

# Gucci Tried to Tell Me

Mick Jenkins

Lost in the sauce and that sauce is yours  
I double dipped  
I got no facade, I can't change the course  
A titanic lost, if we lose this vibe  
I'm no Randy Moss, but I'll catch ya feels one day  
Smoking trees I planted  
Smoke in peace, she painted  
Lost in the sauce

I find myself in all your crevices  
Heaven sent, don't gotta wonder why you levitate  
It's evident your pull is actually gravitational  
When I switch up, pray you pick up on this gravitas  
My tongue will twist my heart a kamikaze  
I make these statements 'cause they bona fide  
Won't blow my high, but damn consistently I'm blown away  
Flow shit your way, whole time I'm tryna have you flew out  
Bump Ella Mai, I see us boo'd up  
She stole my soul must be in blue suede shoes  
I'm in her Kool-Aid, she got the juice, I call her Kool G  
Don't leave the crib we catching blu-rays  
Blend it well we sipped a smoothie  
King, it's just a Tuesday  
Won't hesitate I'm sure as Al B  
By her side or in her shadows, that's where I'll be

Lost in the sauce, and that sauce is yours  
I double dipped  
You know consistently I'm blown away (away away away)  
You got me good  
You got me gone  
Wasn't even smoking stoned  
Wasn't even smoking strong

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I'm no Randy Moss, but I'll catch ya feels one day  
Flag on the play I'm moving on?

Lost in the sauce