

Mood

M Huncho

Now I'm wide awake and
Now I'm wide awake and

Yeah, now I'm wide awake and
Oh God, yeah I'm so impatient
I was grabbin' the reload
Went from a Q to like three Os
Made a flip, pockets are rippin'
I got the just of things
Never greedy, man, I share my plate
That's the way that we see more
Double up, triple up
Triple cup on the amp blows
Many trials, many miles
Travel up with them nenos
Hittin' 3s, gettin' rid
I switch on them like I'm D. Rose
Swisher Sweets, wrapped in weed
Brown paper bag like Migos
Switch the beat, ride the wave
Hit the sea, splash, splash
Fuck a beat, get the cash
Get the bag, stack, stack
Fuck a beef, but it's chicken
I watch my own back
And I do not care 'bout your pockets
I'm watchin' my own stack
Yeah, yeah, yeah

My brother put the microwave on, don't let it cool off
And you can't walk in with your shoes on, take your shoes off
All this money get my mood on
No money put my mood off
These bitches jarring put my mood off
The money callin', it puts my mood on
Yeah, yeah, put my mood on
Uh, it put my mood on

I gotta get it
Top of performance, I'm credit
Just to make it, I gotta go spend it
I get it and chop it up like it's a edit
Play if you want, you be meetin' the medic
We can trade shots, yeah they know I don't mind
But I'm still tryna buy it and sell it
Do-do-double up and go again and again
Again and again and again
I bet they remember me now
But they didn't remember me then
Every day, we was wakin' up 6AM
Broken pockets that I had to mend
Get a bird, hit the town and we trend
Flyin' round town like it's the ends
I ain't rich, I can never pretend
That's not for no female, and never a friend
So tell her come fuck with my brothers
You can't think 'bout fuckin' with them

'Cause that one's a rat, I just whip out the pen
I said that one's a rat, I just whip out the pen
Yeah, that one's a rat, I just whip out

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