Pourin the Syrup

Kevin Gates

I don't get tired... Broke another ten for the Bread Winner Brick Gang Popping up pregnant, sIlly bitch tryna trick Gates Start selling pussy, maybe that'll get your rent paid Come to think about it, don't you live with your mama? I don't give a shit when I ride 'round the bottom Cocaine vet, pedal shifting on Highland Boosie had a black Monte Carlo and a 'Burban I was in a grey Monte Carlo and a Tahoe He was doing shows, bad hoes up in [?] I was speaking Spanish with the plug havin' convos [?] ran lips, hit the line every morning cause they know I keep the lean by the carload In the top, hit the boulevard solo Big Right know I got soft for the low-low In a drought, me and Nook, only ones had dope Nigga blew my leg off for a nine-piece Tried to grab the gun, couldn't get it, middle of the night Had to fight for my life when you try me Connecting this year, we'll mark my nigga I love my nigga, I owe you one nigga Brookstown Richard, that's my little brother Everytime I think about him, gotta tell him that I love him Praying to the Lord that Car came from under that charge Free my nigga Head when I bow my head Late night, when alone, can't sleep I got too many problems The weight of the world on my shoulders Pray that heaven do something about it The chick that I'm lovin' Wondering who is she fuckin' The friends I got 'round me Wonder which one of them sour Pourin' the syrup, pourin' the syrup, pourin' the syrup Pourin' the syrup, pourin' the syrup, bitch I'm pourin' the Pourin' the syrup, pourin' the syrup, pourin' the syrup Bitch I'm pourin' the syrupBitch I'm pourin' the syrup, pourin' the syrup Bitch I'm pourin' the syrup I was naive, thinking that I couldn't get hurt Thought she was faithful, fuck her but my dick burnt Everybody laughed when I kissed her I can't even lie, to this day still I miss her We was on [?]

Used to go to sleep in the pussy on an air mat André Harris talked bad behind my back Even though it hurted, I ain't tripping, never mind that Me and Darrell Harris in a stolen car thugging You get out of line, he goin' put you in a puddle Me and Brittney Harris in the side room cuddlin' Eat the pussy while she on the rag, like "Yummy" My daddy nephew, kinda make him my cousin We was having lunch at Chimes when you told me that you love me I ain't never back down from a fight in my life Big Yock slapped you, you went and got your cousin Nigga shot and missed, and I came back jumping I was 13 when I put one under Ask my mama, go ask my brother Go on South 12th, and go ask Big London (shoutout) Jamison and Gary and Will know the truth I was selling crack with the cameras on the roof You was never that, at the plant working turnarounds (turnarounds?) Little Steve hittin' your bitch from the back, matter fact That's a fact, when I seen it, had to turn around E-Dub, Dope Boy, Lil E, Big Mook Me and Foots in my truck with the burners out When you was on 3rd St., and ain't wanna squeeze Pillow talking with your bitch, tryna play me like I'm weak Now I'm coming at your girl, top nigga, no problem You will never find out another thing about it Come to think about it, got a coffee shop in Denver, Colorado I'm a catch her when she visiting her mama Ri-Ri, fine, you're old man hate me? Can't rap like Gates, fucking up lately? Me, you, and Dreka oughta take a vacation We can have a threesome after waking up in Vegas Give you 50k, fail to mention what it came with Eat, pray, making love, see the world baby Breadwinners swim where I'm fucking with a gangsta You can model for my line, I can make you famous Running from my tongue when I lick all in your anus Intelligent the way I talk, vagina I contained it Ever been ate, two mouths at the same time? Ever had lips on your booty and your pussy Got your body feeling mushy When your water go to gushing Brazillian wax, I don't like playing in the bushes Pull your hair, smack it, bend back, get a whoopin' Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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