Complaining (feat. Rico Love)

Kevin Gates

Sweetheart, let me make you understand something

These bitch always gonna have a problem with you

For one you bad as a motherfucker

For two, your nigga have moneyKeke and Te-te got Dre-dre and Ri-ri

My theme song on repeat, Mesha she a rider

Throwing dick inside her

No Baby Phat no BeBe

Isabel Marant, Emilio Pucci, Christian Louis Vuitton

Sara operated careless

Mouth on me she do it raw

Tonya get on top of me, probably while blowing strong

Excuse me, I meant to say A+

Fuck up her hair and makeup

And her feet she go to sleep

And when I leave she don't wake upWhen I walk in with that bag

She know it's gon' be raining

Spending all that paper, it's a damn shame ain't it?

My little mama bad

Outfit look likes it's painted

When I threw that money up them hoes fainted

(Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining

Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining

Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining,

I buy her what she want in New York, an understanding

Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining, my ho ain't complaining)Cocaine Aston Martin, I just bought that (I been scared to drive it)

I be over an Audi probably ask me how the fuck you buy it

Pull into the club with a bag full of bands (Scurr) and a Maserati

Pants sagging, got it raining, her body painted

All the bitches turn they nose up, no my ho she's not complaining

Spend a night with me vacation taken never make it famous

Head back to my trap, pull up in that Mercedes

Say she feel it in her stomach, grip her waist, she making facesWhen I walk in with that bag

She know it's gon' be raining

Spending all that paper, it's a damn shame ain't it?

My little mama bad

Outfit look likes it's painted

When I threw that money up them hoes fainted

(Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining

Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining
Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining,
I buy her what she want in New York, an understanding
bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining, my ho ain't complaining)Ice melting, champ

Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining, my ho ain't complaining)Ice melting, champagne bottles, white sand around me, pay to watch her

Bad bitches in two-pieces your dame out here wanna mingle
I stay grinding, I can't stop it need eight collars my strap on me no seat-belt
Make it spray, M-I-A, yeah he felt it

Big nuts with a lot of heart and a foreign car with a foreign cord

No rest and relaxation all my key partners say all in order

Back to jail with this pistol then that might make me a foreign starWhen I walk in with that bag She know it's gon' be raining

Spending all that paper, it's a damn shame ain't it?

My little mama bad

Outfit look likes it's painted

When I threw that money up them hoes fainted (Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining

Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining. Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining,

I buy her what she want in New York, an understanding Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining, my ho ain't complaining)

Songwriters
GILYARD, KEVIN / BUTLER, RICHARD / NESMITH, DWAYNEPublished by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/