Break the Bitch Down (feat. K. Camp)

Kevin Gates

I'm a break that bitch down Met her out in town Got her on tequila Made her turn her ass 'round I'm a break that bitch down Down, down, down, down, down I'm a break that bitch down Down, down, down, down, down I'm a break that bitch down Pull up in the car Then let up the arms, suicide doors I'm married to the game, never gettin' a divorce Get in, baby this a coupe, ain't no room to fit your friend in Red bottom, whatever, your Christian, who is 'Boutin? Kinda new to boutiques and I don't do the salons Swag kinda simple, I'm cute in Louis Vuitton I'm headed to the 'telly, I wanna see you perform No hood on the car, workin' on your vocals Threesome after drinkin', grab a condom, we in motion Break your bitch down, leave her sleepin' on the sofa In the kitchen, broke a brick down, she ain't even know it Out of town for the weekend, accompanied by three friends I'm supplyin' all y'all drinks then Vacationin' from work, end up takin' time off Had to break up with her guy and feel like all men are dogs Tequila kickin' as we talk and we talk If she ain't feelin' it, she would've been walkin' off I'm about to 'scape away, she don't leave All I did was ask Sabatha, she won't eat Hotel room vacant, alone, she don't sleep Clothes off, on the sheets, provided we underneath Hollerin' in between, I don't get tired But wonderin' why you sleepOpposite of normal I'm a get her number, be a week before I call her I can see the future and I'm just bein' honest What I gotta do? I ain't tryna meet your mama I'm a get her loose, then I slang her this iguana Actin' like she don't but I know she really wanna Break the bitch down if she ask of my karma Won't pick up the phone, make her turn into a stalker Put her out the car, don't perform and you're walkin' You was actin' bad, buy the part, don't be heartless

You are not a star to a king and regardless You don't have a car and a section 8 apartment

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