

Clock

Yung Gravy

God damn baby
You ever look down at your wrist and see a little snow man?
It's crazy
They must be filming the new Ice Age movie or somethin'

I don't need a clean version 'cause this shit is clean already
Flew down to Atlanta just so I could get some fetty
And so I could see my Jewish bitch, she's bad her name is Betty
And I like to keep her 'round 'cause she make that mean spaghetti
That's that mean shit, that clean shit, I pull up on yo seamstress
I might just drop this album 'cause this shit is fuckin' seamless
I mail it to your crib 'cause I'm all about convenience
I piped all my professors so Yung Gravy on the Dean's List
Ay, when I'm on the beat I'm viscious
Gravy got the sauce, so I keep yo bitch nutritious
Now her man's lookin' so suspicious
'Bout to be flexin' like Christmas, booty be lookin' delicious

It be misty when I talk, see the way I walk
Furry Gucci slippers when I pull up on your block
All these birds, I gotta flock
See the way I walk
Wrist so wrist so chilly got a snow man on my clock
I create a fuckin' blizzy 'cause it's misty when I talk
When I talk, when I talk, when I talk, with yo thot
And my wrist is wrist is chilly, I got Frosty on my clock
On my clock, on my clock, on my clock, on my clock (Whoa)

I ain't really Jewish, but I gotta flex on Hannukah
Threesome with yo aunty and a barber named Veronica
Serenade your bitch with Bing Crosby on harmonica
I'm covered in ice, but I'm raising the thermometer
Piping your bitch in the grass, she shakin' ass, Gravy be skippin' the class
Fucking yo bitch is my task, you don't even ask, Gravy so cold like Alaska
Maybe Nebraska, give up on asthma, up in the sky like I'm NASA
[?], you a lil rascal, cover your bitch in Tabasco (uh)
I'm mixin' gin with the Kool-Aid
Back of the Benz with your boo thang
Police just told me to freeze and I told them I'm [?] so it's already too late
Ice in my genetics, I came out the womb frozen
I can say a couple words to your lady and get chosen

Thanks for tunin' into the smooth sounds of Yung Gravy
A.K.A Lil Steamer
Keepin' y'all warm when it's chilly baby
Keepin' y'all warm when it's chilly

The song's not over, I feel like a four leaf clover
I got lucky with yo mama and your Rabbi on Passover
In the Rover
I hit your sister up every time that I'm hungover
'Cause my head hurts and I need some fuckin' booty to lay over

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Pour some gravy on it
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