

Told Me

Kevin Gates

Help me babyHate the way I'm feelin', pain killers in the cup
Pray to God I wanna end it, seems I don't believe in muchNobody did nothin' for me when I'm
on my knuckles

Quick to tell a nigga fuck 'em, I come up from nothin'

Bad dreams, heart cold, sick of lookin' out

(?) niggas slow to major and they lookin' frowned

Goin' shoppin', buyin' belts, even help them out

You was not real nigga, you dependin' if your loyalty is bought

It's sold to the highest bidder

Black bitch niggas number never reconsider

I was born a god but I finally got the picture

Couldn't mingle with the peasants, you too good for that, you different

Smilin' in your face, they see you stumble, they'll kick you

Work hard, trap by myself, I don't kick it

Turn my nose up, sick of fuckin' with you bitches

Hate the way I'm feelin', pain killers in the cup

Pray to God I wanna end it seems I don't believe in muchSearchin' for love in the wrong places

Now I'm givin' up, suicide been contemplated, think I really had enough

I think I really had enough

Wanna believe all the lies that they told me, that they told me

Wanna believe all the lies that they told me, that they told meWe share the same cell, help them

buyin' all these play the game well, I'm confused by the news

I don't pick and choose

Everyday ready for death, nigga win or lose

Brains blowed out, I'm still goin' to court

Rest in peace Gangster Reezy, I miss ya, swear to God

Marquise got murdered two weeks after we talked

That other boy pussy, he lyin', we never fought

Scared of a nigga to God he never walked

Caught him in the chow hall round the free people

Locker full of shit, nigga I can feed people

Penitentiary rich, got phones in the line

BWA, I was strong in the mind

Drecka come and visit got richer just pow

Julio I miss you, just hit me when you get out

Free throw shot to (?) right on consignment could get him out

I don't want to touch 'em, test somethin' nigga, we swap it out

Bullet after bullet after bullet after bullet

Walked down out the cut stand up in your chest

Rubber band up, never seen it, I'm a skeptic

Ya'll praise a bitch nigga but I still ain't get it yet

Hate the way I'm feelin', pain killers in the cup

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Now I'm givin' up, suicide been contemplated, think I really had enough
I think I really had enough
Wanna believe all the lies that they told me, that they told me
Wanna believe all the lies that they told me, that they told me Hate the way I'm feelin', pain
killers in the cup
Pray to God I wanna end it seems I don't believe in much

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