

# Excuse Me

Kevin Gates

I be hopin' sometimes for a moment to feel the light shine  
If life is a gamble I'm willin' to bet my last dime  
I know what it is to be victim of this bed I made so I lay  
Bought this bread I don't play  
Goin' through hell tryna make it  
Not even heaven could stand in my way Niggas talkin' and that shit annoying  
See I pay my dues, you can't afford it  
Since I got them racks they can't ignore me  
I keep it movin', fuck what's not important  
Excuse me, it's a real nigga here with some money  
Excuse me, it's a real nigga here with some money  
Excuse me, niggas talkin' and that shit annoying  
I keep it movin', fuck what's not important  
Excuse me Flaws on the table, I don't feel insecure  
(I say what batiboi, are you still insecure?)  
Lickle waist girl want fi run out the slum  
(Bout to bang, dutty wine me want see it done)  
Me and Millz break the nine, come on boost it up a notch  
Demeanor of a leader, even cooler than your socks  
I would say the watch but the bitch that cool  
Waitin' to tell but she wouldn't let go  
Leanin' out the liter, I ain't gettin' strep throat  
Flyer than the seagulls steady bumpin' Beanie Seagel  
Disrespect it then we squeezin', I ain't gettin' stepped on  
(?) the sequel, if you didn't catch on  
Ain't no latchin' on to my success  
Breadwinners Association, I move for the paper the haters considered a threat  
Convo screen shot in my convo, I meant to say text  
Disruptive behavior, subject to change by my chain, get upset  
I'm becomin' a gangster, they have PMS  
If you won't be a woman then go get a plumber and grow you some breasts  
Rollin' up sleeves like a sink spreadin' cabinet layin' pipe underneath  
Rap game kitchen counter, came to tighten up leaks  
(Tell 'em what you mean)  
Time to tighten up the leash Niggas talkin' and that shit annoying  
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Excuse me Oh my God, I'm a God  
Neighborhood, I'm a star  
Sick of red bitches, they don't listen in the car  
Girlfriend in my lap while I'm twistin' the cigar  
Luca Brasi, I murder bout mines  
Mucho the boss still livin' in my thoughts  
I'm a real vic, money limp when I walk  
Beat a bitch back in, big dick dinner soft  
Big clip by the couch wearin' zips that's an out  
Public housing, no authority and the clique got a house  
Try to turn speaker now blip-blip with the (?)  
Tuck somethin' close to you, eatin' grits with ya spouse  
No bathrobe wearin' ass nigga  
Breadwinner brick game hashtag emblem  
Peace sign on the hood in Benz symbol  
Still goin' off, make the clique get richer  
Shots on her back and her chest to the pillow  
Pieces come together, playin' chest with a picture  
Dog just a pawn, I be fresh, get the picture?  
Rappers all scarred up, discoloration  
Mental gymnastics with this conversation  
Just my little friend, this was just a vacation  
I'm dedicated to the grind, real nigga discipline  
Show on the road, low pros and they Michellin Niggas talkin' and that shit annoying  
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