

Loaded

MellowHype

Get the scale, weed I got a grip for sale
Bitch I'm making chip off sales while sipping on White Zinfandel
Probably sipping still cause it is my favorite flavor
My beat wake the block up like "Hodgy Beats hates all his neighbors"
They call the po-po, I'm cocking back the fo'-fo'
The one man army, my automatic Rose Gold
Double O, subtract one numero from Seven
Taking niggas back to school like a bus ride for adolescence
Wolves plotting for their future like fucking investments
And I go so hard, that's why your bitch keep on caressing
Flat iron and pressing my VCR buttons
But this a DVD so you can watch it with your cousins
2010, bitch we get it in
Go ahead and tell your friends, I hope them bitches be twins
Doobies in Jacuzzi's, white bitches with big booties
I'm a pirate, going after them diamonds and them rubies

I be like hello, play them corners like their cellos
It go crazy in the streets when the hype gets mellow
(I got my feet up, laid back, smoking on a haze sack
Sitting on a haystack, we go off like grenade caps)
Makeshift millions, knocking down your buildings
Know they fear me I'm a villain, stacking dollars to the ceiling
(I'm on the corner for you, judge me I'll destroy your lawyer
Outta Lockett like Letoya, Mellow one's to Hype to bore you)

Girl you so sour but you're sweet like candy
Let's fuck in the forest, mother nature and Bambi
Balling like Camby, organic like cran' be
Glass house on a beach for when I want to get sandy
Everything is dandy, ask my nigga Handy
I take a strike in L.A. Lights like I'm dodging with Manny
Girls drop them panties, even their aunties... no grannies
Grandma, I'm leaking on the beat like a tampon
Fool, I'm spitting 'til my whole Odd Future camps on
We get our camp on, Jansport and Eddie Bauer
Stay fresh before hopping up in any shower
Death to haters tryna take minutes up off my hour
I got the hood with me, I'm the nigga with the power
Weed, cocaine, and the muthafuckin' Zannies
Me and Brain lurk together like a fucking family

I mastered this in Sessions I be last to hit
But my confidence brim, that means there's none after this
This rhyme spitting done turned me to a convict
I'm fucking sick, there's no resolution to this conflict
Well, death might be one
But there's no stopping these wolves, for your heads we come
I'm a rider, garage got motorbikes in it
They're confused, scratch their heads like there's fucking lice in it
Party hard, man it's Golden, have them hands foldin'
Mellow keep it rollin', that's how we stay Loaded
Like them fo'-fo's, they stay in them four-doors
Bitches watch when they go slow, we pimp them hoes that drive Rodeo's
And Volvo's, because they fuck with lame niggas
They ain't learn? Hatin' niggas won't make your chain bigger
You're comedy to me and crowds flee when your shit's on

You get fake applause like a TV sitcom