Dancing In The Rain

Yung Gravy

Yeah
(Oh, no doubt, he got this to perfection)
(Dwilly make it weird, go) Uh

I'm dancing in the rain
I cannot refrain
From sliding in yo dame, I get change
Dancing in the rain
Can't fuck with these lames
I cannot complain, I get change

Fifty K for a show and a hunnid for my wrist
Hunnid-fifty for my skrrrt, couple milli' at the crib
Ain't yo baby, baby, you can keep the Gravy out yo lips
Ain't no way that baby gravy gonna change the way he live
Fifty K for a show and a hunnid for my wrist
Hunnid-fifty for my skrrrt, couple milli' at the crib
Ain't yo baby, baby, you can keep the Gravy out yo lips
Ain't no way that baby gravy gonna change the way he live (Woo)

For these hoes? No
Dough? No
Hoes? No (Huh)
Nope, nope, Gravy still for pope, though
For these hoes? No
Dough? No
Hoes? No
Huh, nope, nope, Gravy still for pope, though

Bitch, I'm dead fresh, I might pull up in the hearse truck
Gravy been a dog, Lisa Ann was my first love
I stay with the bad hoes, but I be the worst one
When they picking teams, Gravy always be the first one

Juice, sauce
Lil' bit of guala
O-o-oops, just
Super soaked yo mama (Soaked)
New bitch (Whoa)
Michelle Obama
Gravy bring the ruckus to the local Benihana

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Ain't no way that baby gravy gonna change the way he live

Fifty K for a show (For a motherfuckin' show?)
And a hunnid for my wrist (For my goddamn wrist)
Couple milli' at the crib (At the motherfuckin' crib)
Ain't no way that baby gravy gonna change the way he live

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