

Let It Sing

Kevin Gates

Nigga won't tell me, talkin' 'bout some
You twenty percent more in it
(Who's that?)
Nigga you control the wheel there
Flexed up, Billy Jean, yes-uh, everything
She don't trust a nigga, nigga I don't trust a wedding ring
Flexed up, Billy Jean, yes-uh, everything
She don't trust a nigga, nigga I don't trust a wedding ring Yappa goin' bada-boom, Yappa goin' bada-bing
Ray Charles, I can't see, Aretha Franklin, let it sing
Yappa goin' bada-boom, Yappa goin' bada-bing
Ray Charles, I can't see, Aretha Franklin, let it sing
Sip out the canister, rollin' up cannabis
I'm not permitted to cross into Canada
Fired my manager, Robert Horry in the game
Switch place, story stay the same
Bail came in the mail, bust it down, you would think I'm Tory Lanez
Broke prayin' for a whole thang, shot the tecs and a load came
Flex on 'em like I'm Billy, bought a new hip, then told her "hit me"
Tryna get next to me like I'm Tristan,
you think I'm really 'bout to let you get me?
You think I'm really 'bout to let you bill it?
You think you really 'posed to get a Bentley?
All you do is stalk other ho's pages,
You cannot afford a payment on a Civic
Keep it professional when you DM me
You know your sister be all in my business,
Copyin' everythin' that I delivered
TMZ I'm fightin' with Dreka
We cannot do this in front of the children
Lovin' this shit, she gon' go get a pistol
Know this so crazy, probably wanna kill me
How could you leave me?
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Gold Rollie, touch, Cutter gon' launch
In Cali, just call me an ally,
You tell me the addi and daddy gon' punch
Crunch time, gotta count in the clutch,
Bust down, not the ho with the blunt
Breakin' open a pipe, pourin' dope in the cup,
Partner bought it, 'bout to open it up
Big Body, doors openin' up, big Jamaican unloadin' the truck
Big weight 'bout to go in the trunk,
Bad bitch, give me brain in the trunk
Just jugg, four M in a month,
two-fifty book a show, I'ma come
Cappin' like they got more than us,
Matter of fact, I just ordered up
Shopliftin', they recorded us
Remember back on the motorbus
I could remember you treatin' me shitty back then 'cause I wasn't important enough
Straight from the back, how I'm grippin' the bitch,
Throwin' dick in her kidney, she ballin' up
In the mirror I glisten', the button ignition,
The engine go RAH, when I start it upFlexed up, Billy Jean, yes-uh, everything
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Ay, forgive me
If I'm not energetic and hunky dory around this bitch
when I got a motherfuckin' GPS monitor strapped to my leg.
When I got a motherfuckin' P.O. tellin' me I can go travel
To spend money, but I can't travel to make money.
You know, forgive me for not being enthusiastic, you heard me?
When I got these fuckin' dick suckers on my motherfuckin' back 24 hours a day
Playin' wit' me, you heard me?
And now you fuckin' playin' wit' me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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