

# Arm and Hammer

Kevin Gates

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Hook]

Box of soda, red and gold (red and gold)  
Arm and hammer (Arm and Hammer)  
Do the microwave and stove arm and hammer  
Trap girl on my phone  
She like, "What's the matter?" (What's the matter)  
Going hard just ran out of Arm and Hammer  
She like bae I'm at the store  
What you want? You should know, sandwich bags and Arm and Hammer  
With a scale I'm going hammer  
Trap jumpin I got junkies watchin burglar bars and cameras[Verse 1]  
I'm charging in my Monte Carlo  
Pull up to the trap while on the phone with Jamarlo  
Percielago, new Camaro up in full throttle  
Buying punch, check the sale, it's a full bottle  
BWA, Bread Winners Association  
In my trap on the couch like my leg's broke  
Catching sells, ain't no way I could be dead broke  
Let him in, shut the burglar, lock the deadbolt  
Nigga try I got that iron, make your head smoke  
Kitchen or whipping can't be like whatchamacallit  
Work be fucking retarded  
That's what my customers call it  
Grabbed two houses they jumped to like sixty eight by they self  
Straight out the pot to the bag, they both weigh seventy wet[Hook][Verse 2]  
Broke a block down to rocks  
Slowly picking my weight up  
In the drop selling ounces  
If you want weight you can wait up  
Ain't been asleep in 3 days  
My nickname should be Stay Up  
Fuck the club and the mall, right now I'm stacking my cake up

Fuck you hoes I could jack off, I don't play break up to make up  
You other niggas had your turn you play your face then get ate up  
(Don't wanna get killed)  
Don't make us, send you straight to your maker  
Bought my paper, my paper, might step out on occasion  
Just heard Tyiesha getting married  
Here's a congratulations  
Invited me on vacation, reception out in Jamaica  
Quarterback that play in Dallas, tear it up, Troy Aikman  
In a world of bad bitches, don't pass them by the car hating[Hook]

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