

# Paid in Full Help

Kevin Gates

Sick man grinding hard, hard to switch lanes  
Aviators, deprived ain't ate in six days  
Had a belief and we team  
Never believe in me  
Begin to be misleading [?]  
had the shift changed  
You niggas shit brain  
Cause you believe anything you see on tv without going there  
Seeing homeless, right around the corner  
Hungry, starving, underprivileged,  
needing garments but would bargain with the dealer fixing fixes  
I'm a god to these niggas  
God-willing I'll depart with my winnings  
Play it smart or be caught up in the system  
Beat the odds, odds in  
My dog seeking [?]  
Poker stare, I wasn't playing fair, I threw my cards in  
My nigga wifed Bee, I treat her like trash  
Thinking this ain't have to happen had he never made me mad

I'm saying though. You like to fight?  
You can fight for your life, don't play with me.  
See a lot of niggas don't be knowing  
I be doing real shit, ya heard me.  
You're now rocking with ya boy Kevin Gates.  
I'm just tryna be your next favorite rapper, that's it.  
What's the point of having soldiers if you can't use em?  
You know the Puerto Rican kid, be popping willies n shit,  
sell a lot of coke. That's what the fuck I do, man.  
Nigga know wassup. I'm tryna get paid in full.

Bread winner street gang  
Look who in the air chillin'  
Flare the pistol, now the paramedic gotta airlift him  
Wings on the skull  
What I tell to the judge,  
not demonic but it symbolizes hell from above  
Got a cell button bug  
Paper trail never budge  
[?] selling drugs, never tell on the plug  
I'm a thug (what that mean?)  
True hustler, under God  
Took something, under arm  
Percussion, for who harm  
[?] swarm, no discussion  
Concussion, make it hard to talk  
when he not thinking or walk when he not breathing  
Quality street music, which targets the law beaters  
Paw grieving,  
Lord please be with the mother of this motherfucker  
Led by assumption, only right that the metal touch you  
Safe to say Kevin Gates is a motherfucker

I thank y'all for sitting through the lecture, you know.  
I love each and every one of y'all on a personal basis.  
I wouldn't say that if I ain't mean it.  
That mean I really do mean that. I really do mean that.

Mane, what the fuck you looking at me like that for?  
Bitch what you want do something.  
I'm just fucking with you, thug.  
Now go 'head for I put that iron on yo pussy ass.  
I'm out. I'm out. I'm out, thug.