

## Drink Mud

Gucci Mane

All my get money bitches stand up  
All my trap niggas put your hands up  
Gucci man I'm so rubber band up  
And my car so clean it get a A+  
Black Maybach with the red guts  
I'm a get money bitches stand up  
All my trap niggas put your hands up  
Gucci man I'm so rubber band up  
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Black Maybach with the red guts  
Yellow diamonds for you pretty red shluts  
Selling weed man I bring some more bud  
I'm a mud drinker bitch I drank mud

Call it whip it and flip it and zip it and kush it  
Calling your girl like grammy the pussy  
I'm up in the kitchen and pick up a cookie  
You're boyfriends a rookie that's why he a pussy  
I'm fucking you bad I don't care who be looking  
Stand on your porch and dare you to push me  
Choppers on duty you don't have to touch me  
I'm the boss and the boss gets all the glory  
Changing the game I'm remaining the same  
Buy new car I'm changing the pash  
Changing the motor and changing the goods  
Changing the gurgle's I'm pumping the pipe  
A K A I'm cracking the seal those don't know  
I'm tracking the train  
Thinking about money we thinking the same  
Fly's a bird and high's a plane  
Might hit the club in a black tuxedo  
Who hoes coming with his your man Galvino  
Beat flash who should look like torpedo  
Owe it to a nino, smoking on guido  
Might have a man but he not like me no  
Looking bald out to exterior  
On a boat way cocaine locreo  
He might get money but not like me no

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Positiong myself and kushin my wealth  
Hate no me that's best for your health  
Efin my wounds than efin my shoes  
Efin em show me, efin my bills  
Niggas they envy, they just pretending  
Glasses are empty and bitches are friendly  
Asses are sexy and titties are pretty  
Niggas are hold up and bitches are silly  
Watches are quarter my chain is a milly

I can't lie all my hoes are so deadly  
So I'm up on occasion than you think I was Diddi  
Cases and cases and cases of blunts  
Smoke like a hippie, drink like Britney  
Walking in the club JB whole with me  
Harder they try they can't get rid me  
Looking like I'm dreaming someone pinch me  
Two shooters right by, they're my henchmen  
Gucci then came all same songs keep them  
Left that hurt my people vibrating  
And the paper in the hood keep on ringing  
That lil chick that I met last weekend  
Laughing and leaving I'm working on leaning  
Swash or seed I could check on the season  
Freshen' the club making bitch stop creeping

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