

# Dave East, Thru the Mud

Fortune favors the bold

We was solid 'fore they knew what that was  
Couple hammers when we move through the club  
We ain't scamming, we could do it with drugs  
Sneak the .30, really ran through the mud  
Got a bad bitch help me count up this money  
They say I'm lit, now they look at me funny  
They see my chain, they know I'm getting money  
If you want my life, then come and take it from me

How I'm 'posed to carry on? Lotta niggas gone, I don't really feel right  
Real tough on that social media, I bet that you pussy in real life  
You already hurt me before, I know you, so that's not a pain I'ma feel twice  
I ran up in the label, I'm not 'bout no games, I ain't gotta pray that my deal right  
I know what the molly, I know what the X, I know what the smoke and the pills like  
I know 'bout the ghetto, I know 'bout the trenches, I know what the block tend to feel like  
Me and my niggas might argue, I love 'em to death, but fuck it, we still fight  
My nigga, he trap, don't know how to deal with his life, he only good at dealing white  
He let his gun off in broad day  
I'm just thinking back, we were trappin' the hard way  
I did a bid and everybody talking 'bout they was rich, but that's what they all say  
We at the putter like Parkay  
I told him to meet me on Broadway  
That other shit I was providing was the appetizer, nigga, this the entree  
The way that I'm living, I just pray to God, I hope that I see you again  
I asked you for help and you fronted on me, so I never need you again  
I was in my zone, I was all alone, thinking that I needed a friend  
Thinking 'bout the homies every time I smoke, I'll never see 'em again  
Them drugs make a niggas mood switch  
Kept me slow, gotta move quick  
Got a check and brought a new wrist  
I could really show you how to do this  
Them Percocets made my mood switch  
I was scratching my body, it do itch  
Mix water with molly, got two chicks  
Like, fuck that indictment, I'm coolin'  
Like, fuck that indictment, I'm coolin'  
I ain't got time for no cell  
I ain't got time for no jail  
Told my mamma I would never fail  
Judge tried to tell me I'd never bail  
I went got my money up  
Unruly forever, they know that we run it up  
We do you dirty, we ain't know you was a fan  
Just know the feds really checking the 'Gram

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