

Had To

Kevin Gates

Oooh, ooh, ooh
You had to, you had to know it
Oooh, you had to know it
What you doin'?

I'm a professional Too many snakes in my grass, yeah, yeah, I had to mow it
Too many snakes in my
Too much lean in my soda, you know I had to pour it
You know I had to pour it
Rubber bands in my hand, shawty bad, I had to throw it
Hunnit, hunnit
I be trickin' on a bag, yeah, yeah, you had to know it
Is you rollin'? Ooh, you had to know it (woo!)
I'm, I'm a soldier, ooh, you had to know it
Too many snakes in my grass, yeah, yeah, I had to mow it
'Bout to go get what I'm owed
Get throwed, you had to know it
I'm a professional, she fell in love in the bed
She let her heart get the best of her
Butter, she spread, dope what I do to her legs
Like the cocaine, I be stretchin' 'em
I've been hurtin', you wouldn't know the half
I'm a snake and she ain't mow the grass
Guard's down, now I'm on her ass
Credit card I'm maxin' out again
Drop top vert, do the dash
Breadwinner... in the Jag
My lil' brother, yeah she let him smash
Ain't too many real, where they at?
Stack it to the ceilin', do what you 'posed to do
Watch everybody that you keepin' close to you
Fuck over you bad and won't nobody notice
My heart felt the razor, ain't nothin' disposable
Gave it my all, went to war, I've been scarred
Dealt with a broad and she played with my heart
Played on by friends, not protectin' my cards
They would all say they was playin' their part
Came from the bottom, we aim for the stars
Won't shoot in the air, that's like playin' with God
Bitch, what up?

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 Get throwed, you had to know it Climbin forward, strivin', I'm a grinder
 Rearview watchin' what's behind you
 Peripheral, watchin' what's on side you
 Close homies just as a reminder
 You can smoke, just don't let it blind you
 These scriptures what I'm tellin Khaza
 Don't let nobody know that you a monster
 Keep it on the tuck and then surprise 'em
 Mouth shut, let 'em think you're quiet
 Big steps, always movin' silent
 Strong shit, a legend when you sign it
 You should want the shit you don't acknowledge
 Pillow talk, Pussy shit in private
 Hoes only, know that you a lie
 Stunt on all ten like you a tall one
 One thing you are not is a coward
 Never rat, if you do, you sour
 Respect level, keep it at a dollar
 Not involved in other people's problems
 Everything you hear you think about
 Don't make sense, nothin' wrong with doubtin'
 Ease off, get it from around you
 See trouble, try your best to dodge it
 If it's meant for you, you die about it Too many snakes in my grass, yeah, yeah, I had to mow it
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Get throwed, you had to know it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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