

Pourin The Syrup (DatPiff Exclusive)

Kevin Gates

Broke another ten for the Bread Winner Brick Gang
Popping up pregnant, silly bitch tryna trick Gates
Start selling pussy, maybe that'll get your rent paid
Come to think about it, don't you live with your mama?
I don't give a shit when I ride 'round the bottom
Cocaine vet, pedal shifting on Highland
Boosie had a black Monte Carlo and a 'Burban
I was in a grey Monte Carlo and a Tahoe
He was doing shows, bad hoes up in Talo's
I was speaking Spanish with the plug havin' convos
Bleek Lair ran lips, hit the line every morning cause they know I keep the lean by the carload
In the top, hit the boulevard solo
Big Right know I got soft for the low-low
In a drought, me and Nook, only ones had dope
Nigga blew my leg off for a nine-piece
Tried to grab the gun, couldn't get it, middle of the night
Had to fight for my life when you try me
Connecting this year, we'll mark my nigga
I love my nigga, I owe you one nigga
Brookstown Richard, that's my little brother
Everytime I think about him, gotta tell him that I love him
Praying to the Lord that Car came from under that charge
Free my nigga Head when I bow my head
Late night, when alone, can't sleep
I got too many problems
The weight of the world on my shoulders
Pray that heaven do something about it
The chick that I'm lovin'
Wondering who is she fuckin'
The friends I got 'round me
Wonder which one of them sour
Pourin' the syrup, pourin' the syrup, pourin' the syrup
Pourin' the syrup, pourin' the syrup, bitch I'm pourin' the
Pourin' the syrup, pourin' the syrup, pourin' the syrup
Bitch I'm pourin' the syrup
Bitch I'm pourin' the syrup, pourin' the syrup
Bitch I'm pourin' the syrup I was naive, thinking that I couldn't get hurt
Thought she was faithful, fuck her but my dick burnt
Everybody laughed when I kissed her
I can't even lie, to this day still I miss her

We was on Scottsdale Inn by Jay's
Used to go to sleep in the pussy on an air mat
AndrÃ© Harris talked bad behind my back
Even though it hurted, I ain't tripping, never mind that
Me and Darrell Harris in a stolen car thugging
You get out of line, he goin' put you in a puddle
Me and Brittney Harris in the side room cuddlin'
Eat the pussy while she on the rag, like "Yummy"
My daddy nephew, kinda make him my cousin
We was having lunch at Chimes when you told me that you love me
I ain't never back down from a fight in my life
Big Yock slapped you, you went and got your cousin
Nigga shot and missed, and I came back jumping
I was 13 when I put one under
Ask my mama, go ask my brother
Go on South 12th, and go ask Big London (shoutout)
Jamison and Gary and Will know the truth
I was selling crack with the cameras on the roof
You was never that, at the plant working turnarounds (turnarounds?)
Little Steve hittin' your bitch from the back, matter fact
That's a fact, when I seen it, had to turn around
E-Dub, Dope Boy, Lil E, Big Mook
Me and Foots in my truck with the burners out
When you was on 3rd St., and ain't wanna squeeze
Pillow talking with your bitch, tryna play me like I'm weak
Now I'm coming at your girl, top nigga, no problem
You will never find out another thing about it
Come to think about it, got a coffee shop in Denver, Colorado
I'mma catch her when she visiting her mama
Ri-Ri, fine, you're old man hate me?
Can't rap like Gates, fucking up lately?
Me, you, and Dreka oughta take a vacation
We can have a threesome after waking up in Vegas
Give you 50k, fail to mention what it came with
Eat, pray, making love, see the world baby
Breadwinners swim where I'm fucking with a gangsta
You can model for my line, I can make you famous
Running from my tongue when I lick all in your anus
Intelligent the way I talk, vagina I contained it
Ever been ate, two mouths at the same time?
Ever had lips on your booty and your pussy
Got your body feeling mushy
When your water go to gushing
Brazillian wax, I don't like playing in the bushes
Pull your hair, smack it, bend back, get a whoopin' Late night, when alone, can't sleep

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Songwriters

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