

# Showin' Up

Kevin Gates

Bad bitches wanna fuck me  
Yeah, yeah, shawty love  
Bad bitches wanna fuck me  
Yeah, you know  
Shawty love the way I  
Shawty love the way I  
Shawty love the way I  
Way I'm cutting up  
I'ma hit the dick on you, ain't no cuddle up  
She be showin' up  
All that ass you got behind you  
Slim waist, all that ass you got behind you  
I mean, I mean where the fuck they find you?  
Where the fuck they find you?  
I'ma hit the dick on you, ain't no cuddle up  
She be showin' up, showin' up Hold up, pause  
Break the knob, speaker going out  
Two big booty bitches, both cheeks poking out  
If I feel played everybody getting robbed  
This fine motherfucker corn on the cob  
Listening to Three 6, slob on my knob  
If I don't know you I don't wanna, I don't like the vibe  
Disrespect me, I'ma die, see it in my eyes  
Hit my dog, hit the mall, what you did, drop a bag  
Into fashion, I ain't bragging, 450, ate Italian  
Got a chick, she Dominican and she half Italian  
Portuguese on her, big knots going at her top  
Throw some D's on her, I'm a rich boy, I'm on top  
Niggas sleep on you when you're bitch made  
How can I tell my mama, she gon' lose respect for me if I ain't die  
Bless her heart, she gon' be upset me with me I ain't fly  
I'm retarded, I'm a dog, I'm a lil badibida  
Pulling up, happy meals right outside of Benihana's  
Try to drink a million, know he really want to see me under  
Muscle, no need to tussle, hater 'bout to see me bubble  
Nigga he be want to shoot the shit but he ain't saying nothing  
Got around a nigga, acting weird like he up to something  
Drop 50 racks, backed back, another nigga touched them  
Game played above his shoulder

Can't think, get the shovelBad bitches wanna fuck me  
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She be showin' up, showin' upHold up, pause  
Break the knob, speaker going out  
Attempts at the phone, you hear your beeper going off  
I just hate Kevin Gates, he be showing off  
Big name, getting heavy, horsepower on the Chevy  
Money Wap, countin' Fetty, bad bitch, we together  
Jugg man, another level, mansion crib, jewelry section  
18k, plain jane, Lance bought a bezel  
Freak or we can fuck wherever, get 'em sis, fuck 'em up  
All black 750 with the peanut butter guts  
Who is this big fine motherfucker running up?  
Pumps in the bump, booty going bumpabumpabump  
Shoes on, watch me, drunk man, what the fuck  
Beem, boom, beem, bam, boom, yeah, going dumb  
Glock, boom boom boom, now you want to duck  
You was on the gram talking tough, now you want to hug  
Hundred fifty bands on the bluff, cuz get a cut  
Moving on, better thoughts, cleaner weed, cleaner living  
Kitchen bags at the cleaners, even made a cleaner killing  
What he said? Fuck a nigga, I ain't really get to hearing  
Lately I been running out of seconds tryna get a minute  
Using a metaphor, I figured you would get the picture  
Shawty bad, she a ten, blowing gas in Virgina  
Express pass, had to get it, you ain't get the picture?

Songwriters

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