

Weeks

Kevin Gates

I ain't took my chains off in weeks
If I tuck it, they gon' try to kill me anyway
And I'm prayin' to the god of the streets (God of the streets)
Way too big to be discreet anyway
Hope I fly on the arms of my niggas (Arms of my niggas)
Wonder why my heart cold, nigga soul got the shivers
Baby, I ain't took my chains off in weeks (Off in weeks)
Love that shit too big to be discreet (To be discreet)

He tried to set me up in Dallas, broke into his own car (Hahahaha)
He not knowin' that I'm psychic, and I glow in the dark
Light on us while in Houston, we got throwed in the cross
Sidestepping 'fore he could set me, punch a hole in my heart (Ha)
Cold quarantine game, I looked over your flaws
Big god, sellin' raw and I'm controllin' the cops (Ugh)
Diamonds on my neck, that's a symbol of success
Run you up check, you gon' die for your respect
Cautious who you entertain, they could be a threat
Out of pocket, pull up brrrr on you, leave you somewhere stretched (Stretched)
Artificial dealers, all my visions then got clearer
I cross one in the mirror, I'm gon' feel it in my spirit (Ooh)

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G-Wag', G-Wag', big bag, big bag
C-note, C-note
Brr-brr, so much machine smoke

Ooh only ones that ride beside me are the ones willin' to die though
Now I keep it underwater, just let it breathe
Right there
Just got this brand new thing, grrrah
And then exchange when the shots fired
Reportin' live with the Glock .9 by the Southside (Well, what up? Well)
Recordin' live, bitch I'm in the studio right now (Money 'bout)
In Carolina, you could pull up on me right now (Pull up on me right now)
We outside, yeah, ayy
Hol' up, pour up (You dig?)
I glisten hard, my earrings, dawg
This for Mazzi, Rollie, I never take my chain off (Chain off)
Never talkin', I give that, already take your brain off (Brain off)
Quarter milli' glist', then I wiped it on my wrist
He be shootin' shots at B.R.A.S.S. but his posture not like this, bitch

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