

Reputations On The Line

Kevin Gates

Oh my God look up there, what is that?
I'm tripping, everybody around me got them looking up like I had to seen somethin you heard me?
I have officially uh, made my transfigurment
It was Kevin Gates but you are officially rocking with Gates Weenie
Who you want, what you want? Gates uh uh
Watch me go for mine, go for mine, go for mine
Reputation's on the line, watch me go for mine

Uncoordinated according to the accordion
Player with the tight squeeze compressing the keys
Making the mic scream
BBC jeans, what you mean, you know ice cream
This the theme for this evening
Please give me a reason
But hold up, never mind forever fly, that is I
Someone else you'll never find anyone else should never try
I'm the guy, try to bolt me to the floor
I came from under that
Vibrant colors, street related dying over violent colors
Striving to be better than I used to be
Usually I speak the truth for fools who've been confusing me
Food for my platoon to eat enthused with opportunity
Put that on my soon to be symbolizing unity
Bread winners association built this off influencing
Niggas with figures to come together
You know, you and me, him and her
Matching beamer Coupes that say his and hers
Self respect break apart the image when it isn't yours

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UFO's, I'm awkward
Unidentified flying objects
Or ejected special weapons out the cockpit of the chopper
AR-15 with the inf beam
Don't tempt me, it's tempting
My orange juice, is simply, delicious
GOT LEAN IN IT
This green shit that I set on fire, and inhale, got me lifted
I'm so hood, I am that, you talk stupid get blam'd at
This new car drove too far got two broads who love Gates
Relationship, love hate, two mistakes can't budge fate
Stomach pudgy, both of them got something in it, they tummy for me for me
Guess that I'm a father, I got twins, gotta win
No pretending this that Peter Pan
Give a fiend a gram
Watch how easily it leave her hand, guess she need it bad
I ain't got it now she leavin' mad, all I do is stare
I don't comprehend, its a condition, I don't even care
Money right, my feelings ice, I'm Donald Trump when it's precise

Skinny nigga brought up right with a big nose dyn-o-mite

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