

Let It Sing

Kevin Gates

Nigga won't tell me, talkin' 'bout some
You twenty percent more in it (who's that?)
Nigga you control the wheel there

Flexed up, Billy Jean
Yes-uh, everything
She don't trust a nigga, nigga I don't trust a wedding ring
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Yappa goin' bada-boom, Yappa goin' bada-bing
Ray Charles, I can't see
Aretha Franklin, let it sing
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Sip out the canister, rollin' up cannabis
I'm not permitted to cross into Canada
Fired my manager, Robert Horry in the game
Switch place, story stay the same
Bail came in the mail, bust it down, you would think I'm Tory Lanez
Broke prayin' for a whole thang, shot the tecs and a load came
Flex on 'em like I'm Billy, bought a new hip, then told her "hit me"
Tryna get next to me like I'm Tristan, you think I'm really 'bout to let you
get me?
You think I'm really 'bout to let you bill it?
You think you really 'posed to get a Bentley?
All you do is stalk other ho's pages, you cannot afford a payment on a Civic
Keep it professional when you DM me
You know your sister be all in my business, copyin' everythin' that I delive
red
TMZ I'm fightin' with Dreka
We cannot do this in front of the children
Dive in her shit, she gon' go get a pistol, know this so crazy, probably wan
na kill me
How could you leave me?

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Cookin' up, let me do what I want, gold Rollie, touch, Cutter gon' launch
In Cali, just call me an ally, you tell me the addi and daddy gon' punch
Crunch time, gotta count in the clutch, bust down, not the ho with the blunt
Breakin' open a pipe, pourin' dope in the cup, partner bought it, 'bout to o
pen it up
Big Body, doors openin' up, big Jaimaican unloadin' the truck

Big weight 'bout to go in the trunk, bad bitch, give me brain in the trunk
Just jugg, four M in a month, two-fifty book a show, I'ma come
Cappin' like they got more than us, matter of fact, I just ordered up
Shopliftin', they recorded us, 'member back on the motorbus
I could remember you treatin' me shitty back then 'cause I wasn't important
enough
Straight from the back, how I'm grippin' the bitch, throwin' dick in her kid
ney, she ballin' up
In the mirror I glisten', the button ignition, the engine go R-A-
H, when I start it up

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Ay, forgive me if I'm not energetic and hunky dory around this bitch, when I
got a motherfuckin' GPS monitor strapped to my leg
When I got a motherfuckin' P.O. tellin' me I can go travel to spend money, b
ut I can't travel to make money
You know, forgive me for not being enthusiastic, you heard me?
When I got these fuckin' dick suckers on my motherfuckin' back 24 hours a da
y, playin' wit' me, you heard me?
And now you fuckin' playin' wit' me