

Jam

Kevin Gates

It was cool, and he'd get back on the phone and say Bernie I got somethin' I want you to hear. And what you do players, is you get the phone and you hold it up to the speakers and you let Luther do your talkin' for you. And Luther break it down like...

Ridin' around in my whip, listenin' into my shit
She want to hear track six, he told me that's her (jam)
Baby girl said I got the title, got a nigga feelin' like Michael Jackson, Jordan, don't matter to me they both (jam)
I'm all in her head, she's all in my bed
I'm locked and loaded, ready to go like a gun that don't (jam)
I'm all in-between, that's all that she needs
Her body rockin', nobody stoppin', this song is probably on (jam)

Listen all you like
Tattoos showin' out the shower in the mirror, go to clickin' on the lights
And this ain't what you like (jam)
I can lay you on your back then I hit you with the pound game
Pin you down so you can't run, in and out game
Hit you from the back, probably get you with the mouth game
Ain't nobody business, this is our thing (jam)
Spit all in-between both cheeks, now I spread 'em
Bet the neighbors know my name when you keep sayin' Kevin
Hands behind, I'ma stand behind you
Pullin' on your hair, lot of ass behind you (jam)
Got me sayin', "ooh keep goin' with your moves"
Candles by the bed, God damn this a movie
Stuffin' you with dick while my finger in your booty
Hit you with the Ruger, the bitch don't (jam)

Ridin' around in my whip, listenin' into my shit
She want to hear track six, he told me that's her (jam)
Baby girl said I got the title, got a nigga feelin' like Michael Jackson, Jordan, don't matter to me they both (jam)
I'm all in her head, she's all in my bed
I'm locked and loaded, ready to go like a gun that don't (jam)
I'm all in-between, that's all that she needs
Her body rockin', nobody stoppin', this song is probably on (jam)

Bad, but I won't push it
Never break flower but she won't quit lookin'
Look at her dress, look at her thighs
No draws underneath, with the slits in the side
Squintin' my eyes, locked in with the notion
If she squint back, bet I'm approachin'
Playin' my song, slow dancin' to Strokin'
Track number seven, told me it was her (jam)
Do you kiss with your friend? Oh you roll with your friends?
Start the car and I get in, we rollin'
Let the leaf hit the green, we smokin'
Slow motion coupe just floatin'
Kissin' on her finger with my hand on her breast
Tongue doin' circles round the ring of her nipple
Would you mind on repeat but she might be trippin'
Really, not really, sayin' it was her (jam)

Hit her right like Nikon do

Stays back on W
I'ma show her what this pipe game do
I'ma hit her till the sky turn blue
And I'ma jam on it, jam on it
Jam on it, jam on it
I'ma jam on it, jam on it, jam on it
I'ma jam on it, jam on it, jam on it

Ridin' around in my whip, listenin' into my shit
She want to hear track six, he told me that's her (jam)
Baby girl said I got the title, got a nigga feelin' like Michael
Jackson, Jordan, don't matter to me they both (jam)
I'm all in her head, she's all in my bed
I'm locked and loaded, ready to go like a gun that don't (jam)
I'm all in-between, that's all that she needs
Her body rockin', nobody stoppin', this song is probably on (jam)