

McGyver

Kevin Gates

I call these niggas two packs
'Cause all he got is two packs
Frontin' like he run the city, why the fuck he do that?
I'm like, "Why the fuck he do that?" Hold up, bitch, don't get tired
Go with your move, I'm 'bout it
Come through like Uber drivers
My goons move in silence
They turnt up and they wildin'
Niggas know how I'm rockin'
I get it all the way, applyin' pressure
Ain't no silence
Clear colors, pullin' up, everybody head bop
This is not a bandana, check out how these shells pop
Say it clear and clisp, I had meant to say crisp
All these diamonds in my mouth make me talk with a lisp
I had to rap my shit, I just had broke my wrist
Don't 'posed to talk to me, say bro control your bitch
I clap on, clap on, bring that ass here
Was in my feelings 'bout your girl, that was last year
You laid up with her, I just stay up with her
She ain't like her homegirl, she a makeup killer
Take her makeup off and she look way different
Now let me see you work out, I love it when you work out
In the hood I issue work out, I'm sorry we ain't work out
Got my money right and I forgot about you
I for, I forgot about you
All the niggas that was hatin', they ain't had a second thought about you
Big Jigga fuck with me, I'm on the phone with J Real
I got the roof laid back, got lil Dreka right here
I don't trust too many niggas, switch up on you, they will
MAC fury, I put 'em in a combo, boom, boom, boom, boom, pronto
Get here, we mixin' gumbo, blockin' shit like Mutombo
Run it back, ain't no fumble, disrespect me, go dumbbo
I just left out the ward, I'm chillin', I'm in the jungle
Checkin' on my lake rent houses, flood can't nothin' crumble
I ain't on the internet so I don't hear what they're sayin'
I'm in the streets, walk up on you, nigga, what is you sayin'?
I got somethin' in my... and this gon' stop you from playin'
I ain't never went in retirement, I'm still in demand

I got the jailhouse clickin', we on fire, I got mojo
H-Town boomin' out the dorm on the low though
My niggas from other sections keep it realer than niggas
That come from the same hood, we played together as children
You a silly boy, hold up, you don't know me, why we talkin'?
Ask your big dog about my... yeah, real retarded
Hold the shop by myself, got it then from here you bought it
Gon' step up through there, I'll spray this bitch like Mad Marvin
My lil' Juvie, she golden with killin' and I fuck with her
I just picked her up after school and smoked a blunt with her
I've been fuckin' with lil' NaNa, but she been runnin' from me
When I leave she go to uh uh, I can't run out of money
Everybody 'bout to take a trip to Miami
I don't give a shit, bitch I'm kickin' it in Dallas
Get your passport, I'm 'bout to take a bitch to Paris
Champs-Élysées, Louis Vuitton, but that's average
Michael Kors for my whores, better be happy
Say it ain't designer, then I'm leavin', goddamn it
If I'm the one that bought it for you, then it's fantastic
Ring bought from Wal-Mart, I thought the thought was what mattered
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