

# 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