

MYB (feat. Starlito)

Kevin Gates

Dear Heavenly Father, I come to you seeking comfort in depressed times
This is a depressed time
Luca Brasi! Every rapper in the game'll say they sold cocaine
Never went to jail was
Never on no chain
Always throwing crosses that's what lil' hoes get
Claim to be a boss but you a lil' broke bitch,
Reason you alive thank the niggas you run wit,
I was in a cell witchu and you ain't run shit,
Told me put my shoes on,
But you ain't scratch
I wreck hall and jack off and then was so laid back
For niggas you would make calls,
Don't that sound like draft
When I call a bitch in love she get here oh so fast,
Fucking right I read my bible, I believe in God,
Yeah you punched me in my shit but you did not hit hard (laughs) I have respect for every man that demand your
respect,
Nigga still alive, he lying if he said he checked me
Rather stand alone before I pull a nigga dick,
All you pussy rappers just be pulling niggas dick (ya bitch) Behind my name I'm standing tall and will die any
day,
As I grew wise I thought that I would put that foolish pride away,
If you cross can't take a loss, I can't walk away (I can't)
There's no way in hell I'd ever let you walk away R-E-S-P-E-C-T this heat, I keep that Glock with me
Caught two pistol charges still got my L's and reciprocity
Never be a celebrity, all this beef where the broccoli
I'm obviously not wrapped to tightly, probably better off offing me
A nigga better watch how he talk to me, like how I watch how I talk on my cell
Don't answer my phone from rap niggas, I get calls way more often from jail (hello)
Swear it was so hot out on my block we all thought it was hell
On the L's, sippin' syrup tryna mend this broken heart from all the betrayal
Sold it before it got off the scale, re-up and do it again
Shot it out so many times, got to see who was truly my friends
I was one deep in deep thought
Thinking everybody tryna con or cross me
It's getting hard to be humble tryna get this bad karma off me
Starlito! I have respect for every man that demand your respect,
Nigga still alive, He lying if he said he checked me

Rather stand alone before I pull a nigga dick,
All you pussy rappers just be pulling niggas dick (ya bitch) Behind my name I'm standing tall and will die any
day,
As I grew wise I thought that I would put that foolish pride away,
If you cross can't take a loss, I can't walk away (I can't)
There's no way in hell I'd ever let you walk away I just aim the Smithn' 22 and win me 14-6
If I lost you with the multiple you don't know shit
16 through 52's you got you 4 bricks
But it probably was in vein, Cause you won't score shit
Brah talk about me bad, I'm like not my boy
When I got his bitch pregnant bet it broke his heart
Gone ahead and get some get back or fuck my bitch
I'll let you in on a lil' secret nigga she not shit,
First ole' lady crushed my feelings, I ain't been hurt since
Whole family full of gangstas and we both know this,
If a sucker run up on me he can get bent up,
Hold it down for my real niggas still penned up, Luca Brasi!

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