

# Posed To Be In Love

Kevin Gates

Hoe tell me the other day "she sent a nigga to jail"  
Man I thought it was legal to beat cho hoe.  
Shit cho hoe, fuck. Blowing up the phone, she see me calling her  
I whip up in the drive way she done packed up my stuff.  
And I'm like what the fuck, can't even talk to her  
Ain't gone lie dis pussy good, it make me feel like stalking her  
We supposed to be in love, we posed to be in love  
We supposed to be in love, til it ain't no breaking up  
We supposed to be in love, til it ain't no breaking up  
Any way that we talk about it, it ain't no walking out  
We posed to be in love...  
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We posed to be in love...  
How the fuck is you, why the fuck is you falling all in ya feeling  
No understanding I'm ignorant, you'd prolly say that I'm trippin.  
Throw da left hand, you duck that one, this right bitch won't miss ya.  
Beat a bitch like Chris Brown, go back to jail, no quitting.  
No surrender, no retreat, park the whip, hop out on feet.  
Me and her brother jouge together, he bet not get in my business.  
This shit serious, if you wit it, shit get injured did I mention.  
How I'm rockin, you gone pop me or it's back to penitentiary.  
Blowing up the phone, she see me calling her.  
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Hollering, shouting, you got loud, I bom bom you.  
Rip the gown you, had around you.  
Threw you down, smelled yo flounder.  
If you just said dick you down, I would've toilet water drowned you.  
Know my heart is pounding,  
I don't talk around a lot of niggas I don't know.  
I don't know oh

Blowing up ya mama like "Mama we having problems.  
Passing by your house like come outside before it get violent  
Lights off, mask on, silent (shhhhhhhhhhh)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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