

# White Tan

Kevin Gates

Stupid Step-Father, I'm wonderin' is you stupid?  
Facial expression vacant, get puzzled as if a doofus  
Bad news truly, nose up her ass often  
Socially a misfit, my dick you should get off it  
4 63's, clickin' 9s, droppin' dimes off it  
Bottom line a revolver, problem of mine solver  
Dodgin' a crime, while in the blind of a flyin' saucer  
Unidentified object, and dead of the night walkin'  
Y'all parkin' I'm sparkin', hard to talk from a coffin'  
When Tharson go to war couldn't call it off if I called him  
Needle into my skin no pretendin' be somewhat therapeutic  
While in my lair in the air performin' aerial movement  
Thoughts linger, distinctively as if parachuting  
Whisper police and be quickly seen by a pair of shooters  
Stare or prove it, arousin' theories that I'm hard to kill  
Oxygen the toxin' while watchin' shawty contortion' it

[Hook:]

I could dap you with the right hand  
And then bat you with the left hand  
A lot of niggas pussy they been comin' at me left hand  
On the stove over the pot  
I'm droppin' soda with the right hand  
Butterknife and scrape the Pyrex cookin'  
White tan, oh ohhh ohh  
White tan, oh oh  
Yo oh oh  
White tan oh oh

[Interlude:]

Shit, I got to feelin' myself  
I forgot where I come in  
Hold on  
Hold up  
Let me see

[Verse 2:]

It go bloom bloom blocka, salute troops proper  
Please inquisitive ya listenin' better not be Sinatra

Ya better resemble Gotti  
Embodyin' Luca Brasi  
In the lobby with the try-me  
Ya women wish they could try it out  
Creep into the Cliqo, not humble who gon' stick by me now?  
While he down, devisin' a plot, wish they could tie me down?  
I be round, Mafia Mechanisms and all sorts  
All ports, circlin' the globe thuggin' the raw sport  
Raw Report Magazine reader, pull up in raw form  
All corn, state of athleticism in y'all dorm  
What I meant by sippin' drank the color we all knowin'  
With that shit the same color as a airport

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