

Told Me

Kevin Gates

Help me babyHate the way I'm feelin', pain killers in the cup
Pray to God I wanna end it, seems I don't believe in muchNobody did nothin' for me when I'm
on my knuckles
Quick to tell a nigga fuck 'em, I come up from nothin'
Bad dreams, heart cold, sick of lookin' out
(?) niggas slow to major and they lookin' frowned
Goin' shoppin', buyin' belts, even help them out
You was not real nigga, you dependin' if your loyalty is bought
It's sold to the highest bidder
Black bitch niggas number never reconsider
I was born a god but I finally got the picture
Couldn't mingle with the peasants, you too good for that, you different
Smilin' in your face, they see you stumble, they'll kick you
Work hard, trap by myself, I don't kick it
Turn my nose up, sick of fuckin' with you bitches
Hate the way I'm feelin', pain killers in the cup
Pray to God I wanna end it seems I don't believe in muchSearchin' for love in the wrong places
Now I'm givin' up, suicide been contemplated, think I really had enough
I think I really had enough
Wanna believe all the lies that they told me, that they told me
Wanna believe all the lies that they told me, that they told meWe share the same cell, help them
buyin' all these play the game well, I'm confused by the news
I don't pick and choose
Everyday ready for death, nigga win or lose
Brains blowed out, I'm still goin' to court
Rest in peace Gangster Reezy, I miss ya, swear to God
Marquise got murdered two weeks after we talked
That other boy pussy, he lyin', we never fought
Scared of a nigga to God he never walked
Caught him in the chow hall round the free people
Locker full of shit, nigga I can feed people
Penitentiary rich, got phones in the line
BWA, I was strong in the mind
Drecka come and visit got richer just pow
Julio I miss you, just hit me when you get out
Free throw shot to (?) right on consignment could get him out
I don't want to touch 'em, test somethin' nigga, we swap it out
Bullet after bullet after bullet after bullet
Walked down out the cut stand up in your chest
Rubber band up, never seen it, I'm a skeptic
Ya'll praise a bitch nigga but I still ain't get it yet
Hate the way I'm feelin', pain killers in the cup

Pray to God I wanna end it seems I don't believe in much Searchin' for love in the wrong places
Now I'm givin' up, suicide been contemplated, think I really had enough
I think I really had enough
Wanna believe all the lies that they told me, that they told me
Wanna believe all the lies that they told me, that they told me Hate the way I'm feelin', pain
killers in the cup
Pray to God I wanna end it seems I don't believe in much
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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