

Lil Nigga

Kevin Gates

My lil' niggas I could never tell you nothing wrong
Bitch you my lil' nigga, I just wanna see you strong
My lil' niggas, thugging just like me you hold your own
Young and got respect and your fuckin' money long Bitch you my lil' nigga
Every time the dicks behind me, me I pray to God
Lil' brother sayin' we gon' be okay cause he gon' take the charge
Every time the dicks behind me, me I pray to God
Shout out to God, nigga I just whooped an open charge Pressure, I be roaming 'round the jungle at night
Streets love me but fuck 'em, they tryna take me down
Somehow, I be rollin' round, in bounds
Outta town, I don't be outta bounds
Too dirty I'm clutchin'
2:30 I'm jumpin'
In and out the mix, it's too early for jugglin'
Hoes turn to tricks, too thirsty they bummy
Swing back stop, .230s I'm drummin'
We fucked the same bitch, she both thinkin' we love her
He hit her from the back, I be glistenin', she be suckin'
I don't pillow talk, my dick Dumb & Dumber
Okay I'm wrapped out, I'm out, she let me punt it I could never tell you nothing wrong
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Shout out to God, nigga I just whooped an open charge Caught the nigga that had shopped me
Hopped out bow with the clips there
Over top you got in your ear
Yea, G shit on the real
Yea, sleep shit on the rear
You know, street shit be for real
Caught him, had to duck him out
Name rangin' I let it clear
Baby mama fuck with your partner
Heart broken, just let it heal
Respect level on the ten
No sucka shit, don't pretend
Pussy conversation, you ever grind then you in

Big bricks on the bid
Stand alone, you don't bend
On the phone with coffee drinkers
Reportin' live from the pen
Rock one on the phone with me
He helped me out there
Fuck with, he gutta he know we bout there
'Round the corner from your house where the driver gon' let me out there I could never tell you nothing wrong
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Songwriters

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