

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, international 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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