

Tryna Yea

Kevin Gates

I knew somethin' was up when they took me to Livingston jail
My bond was three-hundred thousand
Dreka was up there in thirty minutes with forty bands, you heard me?

'Cause I go back to them niggas in the Feds
We got kids, tryna make sure that they fed
I get sick, go to gettin' rid of meds
Outta work, call him, hoppin' outta bed
Don't know how many times I done been to Seg
Don't know how many times I prayed and bumped my head
I got that ice in my mouth, I spent some bread
And it ain't cheatin' if I wanna get some head
I'm just a bread winner out'chea tryna yeah
I'm just a bread winner out'chea tryna yeah

I break a brick down then I catch a cell
I come in town then I get the mail
Runnin' that fast pace always put me in last place
I got a nigga from Champagne who wanna fuck with the campaign
I just got rid of the last thang, put the Corvette in the fast lane
I just took a trip to San Diego, hold up, I'm goin' too fast, wey
Say I drive like Puerto Rico, I belong in a drag race
Say I'm fuckin' on a deep throat, I don't remember her last name
Say I stayed down, and I preyed on 'em and that when the cash came
Givin' a check to the gas man, pourin' a pint in the gas tank
Runnin', I might pull a hamstrang
I know they probably won't blame Gates, already underwent hard strain
Cover your hand at the card game

'Cause I go back to them niggas in the Feds
We got kids, tryna make sure that they fed
I get sick, go to gettin' rid of meds
Outta work, call him, hoppin' outta bed
Don't know how many times I done been to Seg
Don't know how many times I prayed and bumped my head
I got that ice in my mouth, I spent some bread
And it ain't cheatin' if I wanna get some head
I'm just a bread winner out'chea tryna yeah
I'm just a bread winner out'chea tryna yeah

You know I painted a bad picture, I gotta do all the ass kissin'
I have been labeled a crash mission, I take her then maybe she act different
Poor now, deal with' her ass different, pretendin' she don't miss the last n
igga
Pullin' her hair from the back, hittin' it, temperature feelin' like Carol C
ity
Energy wrong, you on your own, I'm 'bout to go in like four minutes
I get so sick of my phone clickin', gotta deliver a whole chicken
Marvel's a movie I'm on glisten, visible set, they all hit
Crack a smile around this bitch and I just deliver the cold shiver
I'm reminiscent of those feelins
I am not runnin' from no nigga
I am not fuckin' with gold diggers
I got you covered, I'm on business
Summer, it's snowin' the whole visit
Strawberry haze, don't whisper
Meanin' it's loud, I'm outta town, not on the ground, I'm in the cloud

'Cause I go back to them niggas in the Feds
We got kids, tryna make sure that they fed
I get sick, go to gettin' rid of meds
Outta work, call him, hoppin' outta bed
Don't know how many times I done been to Seg
Don't know how many times I prayed and bumped my head
I got that ice in my mouth, I spent some bread
And it ain't cheatin' if I wanna get some head
I'm just a bread winner out'chea tryna yeah
I'm just a bread winner out'chea tryna yeah
I'm just a bread winner out'chea tryna yeah
I'm just a bread winner out'chea tryna yeah