

# Quicksand

Murray

Hmm, yeah  
Hmm, yeah  
Hmm, yeah, yeah

Since a jit stood tall with a kickstand  
Thinking of a plan to get quick bands  
Falling in deep with the quicksand  
Flag out my ass, no quick brand  
I was packing on the pounds, got my weight up  
Had beef on the streets, had to stay up  
Betty Crocker showed me how to bake a cake, bruh  
Doing that put everything I love at stake, bruh  
Since a jit stood tall with a kickstand  
Thinking of a plan to get quick bands  
Falling in deep with the quicksand  
Flag out my ass, no quick brand  
I was packing on the pounds, got my weight up  
Had beef on the streets, had to stay up  
Betty Crocker showed me how to bake a cake, bruh  
Doing that put everything I love at stake, bruh

Back in the day, man a nigga had rip jeans  
Couldn't afford a new pair, I had broke seams  
Couldn't think about the money, I had broke dreams  
Outfit was the match of a crack fiend  
I was tryna be fly, I couldn't take off  
Clothes falling off my ass, lost weight, dawg  
No jacket in the winter, had the shakes, dawg  
Then I said, "Fuck it," 'cause something gone have to shake, dawg  
Then my nigga Bobby put me on a quick lick  
Wasn't a lot but enough for a quick fix  
Interceptions, I was stealing, caught me a pick six  
In the snow pitching woe, bitch it was brick dick  
Never killed, ain't gone lie, I was tempted  
He was the target, but he lucky that I missed it  
I was always fucking up, was a misfit  
My opportunity was knocking and I missed it  
Young when I hopped off the stoop  
Two doors what I floor if I hop in the coupe  
Too sore from a war where I couldn't lose  
Got scars and bruises, man, I got the proof  
Resemble young Steele 'cause I got the juice  
You think you 2Pac, let Omar Epps loose  
Stepping on necks with my Timberland boots  
I'm planted, I'm stable, I'm growing in roots, yeah

Since a jit stood tall with a kickstand  
Thinking of a plan to get quick bands  
Falling in deep with the quicksand  
Flag out my ass, no quick brand  
I was packing on the pounds, got my weight up  
Had beef on the streets, had to stay up  
Betty Crocker showed me how to bake a cake, bruh  
Doing that put everything I love at stake, bruh  
Since a jit stood tall with a kickstand  
Thinking of a plan to get quick bands  
Falling in deep with the quicksand

Flag out my ass, no quick brand  
I was packing on the pounds, got my weight up  
Had beef on the streets, had to stay up  
Betty Crocker showed me how to bake a cake, bruh  
Doing that put everything I love at stake, bruh

I remember chillin' at one of my little bitch crib  
'Bout to fuck, 'bout to nut, main course with the fixings  
Her nigga came through, he was all on some bitch shit  
Didn't know I was raw and my hands was so gifted  
Boy had me chop, had get him a mix quick  
Couple knots made him drop like he drunk or he lifted  
Fought another nigga after I thought was some kinship  
Throwing up both of our sets which ended the friendship  
Gave respect neck to neck, my nigga didn't back down  
Had 'em standing up then he ended up back down  
His hands in my life now they ended up flat now  
Flat like a wing, let's see if he flap now  
Had enough, it was tough only lasted about one round  
K.D. on the bench equipped with the tre pound  
Made 'em run, it was funny, he was scared of the gun sound  
Made 'em shit, he a bitch, by the car he was ducked down  
I ain't got no time for the fakes  
The phonies, jabronies, the ops or the Jakes  
My homies the only who come past the gate  
I'm whacking the weeds, cutting heads off of snakes  
I'm hungry, I'm eating right off of ya plate  
I want it, I'm on it, it's mine for the take  
I'm stagnant, a magnet, I'm staying in place  
The reason I'm popping is all of the hate, yeah

Since a jit stood tall with a kickstand  
Thinking of a plan to get quick bands  
Falling in deep with the quicksand  
Flag out my ass, no quick brand  
I was packing on the pounds, got my weight up  
Had beef on the streets, had to stay up  
Betty Crocker showed me how to bake a cake, bruh  
Doing that put everything I love at stake, bruh  
Since a jit stood tall with a kickstand  
Thinking of a plan to get quick bands  
Falling in deep with the quicksand  
Flag out my ass, no quick brand  
I was packing on the pounds, got my weight up  
Had beef on the streets, had to stay up  
Betty Crocker showed me how to bake a cake, bruh  
Doing that put everything I love at stake, bruh

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah