

O.T.M (Out The Mud)

Pressa

Don't let me get it out the mud and throw it in your face
His biggest record ain't even better than my

Don't let me get it out the mud and throw it in his face
His biggest record ain't even better than my throwaways
I sell a record but I really could sell anything
Car get riddled dickdickdah, bullets riddling
Bullets riddling, shit hot, yeah it's crazy
Bullets riddling, bullets hot, yeah they blazing
Bullets hit his back, run Ricky but we chase him
They used to call me Rico and I was serving crack to Jason

Woah, I'm with the gang and all I know is fuck the rest
I know niggas catch a body like it's something off they chest
I know a nigga served a junkie now he walking off the edge
It's so hard to click over when my niggas call collect
They keep cutting out the threeway, questioning for three days
Homicides get beat ay, they promise he ain't leaving
Lawyer with no briefcase, and he walk out the station, smiling like a demon

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I wanna live good, If I don't know the business then I go read the book
My nigga ya he stuck, ain't no leaving the hood
Condo next to the hood, I drop a hit now I'm ready to book (Woah)
You see I'm sick, I got a Wass disease (Woah)
He get shot and now he washed and deceased (Woah)
W, so we double the V (Woah)
Homicide, this ain't regular D's (Woah)
I came up, off of 36 O's
You see the police try to hang me with ropes, I went to Hundred from O
I know some niggas that play with they nose
I got some dawgs but they don't play with a bone, yeah you know how it go

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