

# Shit

Kevin Gates

Yeah (Oh my God, is that Avery?)

Out here

Yeah

Yeah

I don't owe a nigga shit

I'm a grinder, I wasn't built to ride the bench

Forgot about my problems, I got rich

I got bitches, I got niggas, family members on my dick

Who talk behind your back when you don't wanna give 'em shit

I don't owe a nigga shit

Lose the chance if you don't take the risk

I don't need no one to tell me what I'm is

I don't owe a nigga shit

Bitches gettin' pregnant, keep you from your kids

Then complain 'bout what you haven't did

I don't owe you bitches shit

Presidential Day-Date, 18 karat plain jane

Reminiscin' times that meals was missin', havin' hunger pains

Remember when the bitch that you was feelin' played a bunch of games?

Remember when them niggas lent you somethin' and tried to stain your name?

Big body Benz say, "Dick, how you holdin' up?"

Pillow talkin' with them hoes that I don't wanna fuck

Street nigga, shout out to my niggas out in Memphis

You sneak dissin' Brasi, pussy nigga, you got titties

Posted in Atlanta, Fitness Center, in here workin'

Gossipin' like bitches, you lil' niggas went and got surgery

Remember that last time that you ain't wanna see no murder?

Remember MAC-11 Kevin? Dealer, yo, I'm servin'

Real nigga, what up? Know I like to cut up

Non-convicted felon-ass nigga, shut the fuck up

I sent that bitch from jail, paid his bill and got him bossed up

Villa by the water, barber givin' me a touch-up

With the hand I'ma stand, carbon drum up on a come up

Big bitch'll your rip stomach, probably make you cough a lung up

Big bitch here hold a hunnid, better pray this bitch get hung up

Bricks from Colombia delivered on a dump truck

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Thank God for uniforms, Lord knows I wasn't fresh

I used to wear my mama Bongo jeans or some dirty sweats

Dreaming 'bout that texture, swear to God, I want big rings

Cars with the big chains, cigars with a sick dame

Load of clothes in the washer, your lil' drawers still got shit stains

Nigga 'round the corner puttin' that dick all in your bitch brains  
How is she to blame? She just addicted to the lifestyle  
Pop out, drop the top, who not gon' let me lay that pipe down?  
Pull her hair and hit her from the back, b-b-b-ba-yow  
Gotta catch a play, I cannot stay, okay, goodbye now  
Remember when they passed by you and laughed while you was walkin'?  
God blessed you with a swag, you got that bag, look who talkin'  
Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am, you could scram, you're a toadie  
No one's got a name for it, don't know what to call it  
Lean by the liter, but you not a alcoholic  
Say you wanna grab a dub, why the fuck you stallin'?  
Diamonds in my fuckin' teeth, I'm forever ballin'  
Dior slides, Polo tees on an island flossin'  
Jim Carrey, you get outta line, I got a choke ya  
My name Kevin and I'm home alone like Macaulay Culkin (Kevin)

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