Flicka Da Wrist (Prod. By Fred On Em)

Kevin Gates

I don't get tiredI woke up feelin' like I couldn't feel no better
I don' want no fuckin' alka seltzer
I woke up feelin' like I couldn't feel no better
Momma pray for me my friends fake I need a hundred steppers
They hate the flick of my wrist
Really be wheelin' the benz
Video vixen look here
Squealin' while I'm stickin' dick in her ribs
I told her I was a beautician whip out the scissors get rid of split ends
I'm full of myself bae I'm trippin'
Feel like I'm Brady whatever it is
I-I'm catchin' plays, I-I mean Kevin Gates
Millz I ain't got no chill, Breadwinner heavyweight ooh
Look who just sat at the table make yo ho go fetch him a plate
Then I pull up in the Porsche bet whoever willin' to race
Charges dismissed by the feds
Still gotta deal with the state
Whoop em I got plenty kush and you pussy
Pick 12 or somebody gon' lay in yo bushes
Two time convicted a stitch for the fully
Jump out I'm feeling no need for the hoodie
Streets love a nigga who really a gangsta
Go check my jacket you know I'ma pull it
Ar-Ab hit the line I'm like what's the business
Just find the lean I'ma sip it I don't trust no bitches
Look at the flick of that wrist
Video from the back how I'm killin' ya bitch
Lovin' my swag MC Hammer
Want to quit but I'm just 2 legit
Baltimore Oriole's hat Mr. Gates
Corner to corner they flooded with H
Hit the corner sto' backwoods and antropo
Money order 2 stamps and a envelope
Commissary in prison, they money low
Jumpin' and dodgin' the fence like I'm Mario
Camera belt buckle these rats catchin' audio
Runnin' the money up workin' no cardio
Left out of Boston and visited Denver
We had a threesome but we don't remember

Res from the grigy still stuck to my fingertips
Twistin' the stink stimulated my mental
Sls 550 matching interior while at the red light I stay lookin' serious
Want to question me I don't know nothing 'bout shit in kentucky I'm dealin' with Benjamin
Elephant whippin' the trunk in the front
But I still cannot figure out where the ignition is
While at the airport I'm being surrounded
I'm thinkin of flyin in private
All in the bathroom with my flight attendant
Ho why is yo hand in my privates?
On IG I talk I be lively
In public I'm movin' in silence
Penitentiary rules in effect
Give respect if I don't get it back I get violent
Cairo city straight drop got em wildin'
Me June and Boola and Poo out our body
Oughta see my new bitch she exotic
Wasn't talkin bout you ho be quiet
Silver shadow Jaber reversible stock my new girl
I keep her right on side of me
Back to jail while suspected of robbery
Jumpin' bond I won't sign out my property
You think Brasi got bodies well probably
Dive in the crowd he a gangsta so possibly
Watch the rappers few bitch niggas knockin' me cuz
They bird and they chickens want flock to me
All in New York be with Maino and Capo
I rode by myself and ain't nobody stoppin' me
Ain't no more real niggas
I'm who Jay-Z and Kanye like to listen to honestly
They probably won't tell you that honestly
Super polite got a record that follow me
Tommy Hilfiger vest with the Guess denim jeans
Kango cap on ya top with the wallabees
Johnny Blaze she can sing like Rihanna but ratted on dude
It took everything out of me
Amber Rose had messed up with my nigga
When I get the rip I expect her to lie to me
Soldier sign in the middle of my forehead
A broke motherfucka who hatin don't bother me!
Aye look I don't know how to be you bitch ass niggas
All I know how to be is me Yah heard me?
You can't say man I fuck with Gates then say something negative in the same sentence
Man that don't even go together ol' bitch ass nigga
But you don't know that that ain't real

A nigga never taught you that ain't real
Look at all my interviews i never speak on no nigga yah heard me
Penitentiary rules in effect ol' pussy ass nigga
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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