

Don't Know What To Call It

Kevin Gates

I know there's a name
Gotta be a name for this shit
I just don't know what
Don't know what to call it I know there's a name
Gotta be a name for this shit
I just don't know what
Don't know what to call it I hurt so much in the last month
Live everyday like it's your last one
Can't trust nobody
I've been betrayed by everybody around
Cracking jokes I don't laugh much
For help I never could ask much
If I'm down an out I get passed up
No one there to be found This life is like a rodeo
Up and down emotional roller coaster
Problem solver, ain't hard to cope with
But it's hard to follow rules, I'm the culprit
Easy to talk but its hard to listen
But the goal I'm chasing ain't hard to picture
Hurt to see every car I wanted
But behind the wheel I ain't the person in it
The chick I wanted, wanted someone popular
And I ain't that popular (whats that?)
But now I'm so high, you gon' need binoculars
Now there ain't nothing I
Bunk bed living had to sleep on top one another
There's nothing you could do for me
Made it from the bottom to the top
Can't stop my grind, really out my mind - True Story! Lemme keep this shit 100
I don't know your name
You don't know my name
And that's the way I want it
I'mma do my thing
Ain't gotta explain I know there's a name
Gotta be a name for this shit
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Don't know what to call it I'm so pressured out to win
Enough to make anyone consider the normal clique
Flashing out having arguments
I'm no longer in bounds
What meets the surface ain't all you get
Introverts can't be too talkative
Now as my heart place all of it
Usually I wear frowns
Ain't no sense in my straight pretending
In a room full of people, I pays attention
Steak for dinner, that we provided
Made money in the slum that the street provided
Behind my door
Clutch heat beside it
Out of line, I was taught let it eat somebody
Put the sleeper silence
Retreat from by me
If it ain't no property shouldn't leave ?
Certain things about it won't change
The world ain't able to see bout that
My pants they sagging below my waist
Pockets filled with Franks
Say I'm willing out ways
Love the game, never back out
Cold but is fair, and its fair but it's cold
Sold not told, nigga trap out Lemme keep this shit 100
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You don't know my name
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Songwriters

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