

# Out the Mud

Kevin Gates

24 Hours, nigga, 7 days a week  
Me, I don't get tired, I let you other niggas sleep  
Turn up for that check and yeah I get it out the streets  
Hustle like I'm starving going hard, I gotta eat I get it out the mud, yeah, yeah  
I get it out the mud, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Watch how I break my wrist  
Make that water whip  
Stretch it out, then flip  
I'm all about my chips I get it out the mud yeah, yeah  
I get it out the mud yeah, yeah, yeah  
Watch how I break my wrist  
Make that water whip  
Stretch it out, then flip  
I'm all about my chips  
I get it out the mud Turn up in 2 seconds  
Get it with music and cope when I'm stretching  
Across the street under a bando  
And here with your ho, could get her to go fetch it (Here boy)  
On the scale, but I call her the ruler  
And that's what I'm using my method to measure  
Got her jumping up out of the party  
My clique-ity clucking surrounding my property  
I meant to say my clientickity  
Numbers official retickity  
Out the mud, nobody did shit for me  
Arrogant often I'm bigity  
All about money, like what done got into me  
Breaking down bricks and we blowing good grignty?  
Say you ain't feeling me, outta try killing me  
Neighborhood love me, it's hard to get rid of me  
My baby mothers are sick of me  
I put that dick on 'em now they ridiculously  
Saying, that when I don't come in I'm with a freak bitch  
I've been chasing my paper religiously  
I'm really in the street, others pretend to be  
Let me get off of my grind then they sellin' me  
No one repeatedly coming and getting me out the mud nigga  
I'm the epitome 24 Hours, nigga, 7 days a week  
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I'm all about my chips  
I get it out the mud Money coming, my money gotta flip it  
I ain't waiting on nobody, I'mma go get it  
I ain't tripping on a nigga, I'm a gorilla  
Somebody take something from me, I'm gonna go kill 'em  
Trap with my heart and I'm serving out the window  
Barely balled up, with a curtain on the window  
Face card worth a lot of bands in the hood  
Had to leave the dice game, got a bond out Fooz  
Sunday coming up, pull the cars out  
Look, another 20 grand, but my girl called me  
Put bail, what the hell got all y'all shook  
Poo hit the line in the drop  
Blowing drank then take him to the road  
Pulling up, getting it, ? Sick man  
Drop no whip, and a nigga gon' vouch (vouch)  
Another 4K just stuffed in the couch  
Promise I ain't tryna swag, I just got a lot of that  
Anybody try me, I'mma put 'em in a body bag  
Follow that, copy that, pounds in the garbage bag  
Backed in the bank, y'all leaving after driving that  
Call 'em back Call 'em back, chill, no falling back  
Quicker than I got it, then I done ran out of that  
? Shittin harder than the bitch ? 24 Hours, nigga, 7 days a week  
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