

Return Of The Mack

Kevin Gates

Tend to hurt you when a person make you hurt inside (Woah)
While she wit' me I know another nigga got her mind (Woah woah woah)
I ran some G and got a bag, but it ain't like it used to be (It ain't like it used to be)
Baby, tell me, what the fuck they know 'bout our love?
I don't get tired, I hit the gas, then we powered up
Return of the mack, bae I work for the bag (Bag)
On my turf I'm the man, I just purr'd in your cat

I took the pain and the ache when it came wit' it (Bang)
Gave you a little taste of fame and you changed wit' it
They told you not to fuck wit' me but you ain't listen (Yes)
You used to fuck me all night and now you way different (Now you way different)
I see you starin' off in space like your brain missin'
I used to grip on your little waist while my chain glisten (Ooo)
In the mirror makin' faces my little thing in you
Come up and visit me in prison 'round the gang members (Gang)
I love to show you off 'cause you somethin' serious (Uh)
Who you be textin' all the time? I'm just curious

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And baby, tell me, what the fuck they know 'bout our love?
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Your lil' pussy feel expensive 'cause my teeth diamonds
Even ate ya on your rag, and I got pink diamonds
I'm a vampire
They be tellin' stories 'bout me 'round the campfire
I love it when you stand in front of me and whine for me
Used to feel all on your booty when we out in public
Baby, tell me, what fuck they know 'bout our love?
I don't get tired, I hit the gas, then we power it up
He must of told ya', he was 'bout to leave his wife for ya'
And y'all can run off, he forever be on side of you
Thinkin' that the grass is green, I know you tired of it
Then he ran off wit' your money, nigga lied to you

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Baby, tell me, what the fuck they know 'bout our love?
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I'm here, swaggin', pants saggin' and I'm powered up
Baby, tell me, what the fuck they know 'bout our love?
Baby, tell me, what the fuck they know 'bout our love?
Baby, tell me, what the fuck they know 'bout how I love?
Breadwinner fly, I'm a big driver and I'm powered up

Sharin' moments, I never thought that you would turn on me
I really wanted you, but all you really want is surgery
Found out you still fuck with him, and bae, that hurted me
You can't be lying, under oath, bae, that's perjury
We hold at court, I'm convicting you of burglary
You stole my heart then ran off, you'd like to murder me
I swear when I heal off from this shit, bitch, I swear
I'ma shit on you

Return of the mack, bitch, I'm turnt on yo' ass
Bought my new bird a bag, while I skrrt in the Jagg
See I'm a giver, I got a big heart, and I like to love
But most people are lovers of themselves

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Baby, tell me, what the fuck they know 'bout our love?
I don't get tired, I hit the gas, then we powered up
Return of the mack, bae I work for the bag (Bag)
On my turf I'm the man, I just purr'd in your cat
(Turn to yo' senses)