

# Don't Panic

Kevin Gates

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Verse 1:]

Fuck the rap game, I won't get it like G  
Put me on the block, go to thuggin' like E  
Think I'm goin' back but free my nigga [?]  
Me and gunner, 9th innin', just beat a life sentence  
Anyone of you lil' boys on the yard, throw the coffee in your face  
While your wife stick a knife in your kidney  
Bitch I'm goin' crazy, goin' all gangsta  
9 milli's slangin', [?]  
MAC 11 rangin', jumpin' out, walkin' up on blocks  
40-50 shots, I'm a clean a nigga's clock  
Everybody gettin' whopped when we hop out  
Pussy better not cry now  
Nigga where we from it's the code that we live or we die by  
Grrrrrat, nigga, bye bye  
No police up in the business when you get a shot and miss it  
50 niggas from New Orleans come and turn around the city[Hook:]  
What's happenin'? Don't panic, don't panic  
We 'bout to... get 'em dead, don't panic, don't panic  
Wasn't thinkin' 'bout a jewel and nigga showed off  
Couldn't use your brain, now you gotta get 'em blowed off  
Dog, get a call, everything for the scam  
Don't panic, don't panic  
Fuck bein' friendly, nigga say what's on your mind  
I'm bein' quiet, I got murder on mine  
I got murder on mine, I got murder on mine  
Killin' what I love, I got murder on mine  
Fuck bein' friendly, nigga say what's on your mind  
I'm bein' quiet, I got murder on mine  
I got murder on mine, I got murder on mine  
Killin' what I love, I got murder on mine[Verse 2:]  
Team strong as a bitch, layin' law down

Everything feel the business, lay 'em all down  
Auto manslaughter but you never thought it out  
Curse, kill 'em all, let the lord sort 'em out  
F&N point short, let the spark haul 'em out  
This what war 'bout, nigga, fuck that  
Meek men is gonna [?], we already died twice  
God in my heart when I gave back life  
I was coolin', I was tryna live a laid back life  
Now my kids gotta see me in the pen or the grave  
Real street nigga, no pen to the page  
I will beef with you anywhere, any place  
Ugly ass btich better fall back  
Keep my name out your mouth or get your hard hat  
Raps are the enforcer, I meant to say the landlord  
Better yet, let me let them rubber bands talk[Hook][Verse 3:]  
I don't mind doin' time, I'm a doin' time vet  
Hustle in the jailhouse, bread, wanna bet?  
BWA, this is not BMF  
Everything around me convicted already  
Pull my clique together, built it from the inside  
Penitentiary rules in effect  
You lil' boys go to jail but you don't know how to fight?  
Ain't no guns back here, don't know how to make a knife  
Stand tall on my own, I don't gang bang  
I done seen it go bad on the chain gang  
Seen niggas gang raped by their own gang members  
Cliquin' up with other gangs and they kill their own nigga  
Seen a nigga on a visit huggin' on his wife  
Get back to the cell, he another nigga's wife  
Everyone that say salamu alaikum ain't your brother  
Come to my respect, I'm a die overnight[Hook]

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