

Mexico

Kevin Gates

I don't get tired

I'm either cooking dope or selling dope
Come and get it if you lookin, I ain't stretching though
Snowing on the bluff, I'm tryna catch a slope
Up under your house, tryna listen with a stethoscope
That gangsta shit, that ain't the shit you ready for
How I'm coming with the drum and you would never know
I dress up like a woman and then let it go
Narco trafficante, cocaina come from Mexico

Double cups of the syrup, back to back, bad move
Matter fact shawty say she like my tattoos
I don't smile, South side Baton Rouge, had it wild coming up
Didn't happen over night, took a while coming up
So and so? broke my jaw with the flash light
All because I ain't want make my pockets look like bunny ears
Killed a nigga, broke and ran, piss running down my leg
Went and hid the gun behind Ms Connie house
Out my business, learnt how to keep my partners out
Sip ya tea pussy don't know what you talkin bout
Fresh philly, with the line that rashad cut
Bought cars for my team now we all up
Get out of line with my team and we all bust
Cutting up bad, thumbin through the bands, Simon Miller pants, hanging off m
y ass
9 milli 38 don't make me do the hammer dance

Bricks to the South, Bito and Bryan
South 14 let the house gettin off
Redid the nova, shawty took it and then got lost on my nigga damn
Now I'm wishin I could talk to my nigga
Feds snatch Eazy, he should've ran
I wasn't lucky I got picked up with the blam
Tell the Coroner if it wasn't for they pussy ass boy from the start being lo
yal but they wasn't fam
Cocaine when it's good it be jumping back
I'm getting 2 whole things tryna run a land
When its all out war, I don't understand
Look a nigga in the eye if he under hand
Dump a rack, get em snatched like a fucking man
Hard to move by yourself lot of killer ants
Wishing I could turn back set of different hands
Nothing bigger than the B, I got different plans

I ain't running up a shift yard
30 shots out the tec before it jam
Fist fought, live raw, diving in my bitch car
Shoulder and my lip caught hell on the pitch fork
What they doing? Satin screaming "Kevin where you going?"
You don't see all of these bad bitches I got for you
Want you to get that pussy raw and don't have no abortion
Diggin in your pocket, court appointed, child support you
Spend all your money then go broke, you know I support you
Ride with that pistol police catch you, then gon adios you
Then I'ma laugh while you in jail and act like I don't know you
Go rob that nigga over there, know he ain't got it on em

Cars pulling up, supplying em while on the corner
Graduated to your own trap, somebody try you, fire, make them take a long na
p
Aye, you graduated to your own trap? Open fire nigga try, you take a long na
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