

# Great Man

Kevin Gates

[Intro]

Ayy

Dealin' with heartbreak, heartbreak

I've been dealin' with heartbreak

Nigga, my heartache

(Know I'm sayin'?)

Swear to God

(You know)[Verse 1]

Look in the mirror, what do you see?

I see somebody dealin' with heartbreak

When I love a nigga, my heartache

I know how a Cuban cigar taste

But that do not help with the heart pain

My lil' brother died in a car chase

And spend all my older brother from beside the whip

He got the car spray

Guess he got through on the crossway

Thankful that we ever crossed ways

Wonder do heaven got hallways?

Prayin' how much I say always

Salute OG Boobie, that's all day

Bringin' it back from the call way

Ain't fuckin' with niggas, they all fake

'Cause I pour my Hen' and they all hate

You can't get mad at a nigga who's gettin' it

If he not carryin' y'all way

I had to make a decision

Bread Winner mission to get it while y'all wait

I get that coffee delivered

Metric ton off the boat in a tall crate

Maybe I'm havin' an off day

Maybe I had a heart and my heart changed

[Chorus]

Look in the mirror, I see a great man

Look in the mirror, I see a great man

Just look in the mirror, I see a great man

I see a great man, I see a great man[Verse 2]

I used to look like a caveman, stressin' 'til I done got grey hair

Me and Odell Beckham back room havin' conversations

Label the lightware

I told 'em I used to have nightmares

Somebody killin' me, tryne get rid of me

Bitch, I'm really retarded  
You gotta finish me right there  
Mazzi was smiling when somebody shot him, diamonds on heaven in the night air  
Lemme me breathe for a minute  
I mean, did a nigga really not think this day would come?  
I mean from allah we come  
To allah we must return  
I pour a four in a two liter  
And remember some joy and we all well  
I put a ho in a two-seater  
I press on the floor and the car bail  
Runnin' the raw like a Barksdale  
Dump through the miles with the cartel  
Say you a dog with a small tail  
Loped to the ground with a large heater  
The ho that you lovin', she garbage  
I'ma go vrrmm in a Corvette  
Take your shoes off in the apartment  
We could go sit on the carpet  
Look, I made you some tea, she got all wet  
But I am not fallin' for all that  
I hit from the back and she all head  
You got 'em leavin' on call back  
I hit from the back and she all head  
And you gotta leave 'em on call back  
Only the player shit I entertain  
I done matured, I was bein' lame  
I had some cuts turned into stains  
You know I'm still prayin', fully flate  
I'm still affilated with the gang  
Bread Winner Gang (Bread Winner Gang)  
Cop lights, no lookin' around for stop lights  
These niggas be actin' they not right  
And the security top flight  
It might went over your head a lil' bit but it come off of Friday with Mike Epps  
Smokin' a clip with a nice hep  
We tryna celebrate another season  
I'm tryna levitate it out of reachin'  
I'm tryna meditate you with my breathin'  
I'm tryna bet a way from livin' decent  
I'm on some medication, got me thinkin'  
I roll a cigarillo with sativa  
[Outro]  
I'm on a different level on the kids  
(Yeah) I'm on a different level on the kids  
(Ayy) I'm on a different level on the kids  
I'm on a different level on the kids  
(Ayy) I'm on a different level on the kids

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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