

# Muddy Waters

Pouya

Ayy, Spock, you slid on this ho

Where you at? Eatin' good and gettin' fat  
Waitin' for my coffin, creepin' where the reaper at  
I be swervin' through the traffic like I'm runnin' in [?]  
But really, I just wanna go (Where?), I really don't know (Circles)  
More money, more bitches, more worthless  
When you look under the surface, look at the motives  
I know your face, the smile livin' in your eyes, I can see you blurking  
Who to love? Who to trust? How can I know for certain?  
Sick of these rappers smirkin', yuh

Bust through the door, where the cash at?  
Got one hundred twenty, two [?] in a trashbag  
Turn your OG to a hashtag  
Hop in, we gon' take a road trip in a hatchback  
I pulled up some money in NASDAQ  
The rest I invested on bitches and crack bags  
Play with my money, don't stash that  
Walk in with my stick like I got a bad back  
Your pocket low to the minimal, uh  
Stretchin' the work like it's silicone  
I hop out the way like it's biblical  
Let my nuts hang like a physical test  
Airin' the shit from the hip to your neck  
I pop me a thirty, I'm feelin my chest  
I fucked on that bitch when [?] the net  
She looked up at me like a God in the flesh

Miami, Florida, nothing but 'gators in that (Water)  
Don't even bother, get to the paper, they got nothing to (Offer)  
Life is okay, I just wish I was (Taller)  
But I'm okay, still gonna put my dick in your (Daughter)  
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Rode 'round pills too long [?] ways  
Gettin' rich 'bout four, five ways  
If you lookin' at me, come catch this fade  
If you bigger than me, come dodge this 'K, ayy  
Bitch, don't check for me, go check your brakes  
Spilled some lean on my shirt, got stained  
With a dope lightskin so I called her Drake, ooh  
Man, the food so nice they ain't eat it twice  
Forty-five stuck to your head like lice  
That purp with a drank like beans and rice  
I was doin' good trappin', ain't need no mic  
One shot, I don't need no pipe  
Looked at my rap check laughin'  
All the street money, I was talkin' my shit so fire

As the time goes by and I'm waitin' to die  
Look at the fire in my eyes, I'm never tellin' no lies  
My riders gon' ride for me, 911 ain't no lease  
What it do, baby? Let's make a move and get into it, bitch

Wrap a rapper up in plastic, don't make me have to get drastic  
Goin' insane, think I need a straight jacket, Cadillac still swervin' in traffic  
You sick of the same shit, then suck a dick laid in the casket  
Got two hoes in the bathtub, they wanna do drugs and get nasty

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