

# Drown

Mike G

(Drink!)

Take a lil' sip of that Ac' (blow it)  
Flood all my bitches in that  
I'm in the projects without Pat  
My jewelry leave them blind like bats  
Diamonds for her in the back  
Hit that lil' bitch from the back, she stacked  
Baby like "how I do that?"  
Pop a lil' Xan' and relax  
All of my racks, you get wet  
If he got racks, he get taxed  
5-4-3-2-1 Attack!  
Biitch, all of my whoadies hit that  
Pussy nigga, they some rats  
He swung on my pocket, they fat-no catch  
But all my bitches, they brats  
Take a lil' Perc, and relax  
(Turn up, turn up)  
These niggas up to something  
She need to fuck or something

Yeah Michael Anthony, I ball like the Knicks  
I'm comin' just wait on it I give a tip  
Gold in my mouth, so it's gold on her lips  
After, she tell me give me a kiss  
Keep on thinkin that there's shit you can tell us  
I'm not buyin' the shit you try to sell us  
Got no time for whoever jealous  
Put blunts in rotation like flight propellers  
I been glidin' and skating on  
All of this ice til winter's gone  
So you gon' see me year long  
Forever too cold to sleep on  
It's in my nature, keep hustlin'  
I don't need niggas for nothin'  
Gon and stack all that paper you touchin'  
I'ma keep rolling and keep it puffing see  
Fuckin' with my crew, they must wanting to  
Hear about it on the news or somethin' uh  
Whip up these tracks in the lab I'm stuntin'  
Go supersayan, these bitches keep sayin'  
My dick game should be in top ten discussion  
Hop out the whip but I keep it jumpin'  
Bang on the beat man I keep it drumming  
I take aim like I'm goin' huntin' uh  
Different from whatever you thought you knew  
Got the Porsche from Compton, paint it in blue  
Take a old school, drive like it's new  
Asshole by nature, Like Trae The Truth  
My nigga Left gon' light up the spliff  
Top notch shit, good as it gets  
I cook shit, hurtin' my wrist  
Eyes on the throne, I need somewhere to sit  
I had a foreign bitch, like only like to fuck in my foreign whip, internatio  
nal shit  
Got a couple stacks I should flip  
Got a couple stacks I won't miss

I pass bitches stare at my whip  
I need to get paid like the 1st and the 5th  
My profession got me somewhere in Texas with someone else ex  
And I don't mean to curse I need charms and not hexes  
You looking at me then you looking what's next  
And you know I'm an expert  
Don't get lost, keep it in step  
Step to my death, get stripes like a ref  
Flag on the play, which do you choose  
Got everything to gain, and shit to lose  
And a long dick I'm dying to use

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