

# 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 mud Look 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 mud Yeah, 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 uh Can 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 house Just 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 woah 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  
 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 fifth Pop 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>