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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