

# The Mud

Carnage

But I be in a lot shit so I keep it on the real  
I robbed a couple niggas  
Took some bricks from some people  
Recently, right before that umm  
Like, I've been around a lot people who do a lot of bad shit  
Hey, hey, hey  
Oh, damn, Oh Jesus  
Hey, hey, hey  
Oh Jesus, Carnage, hey  
Hey, damn, damn, damn

It's a whole lot of money that I'm dreaming on  
Billion with the ten yeah, the millions some  
We should win the mud, we should win the grind  
That's why everybody love to see a young'n shine  
Put them haters outta sight make them lose they mind  
Ain't gon' say you haven't been real cause you been on your grind  
They call you for that money when it's rainy time  
That's why everybody love to see a young'n shine

Damn, oh no, oh no they see it coming  
Predictions dismal for these PO niggas  
Shining starter when it's prime time  
Just like Deion Sanders vs. Mr Flanders  
For the famine, call the family  
I'm a bring the mayhem  
I'm a show them Carnage savage  
Then these bodies get the verses, off the satisfaction  
Just to say I did it  
History written by the winner so all these goons they not winning  
Pussy niggas said I wouldn't, how could I forget you  
I on' know your name, just a mental picture  
Let em know scribble, scribble hit spot, I'm a keep the torch  
How you love cappin' from the porch  
And you PUC finesse the sport  
91 more, got a million I'm a work for it  
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And you PUC finesse the sport  
91 more, got a million I'm a work for it  
Yeah, yeah

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Damn, wanna win by the bench or court  
It is crunch time, come on play the role  
I was almost gone before the fourth  
On my day in court, seen a snitch nigga  
Crazy shit he used to be my friend  
Now he sold us all for 50 cents  
We will, what a cheap feeling, that's the city thrill

I'll understand, where the training cap  
Taking niggas off the map  
Feeling on the trigger, have my back  
One man on the scout  
Wrestle money for the drought  
Wrestle money, did he tell on the stone cold  
Couple hundreds, get it how you live  
Get it how you wanna, do it big  
With your little homies, fuck the standard  
We don't eat balogna, shotta hoes  
And we gon' work the standard  
[?] Latinas when the phone ring, the phone ring  
It's the new fling talking very naughty  
I'm a kill her pussy, I'm a catch her body  
When she feeling her type of love, she thinking  
Even when I hold the counter shit and the bitches money

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Damn, damn!