

Da Brat "Gushy Wushy"

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You can find me in a cloud of smoke
Usually I'm posted up in the corner with my folks
Surrounded by thugs and models
Everybody getting fucked up and we all gotta bottle

Ain't nobody stuck up 'cuz we all wanna holla
We all wanna party till tomorrow
Let's follow the yellow red road to my humble of bowl
Trip over the ninety way, take off all of our clothes

Kiss most of me right away because I'm about to
explode
And if you don't know, know you know
Nigga I'm sickening and I never get with
When I retire I'll be crushed up like a old battle ship

I'ma put the dip in your hip from right to left
It's that ghetto ass bitch and I'm so so def
It could get drastic, don't fuck around and get your ass
kicked
'Cuz I have never been faithfully up lasted

I'ma 'bout to bust all you motherfuckaz, just a little
Don't touch me cuz you get fucked up, just a little
Where the party at, I'm tipsy nigga, just a little
When it comes to the doe I'm filthy, nigga, just a little

Can I get in and rock it? Just a little
Can I get this dirty money legit? Just a little
Can I make you wanna kiss on my kitty? Just a little
Just get down to the nitty, griddy, gushy, wushy, sticky,
icky

Yo, in the club, in the heat in the V.I.P.
Sippin' on bub, lighten up a tree
It's tight enough the place for me, so I tight on doves?
Security, you still had to squeeze

Niggaz love chokin' on doves [Incomprehensible] wit
me
Smokin' on my chronic 'cuz it's straight from Cali
If I'm provoking you, do do 'cuz I gotta do weed

Stay focused on the doe wit my family

I need to live all good, I need to sleep all good
I need to know who the niggaz in my neighborhood, in
my neighborhood
So shit if anything happens, if somethin' go down
I'm gettin' ready for the motherfuckin' show down

And ain't no tellin' what I do 'cuz I know more now
I just might turn it oeva to my crew and roll out
'Cuz I'ma kool bitch breeze through the bullshit
Be eazy 'cuz I keep me focused

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If you want drama, I'm from the shock coma Illinois
Going wit the documentary on my boys
Some of them cold killaz
Doe killaz murda their babysitter

Gold realistic do whatevea for their li'l sista
Four G's, folks low [Incomprehensible] oh, please
No matter what city I'm in, I get what I need
Niggaz think that they love me 'cuz I'm the B to the R A
T

Every second is appropriate for me to bust and discuss
Whatever the fuck, I wanna bring up and string up
My A F one laces would you niggeaz stay out of our
faces
My team winning like the L.A. Lakers, my cron peepz
Spinning on a navigator when I stop niggaz there, they
can't take it
It took my moma nine months to make, it ain't no
mistaken

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