Stuck in the Mud (feat. SZA)

Isaiah Rashad

Stuck in the mud
Hoes, dreamers, stuck in the mud
Look at what the reaper got stuck in the mud
Range, Beamers, stuck in the mud
Two 10's on the inside, stuck in the mud
Hoes, dreamers, stuck in the mud
Look at what the reaper got stuck in the mud
Range, Beamers, stuck in the mudLook bitch, ain't how that shit when I be talkin'
And I get livid on that liquor
I give a fuck about you, I want some bossa nova
You wanna see the tower, I wanna meet the quota
You look like everybody, and if my Henny body focus
And if my Henny body focus
I'm baptized in that chastised 100 proof dummy suit
Junkie, in my addict?
Everybody home, everybody home
I got a zip we can split, don't let everybody know
Yeah, keep it on the floor
Long arm with that quick stash
Top Dawg do your bitch bad. with a big bag
Holla if you with that, yea
20 on this kick back
Lookin' like... uh shit, yeah
Two 10's on the inside, stuck in the mud
Hoes, dreamers, stuck in the mud
Look at what the reaper got stuck in the mud
Range, Beamers, stuck in the mud
Two 10's on the inside, stuck in the mud
Hoes, dreamers, stuck in the mud
Look at what the reaper got stuck in the mud
Range, Beamers, stuck in the mudYeah, uh, uh, yeah
Ooh yeah
I be lookin' like a
Ooh yeah
With two 10's on the inside
Hoes, dreamers
Look at what that reaper got you
Range, Beamers
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Pop a Xanny, make your problems go away, yeah uh
Pop a Xanny, make your problems go away, yeah uh

I can handle, make your Bottle go away, yeah magic uh
Pop a Xanny, make your problems go away, yeah uh
But I can handle, make the bottle go away, yeah magic uhCan I? Can I? Can I? Can I?
Can I sleep for a while?
Can I work on myself? You ain't lovin' no more
So if they pull up on the side, I ain't duckin' no more
This is after the half, an emotional dip
I was goin' too hard, I was sexting and shit
Take a line baby, spend your mind baby
This is just a California mind statement
Oh, shots from the Ruger, shots from the Ruger
Somebody died but don't nobody care
It's all bugged out, I'm still drugged out
We miss the couch and the lean at my cuts houseJust pop a Xan baby, make your problems go away, yeah oh
I can handle, make the bottle go away, hey yeah yeah
Just pop a Xanny, make your problems go away, yeah uh
I can handle, make the bottle go away, yeah woah woahMy cousin got a script I'm tryna make it flip
One baby mama cool one baby mama trip
No matter what I do there always be some shit
That nigga need a hug and I just need a fifth
My cousin got a script I'm tryna make it flip
One baby mama cool one baby mama trip
No matter what I do there always be some shit
This nigga need a hug and I just need a fifthPop a Xan baby
(No matter what I do it always be some shit)
(No matter what I do it always be some)
Make your problems go away, hey
Quarters and halves join in a band fuckin' your mind up
Quarters and halves join in a band fuckin' your mind up
Alright now bitches gon' be bitches and you niggas gon' be hoes
Only pop it cause you heard it in a song
Alright now bitches gon' be bitches and you niggas gon' be hoes
Only pop it cause you heard it in a song
Quarters and halves join in a band fuckin' your mind up
Quarters and halves join in a band fuckin' your mind up
Quarters and halves join in a band fuckin' your mind up
Fuckin' your mind up, fuckin' your mind up
It's gon' be mine, it's gon' be mine, it's gon' be mine
Come to here, (?), that right there, that right there
Hahaha
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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