

Shakin' Back

Kevin Gates

Rippa on the beat bitch
Yeah, this how I'm livin'
Two for thirty-five, I just come out the H
Hit it with' Bolivia, Lil' Lidocaine

27 ounces, three.9 pieces I'm shakin' back
My old hoe gon' fuck on Sunday, can't wait for that
H town, no fentanyl, we dealin' that
Rumors hit my top every minute, I'm built for that
If I can pray there, I can stay there, I ain't scared of nothin'
Your grandma stay there, you don't lay there
Boy you scared to hustle
Oh well, really, yeah I name ringing bells
And my neighborhood supplier just got out the Feds

I'm pissin' clean for my P.O, I'ma livin' legend
Straight out the clink
Fuck every C.O who encountered Kevin
White people showing love
Niggas hating on me
Say they got a cake baked and they waiting on me
I went flat
Had to scratch
Woman skated on me
I pray 5 times a day I had to talk to God
In Chicago going hard without a body guard
I'm in control and I'm controlling I'm a shot caller
Couple rappers but they names I am not calling
Y'all gotta pay up that their lease land lord
If you don't pay up what you order I'm not stakeholder
Rubber bands
Coming in

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Say he broke the seal
Can I put it back on feet
And once he run it up he gonna put it back on me
He tell me all these things and get mad if I don't agree
Your habit is stronger than your hustle
Your hustle I don't believe
In jail I run into you know I go in there like lump
Wheezy changed forum thought we would stay in touch
[?] hit the line when he call me I'm finna come
I'm jumping out the rari he think I don't gotta gun
What's happening nigga?
Keep you something, If you not
I could take you uptown and reach you something by the spot
I'm holding shop with shop gettin' held for me

You hanging by my trap but you ain't ever sell nothing

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