

## Mellowhype

### "Loaded"

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[Verse 1: Hodgy Beats]

Get the scale, weed I got a grip for sale  
B\*tch I'm making chip off sales while sipping on White  
Zinfandael  
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 n\*ggas back to school like a bus ride for  
adolescence  
Wolves plotting for their future like f\*cking investments  
And I go so hard, that's why your b\*tch keep on  
caressing  
Flat iron and pressing my VCR buttons  
But this a DVD so you can watch it with your cousins  
2010, b\*tch we get it in  
Go ahead and tell your friends, I hope them b\*tches be  
twins  
Doobies in Jacuzzi's, white b\*tches with big booties  
I'm a pirate, going after them diamonds and them  
rubies

[Hook: Mike G]

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)

[Verse 2: Hodgy Beats]

Girl you so sour but you're sweet like candy  
Let's f\*ck 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 n\*gga 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 n\*gga with the power  
Weed, cocaine, and the muthaf\*ckin' Zannies  
Me and Brain lurk together like a f\*cking family

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Mike G]

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 f\*cking 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  
f\*cking 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  
B\*tches watch when they go slow, we pimp them hoes  
that drive Rodeo's  
And Volvo's, because they f\*ck with lame n\*ggas  
They ain't learn? Hatin' n\*ggas won't make your chain  
bigger  
You're comedy to me and crowds flee when your sh\*t's  
on  
You get fake applause like a TV sitcom

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