

Plug Daughter

Kevin Gates

A lot of motherfuckers ain't know I was Puerto Rican
They thought I was black ya heard me
I come on the front of the Narco Trafficante I get to telling them motherfuckers "Yo mato por nada"
They like "What that mean?"
I had to tell em', that mean I kill for nothin'
BWA, Bread Winners Association
I don't get tired
You know I'm all the way out there I'm fucking with the plug daughter
I'm fucking with the plug daughter
We get road side assistance when we placing orders
Wrap the money up and then we send it 'cross the water
I'm fucking with the plug daughter
I'm fucking with the plug daughter
I'm tied in with Diego, they treat me like family
And if I ever leave are they gon' kill my family In the middle of the kitchen
Water-whipping me a chicken
Breakin' down a brick on a island
Rented counter-top with Italian marble
No I really meant we own a island
Duct tape and a box cutter
Took a seven out em', bout to drop somethin' Test her with me, gotta test a piece of this recipe
When I cop somethin' Swear to God
I cook the bitch and don't jump man, I ain't buying shit
Interesting, get rich
I'm a stay with my bitch
And legitimate dealings my name don't exist
Never fake: I get hit then I'm taking my lick
And they know that I'm solid, 13 caught a body
Don't be with nobody, I be with them bands
My people just see me, he need an advance
He know that this platinum he don't need no cash
He know that we family, I'll lend him my last
Turn up in Phantoms and turn up in Jags
We shop in designer, we changing the climate
Balling [?] we leaving with bags
Money no object, we fuck up the profit
Cameras is watchin', sometimes I feel like the cameras is watchin'
In love with Luca Brasi I got coco in the mafia
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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