

## Out The Mud

Pouya

Florida boy came out the mud  
I remember when I used to ride that public bus  
Now I'm in that Cutlass with a bitch that I don't trust  
Said she fell in love with me, I replied with a shrug  
Your boyfriend is a bum, it's nothing to leave him in the dust

I don't wanna talk no more, you know I wanna fuck  
Pop that pussy open, make it wet until it rust  
Always shoot to kill, aim for the head, duck down and run  
Live to see another day but never trust anyone

And you know I move in silence  
I'm wilin' when I'm duckin' sirens  
I'm violent when I'm off that molly  
You got me feelin' like John Gotti  
I'm cruisin' with my ho beside me  
Miami, you know where to find me  
Posted in my white Gucci loafers  
With the feathers, did you notice?

I love my 3-0s, my i9s, and my four-fives  
I've been gettin' boatloads of that paper and it really ain't n  
o lie  
Not one of these hoes go out of their way to get in my life  
Nobody wanna work for shit, everybody wanna jump on ship (Yuh)  
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