

Tomorrow

Kevin Gates

I'm goin' out a real nigga
Bread winna business
Shout out to Baltimore
My H2 models Maryland State
Bitch, I'm from MarylandGot a ramen roof on my new Ultima no Maserati
Low key in a rental bu so please don't tell nobody
She just tapped her home girl look girl there go Luca Brasi
Excuse me bae I'm on a lot of drugs I'm out my body, lord
I swear I'm out my body lord
Look, please don't talk inside the car
This depression get the best of me
I'm in my thoughts, I don't want to talk until tomorrowRest in peace to Lil F
Boy throwing fours in the south
Street nigga step team really pack gats, gold's in the mouth
Mama told me neva hit a women but I bat hoes in the mouth
Make the trap roll in a drought
Get the pack going on the route
Talkin' that money shit I'm too intelligent
Flip on my flip then I jump in a bucket
When I'm in Cali ya know I be thuggin'
I've been shot without a bad leg
Me and Crae Crae in Compton cooling
On Caress Ave eating crab legs
I'm going out a real nigga
Bread Winner businessGot a ramen roof on my new Ultima no Maserati
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I'm in my thoughts, I don't want to talk until tomorrowLightnin' fast from the left jab make the right, damn he
throw pressure
Man, I don't need no effort, make the coke measure
Treat the hoe special, bagging coke rebellious
Take 'em to trial, no backing down
The Luca comes out the day I'ma smile
All praise to Allah
The limbs blowin' loud, my faith in the clouds

Legal tender we tipping on strippers it's my way of keeping 'em out my business
Walk like a general going organic, investing in diamonds they made out of minerals
I'm wit my niggas Starlito I kill fo' ya
My heart dropping knowledge in interviews
My grand-motha told me that someone's
Going to luv me the othas going to try to get rid of ya
They call me Jesus, I speak the truthGot a ramen roof on my new Ultima no Maserati
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