

Out the Mud

Kevin Gates

24 hours, nigga, 7 days a week
Me, I don't get tired
I let you other niggas sleep
Turn up for that check
And yeah I get it out the streets
Hustle like i'm starving
Going hard, I gotta eat I get it out the mud (yeah, yeah)
I get it out the mud (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Watch how I break my wrist
Make that water whip
Stretch it out, then flip I'm all about my chips I get it out the mud (yeah, yeah)
I get it out the mud (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Watch how I break my wrist
Make that water whip
Stretch it out, then flip
I'm all about my chips Turn up in 2 seconds
Get it with music and coke, what I'm stretching
Across the street under a bando
And here with your ho, could get her to go fetch it (Here boy)
On the scale, but I call her the ruler
And that's what I'm using my method to measure
Got her jumping up out of the party
My clique-ity clucking surrounding my property
I meant to say my clientickity
Numbers official retickity
Out the mud, nobody did shit for me
Arrogant often I'm bigity
All about money, like what done got into me
Breaking down bricks and we blowing good Say you ain't feeling me, outta try killing me
Neighborhood love me, it's hard to get rid of me
My baby mothers are sick of me
I put that dick on 'em
Now they ridiculously saying, that when I don't come in I'm with a freak bitch
I've been chasing my paper religiously
I'm really in the street, others pretend to be
Let me get off of my grind then [?]
No one repeatedly coming and getting me out the mud. Nigga
I'm the epitome
I get it out the mud (yeah, yeah)
I get it out the mud (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Watch how I break my wrist
Make that water whip

Stretch it out, then flip
I'm all about my chips
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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