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Mellowhype "Rico"

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[Intro]
We in the studio
I said, we in the studio
Is this mic on? Check, check

[Verse 1]

I'm thankful for my position I was given in life Cause I know some people livin' who ain't livin' this life Read about starved children who ain't eatin' this right Drug lords declare war, sellin' cheaper the price Stuntin' dummy drug money, yeah them sneakers is nice

Get your swag from the black sellin' back to the white N*ggas can't get a job, so we self-employed If the coppers come a-knockin', we gon' help that boy Bail money, welcome back home out of jail money White girl pale money, sunny when we sell money See seashell money, we sell money Rain, hail money, heaven what the hell money Dusty paper, stale money, I thought they restricted it Did for most people but we out here gettin' it

[Hook]

Put your hands under her dress, we get the feelin' that she's faded

And she's willin' screamin' Wolf Gang, whip me off, get me off

The sex, it turns to children, then the children turn to villains

Villain wolves screamin' kill them all, f*ck 'em all And that go for anybody that come around here, that ain't from around here

Ho, you too, you ain't special, Wolf Gang kill them all, f*ck 'em all

[Verse 2]

She handles herself a classic
She got a nice ass but she can't run no games on me
She claim to like the stores and the clothes
Jeans bleached with the holes, but she can't get my
bank homie

Too smart is no good, if she smart for no good It's so good, she can't flaunt her thing on me She can be full of swag, drive a Jag Poppin' tags on the Ave but she can't get her cake from me

That sounded like the hook I threw at her in the Swagger I rode in

Said she came to feel me in, when she really came to fill me in

Like baby what's the deal with it? Seem to be attracted By the fiancee and finance that no wifey concealin' it Dealin' with life's shuffle, then fold Dippin' with the duffles I hold, if we are a couple, let's

Dippin' with the duffles I hold, if we are a couple, let's go

To the place where we lead in the life to some sleep Bring the pipe, blow the weed, punchlines to be received

[Hook]

Put your hands under her dress, we get the feelin' that she's faded

And she's willin' screamin' Wolf Gang, whip me off, get me off

The sex, it turns to children, then the children turn to villains

Villain wolves screamin' kill them all, f*ck 'em all And that go for anybody that come around here, that ain't from around here

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