

Posed To Be In Love

Kevin Gates

Ho tell me the other day she sent a nigga to jail
Man I thought it was legal to beat yo ho, shit it's yo ho, fuck!
Blowing up the phone, don't she see me calling her
I whip up in the driveway, she done packed up all my stuff
And im like what the fuck, can't even talk to her
I ain't gon lie this pussy good, it make me feel like stalkin' her
We supposed to be in love, we posed to be in love, we supposed to be in love, til it ain't no breaking up
And we supposed to be in love, til it ain't no breaking up
Any way that we can talk about it, it ain't no walking out
We posed to be in love, Any way that we can talk about
It ain't no walking out, we posed to be in love
Any way that we can talk about it, ain't no walking out, we posed to be in love
How the fuck is you, why the fuck is you falling all in yo feelings?
No understanding I'm ignorant, you gonna probably say that I'm tripping
Throw the left hand, you duck that one, this right bitch won't miss you
Beat a bitch like Chris Brown go back to jail no question
No surrender, no retreat, park the whip, hop out on feet
Me and her brother juuged together, he bet not get in my business
This shit serious, if you with it, shit get injured, did I mention?
How I'm rockin', you gone pop me or its back to penitentiary
Blowing up the phone, she see me calling her
I whip up in the driveway, she done packed up all my stuff
And I'm like what the fuck, can't even talk to her
I ain't gone lie this pussy good, it make me feel like stalkin' her
We supposed to be in love, we supposed to be in love
We supposed to be in love, til it ain't no breaking up
And we supposed to be in love, til it ain't no breaking up
Anyway that we can talk about it, it ain't no walking out
We posed to be in love
Anyway that we can talk about it, it ain't no walking out
We posed to be in love
Anyway that we can talk about it, it ain't no walking out
We posed to be in love
Hop up out the shower, you got louder, I bow bow you, ripped the gown you, had around you
Threw you down, and smelled yo flounder, if he jizz that, dick you down, I would of toilet water drowned,
know my heart is pounding, I don't talk around a lot of niggas I don't know
I don't know, blowing up yo momma, like "Momma we having problems"
Passing by the house, like come outside fore it get violent, lights off mask on silent

Blowing up the phone

Lyrics Submitted by Sonnicant LeBeau

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