

Don't Panic

Kevin Gates

Fuck the rap game, I won't get it like G
Put me on the block, go to thuggin' like E
Think I'm goin' back but free my nigga Me and gunner, 9th innin', just beat
a life sentence
Anyone of you lil' boys on the yard, throw the coffee in your face
While your wife stick a knife in your kidney
Bitch I'm goin' crazy, goin' all gangsta
9 milli's slangin', MAC 11 rangin', jumpin' out, walkin' up on blocks
40-50 shots, I'm a clean a nigga's clock
Everybody gettin' whopped when we hop out
Pussy better not cry now
Nigga where we from it's the code that we live or we die by
Grrrrrat, nigga, bye bye
No police up in the business when you get a shot and miss it
50 niggas from New Orleans come and turn around the city

What's happenin'? Don't panic, don't panic
We 'bout to... get 'em dead, don't panic, don't panic
Wasn't thinkin' 'bout a jewel and nigga showed off
Couldn't use your brain, now you gotta get 'em blown off
Dog, get a call, everything for the scam
Don't panic, don't panic
Fuck bein' friendly, nigga say what's on your mind
I'm bein' quiet, I got murder on mine
I got murder on mine, I got murder on mine
Killin' what I love, I got murder on mine
Fuck bein' friendly, nigga say what's on your mind
I'm bein' quiet, I got murder on mine
I got murder on mine, I got murder on mine
Killin' what I love, I got murder on mine

Team strong as a bitch, layin' law down
Everything feel the business, lay 'em all down
Auto manslaughter but you never thought it out
Curse, kill 'em all, let the lord sort 'em out
F&N point short, let the spark haul 'em out
This what war 'bout, nigga, fuck that
Meek men is gonna [?], we already died twice
God in my heart when I gave back life
I was coolin', I was tryna live a laid back life
Now my kids gotta see me in the pen or the grave
Real street nigga, no pen to the page
I will beef with you anywhere, any place
Ugly ass btich better fall back
Keep my name out your mouth or get your hard hat
Raps are the enforcer, I meant to say the landlord
Better yet, let me let them rubber bands talk

I don't mind doin' time, I'm a doin' time vet
Hustle in the jailhouse, bread, wanna bet?
BWA, this is not BMF
Everything around me convicted already
Pull my clique together, built it from the inside
Penitentiary rules in effect
You lil' boys go to jail but you don't know how to fight?
Ain't no guns back here, don't know how to make a knife
Stand tall on my own, I don't gang bang

I done seen it go bad on the chain gang
Seen niggas gang raped by their own gang members
Cliquin' up with other gangs and they kill their own nigga
Seen a nigga on a visit huggin' on his wife
Get back to the cell, he another nigga's wife
Everyone that say salamu alaikum ain't your brother
Come to my respect, I'm a die overnight