

The Load

Lil Baby

Honorable C-Note

Wop

Well my day startin' crazy, my pack ain't fuckin' make it
The feds investigating, some of my niggas turned fugazi
I keep gunners with me lately, they might gun you down for nathin'
El Gato is my code name, don't ever call me Radric
Crystal coke and crystal meth, so icy entertainment
I'm gangster but I'm famous, bitch I'm armed and I'm dangerous
Diamonds on me blinkin' mane, fuck what niggas thinkin' mane
Guwop gon' keep gettin' it mane, long as they keep printin' it mane
Play with me, regret it
This ain't that synthetic
Y'all boys too pathetic
You don't got it then go get it
Call tell, I'm connected
El Gato, respect it
Two asian plugs with hella drugs
Call them Redman and Method

When the load gettin' closer, hope they don't pull him over
I know my bows over, sack 'em up and keep the over
Dope weighing over, please don't weigh it over
It's losing water rapidly, I whipped it up with soda
Count the money over, and feed the junky sober
Splash the water on it when I lean the pot over
Zone 6 soldier, take your hood over
High grade, up scale, top notch yola

Fuck the police, that's the code we honor
Your bitch on my drip, I poured it on her
Diamonds on fleek, I'm cold, pneumonia
Me and Wop sitting at the top
Millionaires out the cell block
I ain't never gotta sell blocks
When I get bored I buy a new watch
Went to the lot and bought my bitch a drop
Now I'm on fire, I burn a nigga
They ain't gave me shit, I earned it nigga
Me and Marlo really gettin' them loads
Ask the streets, everybody know
Spend my show money on clothes
Trap stay bunking, we don't close
Runnin' with slime, they'll wipe your nose
I'm from the gutter, throwing up fours
I'm back on my shit, I'm dripping waterfall
Did a bid, came back, then I brushed it off
Shooters, they gon' shoot on my command
Pop a nigga noggin like a xan
All I ever needed was a chance
Now I got a whole lot of bands
Now I got a whole lot of fans
Tucking my strap in at my shows
Double Rollies, want a white one, a gold
Never stopping and I'm always on go
In the back of the back, I got the curtains closed
Trap spot, tryna get off the load

I'm like Luda, I been slanging them bows

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I been having a real crazy day, but them packs man I'm gettin' paid
Got G8 on the cell floor, he done poked a nigga with a switchblade
I done stayed down with my own, nigga I done came up with my own way
Zone 1 rebel, got more pistols than an arcade
And Marlo is my real name, don't ever call me rude
Act a fool, and I been a damn gangster with them tools
Young nigga make the rules, break the rules
I been a gangster, I make the news
Do script and pack with Lil Baby food
Goose say we're goin' real crazy, ooh
And the load gettin' real real closer
And I hope the dope just came up out the water
And I put that fishscale in that water
Make it double up and get real real harder
And if it [?] go real real farther, yeah

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