You ain't ready, yeah  
When I'm alone in my trap, I was stabbed or robbed  
Listenin' to Biggie Smalls, I can't wait 'til I ball  
It's just me and my dawg, had a couple of flaws  
I was bad at savin' money 'til a dick got a broad  
I fell off, I got it  
In Brooks town in the bed lookin' at the roof

I'm not opinionated, but I used to keep a tool  
Never had too many problems 'til I had too many partners  
Richard never called a nigga back, he know I got him  
I put that on my body

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Open up to tell me why you frownin' up, time flies fast  
Comin' through the bands, countin' up  
I no longer post on Carolina, had to switch the route  
Turn the beat up, I ain't all beat in the drought  
I don't fuck with nothin' but some steppers, dope game veteran  
Cocaine seller, you got robbed, move better  
Two grand, quad 9, make the dog food better  
The one take a one, threw a mil', no pressure

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