

## Drill Spill

Sauce Walka

Oowee!

Young Mean spray that shit

I'm stuck in this shit

Wherever I go New York or Texas, it don't matter

Ima just dribble

Driving and still pulling up too much lean in the car

Riding with switches on top of them splinters

They hopping them down, they running too far

Sauce making digits with all of my bitches

That's why it's a Bentley up in her garage

I'm spending millions on all of my men's

You try me, I promise they sleep in your yard

Soon as they hear they be beefing your car

Mhmm

Chest shot, chest shot, nigga shot

Nigga tried to run, caught a leg shot

Switch to the head, homie, I identify as a dreadlock

Pimp game, got him in a headlock

Might just DD take his purse on a drop top

Oops, my bad I did that

Interstate, bitch gimme a break Ima kick that

Stone-cold Steve with a six-pack

I done made three sixteen of a bitch of a kick back

I be with gangsters in every city

Who has to pay for all of the thugs?

All of the crips all of the bloods?

Giving you knowledge instead of the drugs

Some of my music ain't made for the club

Just lost a cousin and can't get a hug

Yes, I'm outside, but you ain't the judge

Got self-defense, but that ain't what it was

He touched it cuz he was a plug

Ooey

Mhmm

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Splash!