I Got U

Kevin Gates

[Chorus: Kevin Gates]

Do you feel

This here

In your ear

Dick up here

In your ribs

On the real

From the real

In the mirror

I'm him

Don't trip

I got you

I got you

I got me

Just get you

Selfish, it's not true

I'mma show you how I can do

Throw it back when you rock the move

Reason why I probably rock with you

I got me

I got you

On the real

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From the real

[Verse 1: Kevin Gates]

Dirty dollar getter

On the phone with one of my hittas

Drop the bands

Pots and pans

In the kitchen,

I'm not carin'

One of my mans

He owed me 100 bands

Say no names

Push one button your feet the air All for me to sit back in this chair I'm hands on I'm everywhere

[?]

Cold sport but Life ain't fair Go back platinum one more time

After that its

Say she love me okay yeah

Let me rip and go somewhere

Step out dressed in sweatsuit dapper

They might say I'm [?]

In the slums you never there

Paid protection, you meant protection

Big old weapon bottle [?]

From the projects we in Paris

[?]

Sipping fanta out a can

[Chorus: Kevin Gates]

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From the real[Verse 2: Kevin Gates]

Screeching macking bouncing

Big old booty bouncing

I'm pouring up two ounces

This shit flow like a fountain

This shit tall like a mountain

We in here money counting

Sometimes its so astounding

Blowing this loud we lounging

Fix your face stop pouting

Bae I'mma take you shopping

I told you stop [?]

GPS re-routing

When [?]

You better not get to shouting

I'll show you I'm really about it

Don't make no scene in public

[?]

Get in this room, get full of this liquor, same one I dick you down in

[?] making that face I'm pounding

Making that face you [?][Chorus: Kevin Gates]

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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