

# 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

