

# Satellites (HPG Remix) [feat. Wiz Khalifa]

## Kevin Gates

Kevin Gates, I'm everybody sworn favorite  
People tend to feel I'm Micheal Jackson reincarnated  
Satellites, never really made love  
Alright

Satellites, satellites  
Never really made love, but she gon' get it right  
Emotions probably telling her she could stay the night  
But her friends all call us crazy, they don't give her good advice  
Satellites, satellites  
Never really made love, Gates  
Never really made love  
Say she never really made love

I've been shot through the heart  
Just on the d-low, Lucas Brasi selling kilos  
Gotta shop outta town and got a spot just around the way  
Let's be specific, if I'm the nigga you feeling  
Am I wrong for showing interest in these women surrounding  
I'mma straight dick her down and go  
No time to lounge with hoes  
On the grind, all the time  
I done been down this road  
Strictly need my c-notes, can you keep up with my lingo  
Some'll say life is a gamble, which means love is a casino  
Everybody just playin' to win, think I made again  
Though many ladies pretend, hoping this ain't what it is  
This business I'm in, may make me taking a beating  
Would you still be my friend, when I'm lonely love  
Get 'em gone, cause ain't no one on the phone, but us  
Someone who strong when it's rough, someone who won't give up  
Ain't no wasting time, hustle every night  
Promise everything is alright

People changing on me, I am so sick of the masquerades  
Grew up poor, had no dishes, ate off paper plates  
I'm taking aim, brought up in this life I know  
Baby you a rider and I love when you ride it slow  
Motion for me girl  
Arch it to the ceiling, now bend over for me girl  
Pulling on your hair, while I'm gripping on your ass  
When I kill it from the back, know you feel it in your back

Late night screaming, all of the right reasons  
Touching, teasing, blowing it might please  
Make it bite back, I love when it bite me  
Saying take some out, I know what it might be  
When your body go to shaking, you're raising your right knee  
Bit the pillow with your teeth, I know what it might mean  
I'mma keep going, I know that the light green  
Can't stay still, I'm stroking the right thing  
Climb in the bed, with a dime in the bed  
Don't tell me the spot, I'mma find it instead  
Big fine muthafucka, she a dime with the head  
Just got a text, never mind what it said  
iPhone ringing, I decline with a fret  
Which color should I press, lime or the red  
Decline or accept, next line never read  
Minus the time and the time been the best  
Told her what it was first time that we met  
But she cry and get upset every time that I left

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>