

Out The Mud

K-Trap

What's a hundred K when niggas got a million pound dreams?
Came up from the streets, living 'round fiends
Broke a half pack, now it's Mike Amiri for the jeans
Louis for the fleece, fifty for the re'
Truth on top of truth, mood on top of mood
Hit the party, pull up coupé on top of coupé
With a baddie, half a M on the 'gram
My nigga really made a half a M off the trap
Facts, they rap but they lie quite a lot
Mummy told me that I always buy quite a lot
She don't know what's weighing a thousand of eight
Coke in my Pyrex, I'll drown it today
She wanna get saved, must've thought it was okay
Snaked up tape, yeah, it's coming that way
Sixes up in Hatton, that's the four bed depot
Why you think she wanna give deepthroat?
The streets know Trap's been a true young boss
Bottoms but I made a kill off tops
I cop 'em, .44 spray it to the dots
Shawty said she love if I'm paid or I'm not
But I'm paid so it's lit-lit
Stepped up in Harrods wearing big drip
I walked out with some big drip
Sorry Miss, your nigga's nuttin' like us
Me, I just type up, I don't use Lycas

Refreshing when you get out the mud, yes
Thinking I'ma lose, better luck, next
Four stoves full, not just one 'rex
I get it and it's going, there ain't none left
My niggas showed me, I took one step
Now we puttin' down one hun, no less
Now the bitches coming ten-ten, no less
Five into ten when this ten tonne press

What's it like for a rapper, career at his feet
Have three niggas phoning for a square every week
But I see sixty three if you're talking 'bout the re'
And I don't wanna speak if you're talking 'bout machines
Works, telling me it ain't worth
Still my nigga cray when I put him on a shirt
He just wanna feel satisfied, I threw the pack inside
Then this bicarb brought it back to life
Pyrex full, have I got it man? 'Course
Pull up in a Porsche, I'm in AR warfed
He told me he didn't rap, I do all the other stuff
Big smiles when I learnt how to double up
And I can put it on the hand that I whip with
That this Pyrex bowl made me six figs
Brick of buj make a nigga wanna sneeze
You came up from the streets but never did it like me

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