

# Gushy Wushy

Da Brat

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, gridy, 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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