

# RUMORS

Kevin Gates

You ain't safe, dick, where you at?  
Ay, I'm 'bout to come get in yo' face (Ay, find me two niggas)  
(Find me the one that can say he stuck his dick in me)  
(And find me the one that can say I told on him)

God forgive me, I'm a sinner  
License plate reader, pray this contraption block the signal  
Built a case on me, nigga, but bullets did not get delivered  
Face (Brrt) my signature, envelope returned to sender  
Thirty-two out the magazine, MAC-11, I quit feelin'  
Dealers back, whole team, they wish death on me, I could feel it  
Whole unit, held nuts on me, talkin' 'bout me to they bitches  
Whole unit went duck on me, when it's up, I'm in the trenches  
Me and Straw, great Monte Carlo, windows tinted, mind your business  
When it's unimportant to you, you don't even give it mention  
Keep my name in his penis eater, he must be in his feelings  
Luca Brasi big general, reachin' blocks through my lieutenants  
Set the tone, in the interview, they tune in and say it's healing  
Well, it cheese me, Allah be pleased, I just said a prayer for killin'  
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Old friend, big brother snitchin' and he ain't get him injured  
Before you speak on me, look, please go find me them two niggas  
Find me one who stuck dick in me, or the one I sent to prison  
Jail catcher, smell like fingernail polish when it (Grtrt)  
Paramedics, yeah, put the yellow tape around the trap  
When we was children, too much cup, we accidentally caught a hack  
Told my uncle, no more fastlane, he told me you'll be back  
He told me you ain't commit murder and then went and did that to his  
self  
Coco-cola, soda bath, yoga class to make you stretch  
My conscious be messin' with me, make me think I need some help  
Hmm, just turned on the digi, in the kitchen by myself  
Self-made, stand up  
You ain't got two hats under your belt, then pick your pants up  
Zips up in the can, I know how to get (Grtrt), off of handcuffs  
Callin' home to move about me 'cause I don't harbor no cowards  
X'd out one of my partners 'cause he don't keep it a thousand  
Used to share each others clothes, local products of public housing  
Only rock with the real, really, solo how I be rockin'  
One day I prayed to God, to send me beaucoup bricks of powder  
Taught us snorters nice and taller  
Boilin' water, I got power  
Two black eyes, a broken nose, when I had focus, I got crowded  
Nowadays, for he who try, catch your mama upside down  
Graduated to Waffle House, back then, it used to be McDonalds  
Hmm, created recreations, peep the cop in polo collars  
Hmm, drop the ballcap, pull up, park the whip, hop out it  
Monster status, silverback, you go to yards under the towers  
Long as I'm here, make sure Mucho and Mazi still receive they flowers  
After this, might send a blitz, go talk to God and take a shower