

Sauvecito

Yung Gravy

Jason Rich on the Beat, baby!

Pull up with the juice, might splash like the ocean
Ridin' in the coupe, bumpin gas and I'm coastin'
Sippin' on the juice, on the sauce, on the potion
Your bitch came through with a whole lotta lotion
Souped up in the real smooth material
Two percent flex like the milk in my cereal
That's the Cheerios, feeling so ethereal
I became your dad that's a motherfucking miracle

See me running to that Guap, pockets got the guala
Bentley flip flops got me lookin like a balla Igoudala
Sippin in the morning lookin like a Alcoholic
But I'm not, I just wake up sip a cup and fuckin frolic
Gravy and yo bitch boutta smash like a comet
Pounds in my pockets and them pesos in my wallet
iPhone 5 but yo bitch tryna call it
Said she want the splash so I'm turning on the faucet
Cuddled up with yo girl smokin on cabana
Me and DRAM with your mama lit in the Bahamas
Damn she bad, she a bad mama jama
I'm in my pajamas getting topped up in the Honda
That's the civic
Got these bitches livid
Gravy so exquisite when I pull up and I whip it
All these bitches tippin
I ain't even stripping
Reflections off my wrist leaving em blinded leave em trippin

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Aye, Look
Pull up to new spot on
At the new lot, on the top won't go to your boo's spot it's too packed it's too hot
We would rather cool at mine shoot the breeze
Fuck two times
We would rather do a line than wait outside
I don't do lines
Overhead like rooftops
And blue skies and chem trails down to earth like green grass and pavements and trash cans

I been talkin' trash please don't wash my mouth with soap
I be talkin' cash and that's as dirty as it goes
Make it flip, flip, flip like three gymnastics at the first olympics In Greece and Athens
Your ho on the Gravy Train, just thotin and that's it
Hope your on the paper chasin' not chasen that bitch

Yeah

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