

Mounted Up

JID

Ok, I'm mounted up
High off the ground, watch me count it up
Cop me a pound, burn it down with us
Let's hit the town, is you down or nah?
Look at me now, I done found me some

Treasure inside the trash
Sever my hands reaching through the metal and glass
It's been a blast, feel the magic in the madness
Give me your hands
Give me passion, anything that could equal some satisfaction
Looking for love at the end of this Hen bottle
Looking for pub', let me pen your next album
Call from above, tell me J.I.D you been allowed to point it
Remerged, kicking lyrics in the South, no issue
Wipe that drizzle of your mouth, it's time to wake up the house
Y'all niggas been playing Skins vs. Blouses
I'mma keep my shirt on until some hoes come out
Always keep your word, homie, I don't know nothing else
I'm your father, go get a switch or a belt
Interrupting my method, in here making this velvet
Grab my dick and do a thrust with my pelvis
My shoes suede, but don't fuck with no Elvis
I'm from the era of real shit; kill-or-be-killed shit
Kill-or-be real quick, float like butterfly
Sting like killer bee, flow worth kilograms
You niggas killin' me thinkin' you ill as me
What's shit to an enema, enemy?
Anyone, get at me, I'm the epitome

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Method to all the madness
Checkin' my hands, checkin' my back
Checkin' the cash, and checkin' and balancin'
Hard work, callouses
Gripping the challenge by the cabbage
And I'm blackin' 'till it's no longer a factor
Murder the-murder the game, kill it
Metaphysical living, deranged vision
Not a typical nigga, the same limit
But I'm limited edition, I change prisms
Am I trippin', a nigga be trippin'
I'm feelin' like most of you niggas be slippin'
Giving you tips and a nigga just went with it flippant
Not sayin' you stupid, but hella reminiscent
Oh them stupid niggas, what they do to niggas
Kill or shoot a nigga (die!)
Then recruit a nigga, boot or suit a nigga
Send em to the other side
Is you gon' knuckle up for the ride?
Niggas is fuckin' tough till its fuckin' time
Bet they motherfuck, better buckle down

Cause I'm coming up nigga, hella mounted
Know my name cross hella counties
(Hey J.I.D, ay) What's up shawty?
Been around the world, ooh yeah
Let me tell you 'bout it
Keep your shit cool, melancholy
Keep your tool, shit, met a baller
Get some money, niggas be jealous
So him and his fellas come deliver hella bodies
Post robberies, another dead nigga no problem
You happy 'cause we doin' your job
I'm pulling everybody's hole card
I never play with le boy toys
I was busy inside of laboratories
Lookin' out the window like a Labrador
And to the bullshit I'm a matador
In the pulpit like God's son, not a daddy's boy
Cornered boar, carnivore, ready for any war
Send em forward, fifty more, plenty more
Gimme more, see me lord