Paid In Full Help

Kevin Gates

[Verse 1]Sick man grinding hard, hard to switch lanes
Aviators, deprivated ain't ate in six days
Had a belief and we team
Never believe in me
Begin to be misleading ??
had the shift changed
You niggas shit brain
Cause you believe anything you see on tv without going there
Seeing homeless, right around the corner
Hungry, starving, underprivileged, needing garments but would bargain with the dealer fixing fixes
I'm a god to these niggas
God-willing I'll depart with my winnings
Play it smart or be caught up in the system
Beat the odds, odds in
My dog seeking ??
Poker stare, I wasn't playing fair, I threw my cards in
My nigga wifed Bee, I treat her like trash
Thinking this ain't have to happen had he never made me mad
[Chorus]*Lady sings*

(I'm saying though. You like to fight? You can fight for your life, don't play with me. See a lot of niggas don't be knowing I be doing real shit, ya heard me. You're now rocking with ya boy Kevin Gates. I'm just tryna be your next favorite rapper, that's it. What's the point of having soldiers if you can't use em? You know the Puerto Rican kid, be popping willies n shit, sell a lot of coke. That's what the fuck I do, man. Nigga know wassup. I'm tryna get paid in full.)
[Verse 2]Bread winner street gang
Look who in the air chillin'
Flare the pistol, now the paramedic gotta airlift him
Wings on the skull
What I tell to the judge, not demonic but it symbolizes hell from above
Got a cell button bug
Paper trail never budge
?? selling drugs, never tell on the plug
I'm a thug (what that mean?)
True hustler, under God
Took something, under arm
Percussion, for who harm
?? swarm, no discussion
Concussion, make it hard to talk when he not thinking or walk when he not breathing

Quality street music, which targets the law beaters
Paw grieving, Lord please be with the mother of this motherfucker
Led by assumption, only right that the metal touch you
Safe to say Kevin Gates is a motherfucker (Luca Brasi)
Lady sings
(I thank y'all for sitting through the lecture, you know. I love each and every one of y'all on a personal basis. I wouldn't say that if I ain't mean it. That mean I really do mean that. I really do mean that. Mane, what the fuck you looking at me like that for? Bitch what you want do something. I'm just fucking with you, thug. Now go 'head for I put that iron on yo pussy ass. I'm out. I'm out. I'm out, thug.)

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