mudd bruddas

Summrs

Yeah, you was worried 'bout me pourin' up (Ayo, that's nickk)
I was worried 'bout ya goin' up
I ain't wanna go public with you
'Cause I was worried 'bout you goin' up, oh
And I break bread with my niggas, fasho
We ain't blood bruddas, we mudd bruddas, fasho
Why you gotta act like this in public and put on a show?
I spent five thousand for this chain, so I'm puttin' it on
How the fuck I ain't do nothin' for you and I put you on?
Pour my feelings up in my cup, then I go make me a song
Blue said it's time to get in yo' bag, so I'm finna get in my z
one
We don't fuck with the outsiders, we came up on our own

My blunt got real ZaZa in it
My cup got real codeine in it
Showed you more attention
Now you talkin' about keepin' yo' distance
Tryna stay on my pivot
You tryna knock my pimpin', uh
I'm still sippin'

And it fucked me up when Brenda died
Poured up a 6 and I sat back and cried
Had a dream of you, I seen you in the sky
You see the pain in my eyes
Fucked me up, when I seen you in the sky
Fucked me up so much, it made me cry

My blunt got real ZaZa in it
My cup got real codeine in it
Showed you more attention
Now you talkin' about keepin' yo' distance
Tryna stay on my pivot
You tryna knock my pimpin', uh
I'm still sippin'