

# Always Saucy

Yung Gravy

Ho  
It's a lovely day  
Haha  
Yah, yah  
Ayy

When I wake up, I go straight to the weed  
Man, I just need to smoke, ayy  
Then I get up and go  
Straight to the liquor store, bottle of woes, ayy  
I don't got much but love  
All of my homies are waitin' outside, ayy  
Yeah, know I'm ready to roll  
Smokin' on hundreds, I'm ready to die, ayy

And by the way, we gettin' high today  
Heaven's to Betsy, see your bitch on my testies  
I hit it like Messi, a mile away (Ooh)  
Like what's up with you?  
Feel like Shamu, 'boutta ride the wave (Shamu)  
Gravy come through for your boo  
Fly away to your bitch like  
What's up? How you doin'?  
Fuck some, PT cruisin'  
At the club, I'm perusin'  
Bust a nut and keep it movin'  
That's that money talk (Whoa)  
Gravy got the club doin' bunnyhops  
I got the mighty Dodge V4 on my watch  
And you must've got your shit at Craigswrist

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I'm 'bout to log off (Uh-huh), 'bout to nod off (Uh-huh)  
Askin' all these questions, I start resemble Nardwuar (Uh)  
Trick, huh? Ta-da, some rock Prada  
Used to sell them drugs, always showed 'em like a sawed-off  
Half made 'em start up, thought I was a narco  
Read between the line with me, I'm somethin' like a barcode  
His white tee, you make the bread, thought he make it sorrow  
Seats in the whips same color bone marrow  
Shh, I smell an enemy in the vicinity  
And when the battle begins, I turn to an entity  
Killin' shit like my last name was Kennedy  
Stay killin' shit like shit is named Kennesy  
Friend of me, enemies ain't the half you pretend to be  
Only percentage of what I let you fuck niggas be  
Sicker sauce, roll like carb patties with Jelly Bean  
Built different, what you see in my damn anatomy, bitch?

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Winter's in the backpack  
'Bout to buy the whole city in the Blackjack  
You know Trippy keep it flippin' like a flapjack  
If I'm goin' up north, then I go to my source (Yeah)  
But you stay in my course like a black cat (Uh)  
Hell-bent, love, baby, but I passed that  
Now it's just a little something I can laugh at  
I just wanna get lit where the cool kids is  
Where the wild things are, I'm a goddamn star  
We about them bucks, we about them bars  
If I ever get stuck, I don't gotta restart  
I just need to get high, better land on Mars  
Gotta lend my broads, gotta get a new car  
I just want another 'cause you breakin' my heart  
I'm on another level, what you thinkin'?  
Trippy got it, quickly drinkin'

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