24 hours, yeah, 7 days a week
Gee, I don't get tired
I let you other singers sleep
Turn up for that check
And yeah I get it out the streets
Hustle like I'm starving
Going hard, I gotta eat

I get it out the mud
I get it out the mud
Watch how I break my wrist
Make that water whip
Stretch it out, then flip
I'm all about my chips
I get it out the mud
I get it out the mud
Watch how I break my wrist
Make that water whip
Stretch it out, then flip
I'm all about my chips

Turn up in 2 seconds Get it with music and coke, what I'm stretching Across the street under a bando And here with your ho, could get her to go fetch it (Here boy) On the scale, but I call it the ruler And that's what I'm using my method of measure Got it jumping up out of the pot and My clique-ity clucking surrounding my property I meant to say my clientickity Numbers officially rickety Out the mud, nobody did shit for me Arrogant often I'm bigity All about money, like what done got into me Breaking down bricks and we blowing good griggity Say you ain't feeling me, ought try to killing me Neighborhood love me, it's hard to get rid of me My baby mothers are sick of me I put that dick on 'em Now they ridiculously saying when I don't come in I'm with a freak bitch I've been chasing my paper religiously I'm really in the street, others pretend to be Let me get off of my grind then I'm feeling me No one repeatedly coming and getting me out of the mud I'm the epitom

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