

One Thing

Kevin Gates

Baby hit this weed because it might calm you down
I rub your feet listenin' to everything you talkin' bout
Straight out the streets, I'm grimy
I talk, my diamonds shiny
Don't mean to be too aggressive baby
I go to war with God behind you
One thing I really love is makin' love to the pussy
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No stress hit off the chest, God I made it, I'm off of paper
Certificate of completion, I felt like I graduated
Enough about that, I ain't come for that
I came to comfort pussy drippin' through your draws
What I mean need to be punctured
I'm gutter, make love crazy back to the hustle
In the mirror makin' faces, I'm killin' ya from the back
Stuffin' dick in your slow, tryna rip the track from your scalp
Phone ring, bitch you know you can't answer
You call 'em back I say I'm sicker than you, I got
more bitches than you
And I can buy a murder charge cause my digits, they grew
I say I'm sicker than you, I got more
bitches than you
And I can buy a murder charge cause my digits, they grew
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Round two let's get it, cut up you know I'm
with it
I'm out my mind, I don't get tired, hold up bae it ain't no quittin'
Hold the back of my head with my tongue in your ass, ain't no Runnin hol'up Bae you trippin'
Spit drippin' down the crack of your ass, watch the liquid drip all in you kitty
Show me you love me
Get on top while I'm suckin' your titties you owe me
Slow motion, you move it around while
you do it
Don't nobody know how we thuggin', you know it
'Cept for the people you told me you told 'em

Except for the people you told me you told 'em I say I'm sicker than you, I got more bitches than
you

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

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