

# Complaining (feat. Rico Love)

# Kevin Gates

Sweetheart, let me make you understand something  
 These bitch always gonna have a problem with you  
 For one you bad as a motherfucker  
 For two, your nigga have money  
 Keke and Te-te got Dre-dre and Ri-ri  
 My theme song on repeat,  
 Mesha she a rider  
 Throwing dick inside her  
 No Baby Phat no BeBe  
 Isabel Marant, Emilio Pucci, Christian Louis Vuitton  
 Sara operated careless  
 Mouth on me she do it raw  
 Tonya get on top of me, probably while blowing strong  
 Excuse me, I meant to say A+  
 Fuck up her hair and makeup  
 And her feet she go to sleep  
 And when I leave she don't wake up  
 When I walk in with that bag  
 She know it's gon' be raining  
 Spending all that paper, it's a damn shame ain't it?  
 My little mama bad  
 Outfit look likes it's painted  
 When I threw that money up them hoes fainted  
 (Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining  
 Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining  
 Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining  
 complaining, I buy her what she want in New York  
 an understanding  
 Them bitches mad, but my ho ain't complaining, my ho ain't complaining)  
 Cocaine Aston Martin, I just bought that (I been scared to drive it)  
 I be over an Audi probably ask me how the fuck you buy it  
 Pull into the club with a bag full of bands (Scurr) and a Maserati  
 Pants sagging, got it raining, her body painted  
 All the bitches turn they nose up, no my ho she's not complaining  
 Spend a night with me vacation taken never make it famous  
 Head back to my trap, pull up in that Mercedes  
 Say she feel it in her stomach, grip her waist, she making faces  
 Ice melting, champagne bottles, white sand around me, pay to watch her  
 Bad bitches in two-pieces your dame out here wanna mingle  
 I stay grinding, I can't stop it need eight collars my strap on me no seat-belt  
 Make it spray, M-I-A, yeah he felt it  
 Big nuts with a lot of heart and a foreign car with a foreign cord  
 No rest and relaxation all my key partners say all in order  
 Back to jail with this pistol then that might make me a foreign star

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