

# What I Like

Kevin Gates

Ayy, let me hear that ho, Jeff  
Six7 on the beat  
Ayy

f\*ckin' with hoes, that's what I like (I like)  
Designer my clothes, that's what I like (I like)  
Wrist on froze, that's what I like (Yeah)  
Wrist on froze, that's what I like (I like)  
Cop some ice like f\*ck the price  
f\*ck your wifey with my wife  
Foreign headlights, that's what I like  
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I got my nose up, hella fly, turnin' down fat bitches (For real)  
Pay a few or play with me, won't you go and say it with me? (All together)  
On the count of three, we on it like bad bitches  
Drop the beat, one, two, three, we on it like bad bitches  
Boom, she got shot and didn't die, now her ass bigger  
Breadwinner, rank getter, bands in here back flippin'  
Diamonds hittin' harder than a bitch and they dance different  
Baby, reach out to your baby, take a sip, she act different

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I ain't even mean to flex (Excuse me)  
You ain't even seen this shit (Exclusive)  
Walkin' out, Neimans bags (We coolin')  
(Hello? Excuse me)  
Say, let me take this call, lil' booty  
We could just walk to the car, lil' booty  
Still on the line with my, uh, lil' booty  
Still goin' hard, I ball (Big hoopin')  
Out of town, couple traps jumpin'

Road runner, keep the pack touching  
When the rap slow, keep the sack coming  
Drop a hashtag and get at something  
Luca Brasi, what you mean, love?  
Gold teeth with a mean mug  
To a street nigga, it don't mean much  
All bustdown, got it blinged up

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