

Mellowhype

"Chordaroy"

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[Verse 1: Earl]

We come through mopping, like janitors
Smoking kush nuggets the size of f*cking tarantulas
Blow got me amped as f*ck, hold n*ggas backing up
And that n*ggas Short tell that n*ggas Jasper swag me
up
Swag me up, swag is us, who can tell me how to f*ck?
Our number one fans are faggots who used to laugh at
us
Tell me who's as rad as us and the answer was
"Um, y'all dope, Wolf Gang just the (?)"
Yeah the dabradors take your head chop off
No father, f*ck being proper b*tch, we're popping off
And to top it off I'm dropping monster monologues
As hot enough to piss your local arson off
That's me spitting this f*cking garbage toss
As you n*ggas, n*ggas get familiar with the art of loss
Switch swag on you little d*ck fags
You f*cking dead b*tch, chips up on my spiff bag with
your b*tch ass

[Hook]

She call me crazy, they call me crazy
They call me shady but it's a chordaroy life
I'm living baby, I'm living baby
I'm living baby, it's a chordaroy life
And you call me shady, call me crazy
Call me lazy, I ain't your baby
It's a chordaroy life that I'm living hazy
It's a chordaroy life that I'm living phase me

[Verse 2: Hodgy Beats]

People love Hodgy I hate you though
I don't precipitate b*tch, I H2O
And I move across your membrane, you loose against
my insane
Thoughts, cause you're an outsider trying to get in
brain
I like girls but I don't f*ck with tramps
I'm elephant tusking and they suck your lance
I'm shaving off my boot hairs deciduously

Break jaws Mr. Vigora, rigorously
I'm hot breeze, snot sneeze
I got weed for less than a percentage of a f*cking (?)
New racist, too vacant, mutations, natural selection
B*tch I got my swag called, natural protection
Pocket with a cash full of bashful weapons
I brandish and I flash tools and I have full stepping
I'm a geophyte, move under the ground til I can see the
light
Feed n*ggas shells like my motherf*cking beach is
nice

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Tyler]

When I say "Wolf Gang", you say "F*ck that"
Room full of wolves, inhalers and used blunt raps
Fingers in the middle of b*tches bodacious buttcracks
Enough f*cking atheist rappers to get a nun slapped
This is f*ck music, let a couple sluts use it
Show their boobs, and I'll hop out the booth when I'm
done pooping
Grab a couple *gats*, stuff them in the backpack
Then take them to school for show and tell day
screaming "F*ck students"
Backing up a bunch of fatherless kids and a pack of
dust
Could f*cking splat and show you the f*cking Iraq in us
A bunch of f*cking wolves and rats having niggers the
size of Shaq
Backing up, like juvenile biggest fan was a moving
truck
Killing these n*ggas off quick
Don't believe me? Then watch me empty out a full clip
Trigger being pulled, niggers in a ditch
That wasn't bullets, that was copies of Bastard, you
b*tch

[Hook]

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