

Discussion

Kevin Gates

[Intro]

Sometimes you gotta put your pride to the side in this game that we call life
You know I'm tryna get back to my kids
You know I can't win with these crackers
I'm a nigga and they look at me like a nigga
Like lemme go and lie down real quick, fuck it[Verse 1]
No self work being honest
But I converse with some bosses (I do)
I'm a real earner and I worked hard
Thankin' god look what I accomplished
Inside support system awkward
Take time with trial, only options
Division nine, no PC in Chicago, fighting drama
My relationship gettin' rocky
No spousal trust, I was moving unconscious
I was talking with Jay and
Recruited a move that allotted me counsel
Back and forth without representation embarrassin' ran out of options
Told my attorney go get with the DA he come with a deal and I'm coppin'
Aiming for 36 months but he came with a 30 so fuck it I signed it
He think I'm stupid, well fuck what he think
I ain't fight with them crackers, I got out they way
Stateville, now I'm going up state with the gang members they respectin' my name
You one of the mean, you play with the kid
You gon have to kill 'em you one of the greats

[Chorus]

No need to say it, I was sufferin'
My head hurtin' of concussion
Broke bed on me fuck it
I don't think they really love me
Trust issues, I'm accustomed
Writers block, no question nah
Already knowin' you gon' lie to me, ain't no need to discuss it
Ain't no need to discuss it
We have a heated discussion
Internet beef, I don't entertain
I know I how to come up from nothin'
I'm gettin' straight to the money
I'm gettin' straight to the money

Already knowin' you gon' lie to me, ain't no need to discuss it

[Verse 2]

I'm an energy person and I'm at ease

But the minute you hurt me you gotta leave

Got some niggas who love me, they outta reach

Got some children who comin' up gotta teach

Got some family who mad cause they tryna leach

Got some big booty woman who I don't need

Master manipulation been manipulated

But it really don't bother me

Gold trim platinum, matte white Benz

V12, yellow color baguettes

Red guts, panoramic, my roof

Any given moment I can hop in a jet

In the weight room gettin' rid of weight

Pat touchdown, doin' a set

Hit the space bar, click and refresh

Making salat when I need to reset

Turnin' the pot got me whippin' the vet

On the phone, communication with the joint

Still going in tryna prove a point

I don't socialize, I don't see the point

50 wrapped up, stuffed in a bump

Underneath the trunk

Order what you want

Laying in the trunk sipping red wine

I don't give a fuck

I do what I want[Chorus]

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

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