

# Gravy

## Warm Brew

Manu  
Other people's money  
Other people's wishes  
New kicks new threads hitting other people's switches  
Too fresh I'm dead  
David Bryne got these woosies talking head  
Instead we talkin bread now  
I remember everything  
Homies hatin talkin down  
Women disrespectin me  
Givin me the run around  
Money turn yo luck around  
Women throw they rump around  
That make me turn my head around  
Now try ta wrap yo head around  
Hangin out the moon roof  
1 chick two scoops  
Presidential candidates I'm smashing on my stylist  
Yo how u say u fresh enough  
When you ain't never freshen up  
And I suggest you buckle up  
That head so good you buckle  
You wifing her you messin up and you can't tell that somethings up  
I could never buy it  
My whole clique hit like david and Goliath  
Ray Wright  
Yo police defiant  
Smokin n im flyin  
Two twomps - thumpin  
Like punches in a riotN im ridin wit da homies cuz its death around tha corner  
Ain't nothin funny getchy money sunny southern californiAlt got everything u need and  
everything want  
Then she show her true colors n its everything you don'tI got the henny n the weed so patna  
take notes  
Jus da playa of da year n I ain't have to rig a vote lookChorus (Ray)  
I mob wit da squad  
Dawg wit da squad daily  
Dont neva eva eva  
Eva eva try n play me  
Game too cooooold  
We so wavy  
If homie talkin boooooold

It's all gravy  
Serk What I do ain't made for tv  
Winnin like I'm tiger cheating  
Kinda like a laker 3 peat  
Bustin booty  
Grabbin cheechy  
Im a Mac  
I'm bout my cheese  
N reelin fishes  
Stay in season  
You can sail da 7 seas  
N never find no one defeat him  
Comin from da land  
Where da doc n Mac  
Dre  
California kid  
Put a chick on backpage  
Pull a broad  
Off a quad n axe spray  
Pull up at her house  
Tell her man to valet  
Smackin dat booty  
Like I'm dikembe  
Rubbin dat booty like  
There's a genie  
Smokin my forest  
Gotcha sayin Jennay  
Pupil my eyes bout da size  
Of pennays  
Lobster Alfredo  
On top of penne  
Hit a Homerun  
Every innin  
Don't want it  
Don't begin it  
Lookin at life  
Like what's a limit  
Walk in my shoes  
Wouldn't last a minute  
Acid to me  
Like Popeyes spinach  
Pass it to me  
Mind sprewell spinnin  
Been dis way since a kid  
Ain't kiddin  
Servin dis game  
Girls smitten  
Representin well my town  
My city

Any kinda trouble Ima go  
Nc dive in it  
For a piece of that pie  
Took game  
Made businessMade business  
Hit da liquor store  
Xo my livers  
A little Molly moll wit a merlot kicker  
Just da way it go wit da one way sippers  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>