

# What If

Kevin Gates

What if God was one of us  
Just a thug like one of us  
Looking for love in the club like one of us  
Tryna make it out the slums like one of us  
What if God is one of us  
Just a thug like one of us  
Getting in out the mud like one of us  
Making calls to the plug like one of us  
Making calls to the plug  
Trynna ball, going hard I'm not balling enough  
I got scars on my heart come from falling in love  
On my knees every night placing calls up above  
Seems like God won't pick up  
If Heaven won't show me a way  
Guide me when I grip the weight  
'Cause in the city we livin' in it's kill or you getting killed  
I was taught to keep it real, misguided in the field (boom boom pop bang bang)  
Forgive me I done gripped the steel  
She the devil she was bad long weave thick ol' ass  
Round enough make pretty faces when I'm hittin' her from the back  
And I got caught and I ain't rat, some cuckoo guys she ain't hit back  
I done been to hell and back, 'cause I done been to jail and back  
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I fell off then got up  
I'm standing tall no matter what  
Real nigga never budge  
Thinking y'all shall not judge when I stood in front the judge  
Media they telling lies about me that don't matter much  
Hey now, turn it up  
I just got back from the future don't know what I'm thinking of  
Hey now, turn it up  
Leave you leaking just for reaching ain't no drinking out my cup  
Shawty yellow, awe yea, slim she Barbie Doll bad  
She got pregnant from my partna so I had to fall back  
She was wit' another rapper, hold up I can't talk that

Text her when she call back  
If I ain't a dick slanger tell me what you call that  
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Out the mud  
Making calls to the plug like one of us  
Out the mud  
Making calls to the plug like one of us

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

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