

# Know Better

Kevin Gates

You shoulda known when it comes to the dough I'ma get it  
You should know better  
Do it all for my dogs, everyday goin' hard, I'm a winner  
You should know better  
Used to dream about a mil  
Now we gettin' it for real  
Shoulda left you right there where I met you  
You shoulda known when it comes to the dough I'ma get it  
I'm a bread winner

Gettin' it in, gotta win, we not kickin' it  
Bread winner team, we sick and we live with it  
Whippin' machines equipped with a fridge in it  
We the connect, we not bout to mention it  
We with the shit, no talkin', we finish it  
Some say I'm ignorant  
Mecca, we touchin' September, I'm making my pilgrimage (Allahu Akbar)  
Maybe I'm different  
Looked at you like you were special, you not even build for this  
UFOs in the crush Gates  
So when it's up niggas goin' nuts  
Big shit tucked, toolie on clutch  
Pockets on lump, free my nigga Lump  
Goin' out dumb  
Engine on run  
Thuggin' in the slums  
Thumbin' through the hun's  
Separate the ones  
(Somebody called a riot?)  
My daughter get the violets  
Break bread, slidin', lay up in the Hyde  
Room too expensive  
Motel 6 and bitch quit trippin'  
Niggas in feelin's  
Wait don't wait, forklift liftin'  
Brasi gon' fix the trap up, vision

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Hey man what you talkin' bout? Man just do you Gates  
There it is

Dabbed in, front pockets stuffed  
Money look like we been doin' lunges  
Raised up in the blunt, I'm doin' crunches  
Tattooed all over my stomach  
Out in London talkin' to Big London  
Stand up in they chest, okay I love you  
Niggas hatin', wait I'm doin' numbers

In they feelin's, tell 'em I say fuck 'em  
Hold up, wait, tell 'em that I love 'em  
We could go, we had a discussion  
Fame tend to blind the people on the side of you like you never mean nothin'  
Focus on brand new things  
Tryna show my children how to hustle  
Teach 'em how to trust one another  
All we got is us and your mother  
Fall down, get back up again  
Lose it all right before you win  
Kevin man, you messin' up your gift  
Shit like this be hard to come again  
Fall bad, I know I admit it  
Real struggle, I don't ever quit it  
Thinkin' back when I ain't have a cent  
Back when I ain't have a shit to give

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She spoken to me bruh. Yeah she spoken to me you know "I'm sorry bruh I like  
this shit, you heard me?" Shit bothered me  
I'm a bread winner