

Thru The Mud

Dave East

Fortune favors the bold

We was solid 'fore they knew what that was
Couple hammers when we move through the club
We ain't scamming, we could do it with drugs
Sneak the .30, really ran through the mud
Got a bad bitch help me count up this money
They say I'm lit, now they look at me funny
They see my chain, they know I'm getting money
If you want my life then come and take it from me

How I'm 'posed to carry on?

Lotta niggas gone, I don't really feel right
Real tough on that social media, I bet that you pussy in real life
You already hurt me before, I know you, so that's not a pain I'ma feel twice
I ran up in the label, I'm not 'bout no games, I ain't gotta pray that my de
al right
I know what the Molly, I know what the X, I know what the smoke and the pill
s like
I know 'bout the ghetto, I know 'bout the trenches, I know what the block te
nd to feel like
Me and my niggas might argue, I love 'em to death, but fuck it, we still fig
ht
My nigga, he trap, don't know how to deal with his life, he only good at dea
ling white
He let his gun off in broad day
I'm just thinking back, we were trappin' the hard way
I did a bid and everybody talking 'bout they was rich, But that's what they
all say
We at the putter like parkay
I told him to meet me on Broadway
That other shit I was providing was the appetizer, nigga, this the entree
The way that I'm living, I just pray to God I hope that I see you again
I asked you for help and you fronted on me, so I never need you again
I was in my zone, I was all alone, thinking that I needed a friend
Thinking 'bout the homies every time I smoke, I'll never see 'em again

Them drugs make a nigga mood switch
Kept me slow, gotta move quick
Got a check and bought a new wrist
I could really show you how to do this
Them Percocets made my mood switch
I was scratching my body, a due itch
Mix water with Molly, got two chicks
Like, fuck that indictment, I'm coolin'
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I ain't got time for no cell
I ain't got time for no jail
Told my momma I would never fail
Judge tried to tell me I'd never bail
I went got my money up
Unruly forever, they know that we run it up
We do you dirty, we ain't know you was a fan
Just know the feds really checking the 'Gram

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