

# Sit Down

Kevin Gates

I'm bout to tell you some shit. I ain't never told nobody  
You gon' see where the aggression come from  
You gon' see where all the pain, all the hatred come from  
You gon' see where all the betrayal come from  
Nigga get the dough nigga, fuck  
(I don't get tired)

Fuck a meeting we about to have a sit down  
Wrap the phone up in plastic and stick it in the fridge  
They know where we are, but they don't know what we did  
Anything bout a mix-up, murder getting sent  
Gotta speak in code when you talking on the phone  
Sticking to the code, they'll listen to the song  
I told my team about manifestation  
People are basic they thought I was crazy  
Ball with the witchcraft, study every night  
Philosopher's Stone, I perform another rite  
Rite meaning ritual, created dry ice  
Hid in plain sight wear the suit and tie nice  
Mason mean more than a brick layer  
Salmonella moving chicken got my chick paid  
Poison that was giving, distributed in the streets  
Find another way to eat, I'mma quit slanging  
Bread Winner gang made niggas quit hanging  
Other side hate it when a nigga bang money  
Thumbing through the law books (And he know the law?)  
Sent a hit in Baton Rouge (And he getting off?)  
Third-eye focused (Wonder what he saw?)  
Power in the tongue (Bullets in your car)  
You ain't want it, had it on you, tried to pull it but you lost  
War never knew mercy  
Our Lady of the Lake won't receive you with open arms  
You in yellow tape  
Manuchi going stupid, he'll do it everyday  
Talking bout leaving your grandmother, and will do it in your face  
Shitting in the jack nigga you got do-do in your face  
What you doing? Don't you know it ain't no doing it with Gates?  
Peculiar, oolier, noodle your grape  
Lot of days spent in the cage, wasn't what you think  
Washing clothes with the toilet water, drinking out the sink  
Hard mat hurt your back when it's no option  
Everybody boxed in, trying to release toxins

Fuck a meeting we about to have a sit down  
Not a part of this, pussy nigga can't sit 'round  
Bread Winner business, model bitches getting dicked down  
Get the phone back when they finish, get em' kicked out  
All in favor for a favor for a favor  
Any other matter we gon' bring it to the table  
Organization gotta have communication  
Full participation, Bread Winner's in the making  
Fuck a meeting we about to have a sit down  
Got the bread and basket then we split it with the clique now  
Bought a share together people feel like we the shit now  
Passing through your section I ain't showing no affection to a nigga or a bitch  
Take a whiff no you sick now

Syrup, drinking out the bottle how I sip now  
Ride around the bottom with the tint down  
I'm a shooter, got a pistol with the dick out  
True story, what I rap about I lived out  
That's why I got a pistol with the dick out

Fucked up feeling when you get it from the gutter  
Be the people in your own hood steady saying fuck ya  
Way a nigga living when you see me in the picture difficult to tell the difference in the season when I'm thugging  
Heart cold, long nose, stumping through the jungle  
Automatic that I'm packing, wearing jackets in the summer  
Body being healed, having trouble with my left foot  
Learned how to fight different, caught him with the left hook  
Really pushing D, with the clip, cooking Ki's  
Many probably agree, on TV was the best look  
Anticipated launch or a lift-off  
Metaphor, going opposite of dick-soft  
Mind on the ticket, out the mud seen Nicki album cover would make the dick spit, but it's still soft  
Get out my cell when I shit, get lost  
I'll punch a nigga down when I'm pissed off  
Wanna wrestle, had to put him in a hip-toss  
Lot of rap niggas backwards, Kris-Kross  
Guess I never had swag  
Pants tight on your ass, matter fact while you at it, put on lip gloss  
Mind rambling, I guess it kinda slipped off  
When Drake and Rihanna's song "Take Care" playing tears running down my face  
I ain't playing, miss laying with my bitch having real-talks  
Laying in her lap with her fingers in my scalp, get to rubbing on my back till I drift off (sleep)  
Affection ain't cheap, coming with cost  
Paying all the bills when the rent call  
Fucking with a NFL player when his check long  
Running back as if a running-back  
Hard to stomach that you let him fuck for nothing when you find out that the check gone (check gone)  
Found a ex-NBA player knowing that's wrong  
Un-loyal you get slaughtered you get stepped on  
Who your baby daddy? Picked me but you guessed wrong  
Your mother mad cause she couldn't pawn me  
Got it from the concrete  
Will stand up in your chest under everybody  
What you witnessing me getting richer failed to mention that I'm winning  
Same nigga that you slept on