

Makin Love

Kevin Gates

Baby don't mind, I'm headed to the bottom
there go them dick, just watch 'em
Make a left on East Buchanan, pull up in a backyard on Caroline
Me and Lil Ra Ra, we juugin' the city, at night I lick on her vagina
Shakira ain't want me to fuck with Sharita, backdoor Vicky with Dewana
Trappin' a package, I wrap it, get at me
When Dominique pull up, I serve, he leave happy
Shout out to Spanky, we floodin' the drought
We on College at IHOP and Cherish can't stand me
My pants is saggin' with 'bout 30 bands
Masquerade in New Orleans when I spotted Jasmine
Cedar pull up in Atlanta with Bizzy
That's Bread Winner business, that's Boobie and Menace
They land and say "Stand up" and eat niggas chests
RIP Reezy, uptown in my section
Fear of Allah and all praise be to God
Be my only protection whenever I'm steppin'
Callin' out to the creator
That earnings'll come from a bundle whatever
In the cell I can see all the pain in his eyes
And I wish I had somethin' to tell him
And I'm married to my hustle, makin' love
And ain't nothin' in this world could break us up
And I'm married to my hustle, makin' love
And ain't nothin' in this world could break us up
Think about respectin', everything I said, I meant it
Racin' modification on the Maserati engine
Pull up on the block, my bad, I'm sorry y'all hatin'
Shittin' ordinary life, fuck all of y'all lately
Gazin' out the sunroof, wonder why she not performin'
This bitch don't wanna eat my dick, I told his ho don't bother
Pull over, kick her out the car, won't even tell her sorry
It's a long walk back to B.R.O. while in Georgia
Awesome, we almost home
And them niggas you fuckin' with don't do no sparkin'
Don't do no talkin', I will not ever see death
Listen carefully, nigga, I'm flawless
Illuminated by the highpower
Enlightened but walk in the darkness
Cast not your pearls to the swine, young nigga
Rememberin' what I had taught you
I am the way and the truth and the light

And I've been up 40 days on a flight
Overcooked dope with a grams complexion
And first as the powder, was white
My oldest son lil' Tyler
Every time he 'round me he smilin'
And he know his dad'll turn this bitch to Afghanistan
No problem

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

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