

## Reload & Repeat

M Huncho

I ain't talking 'bout the grass when I say it's so green  
When I say it's so green (yeah)  
Yeah I been so low (yeah), yeah I been so up

Lord forgive me for my sins  
All I wanna do is win  
Yeah we did a lot of wrong  
Kicking doors and running in  
Buying iron and was robbin'  
So they put man on the wing  
Then we started pushing weight  
We weren't going to the gym  
Been up, been down  
Been bruk, seen pounds  
Been rushed, beefed clowns  
See man on the rebound, gave man beatdown  
Shit is dumb, deep down  
Man put p's down, buy a few hammers  
Shits getting deep now, man wanna creep round  
Find where you sleep now, roll up squeeze it  
Now he's six feet down, shush when the Dees round  
This life that I'm living is crazy  
But we still make it look wavey  
Man wanna talk like they live it  
But their whole ting is fugazi  
'Member when I had the 8 ball  
Now the re-up's looking weighty  
Used to rock Umbro, now we all Huncho  
Love me or hate me

I ain't talking 'bout the grass when I say it's so green  
When I say it's so green (yeah)  
I ain't afraid of these bruddas when they wanna come at me  
When they wanna come at me  
Yeah I been so low yeah, yeah I been so up  
And the jakes wanna cuff me  
Reload and repeat  
Reload and repeat  
Drop packs on the streets, yeah we good on the streets  
Reload and repeat  
Just gimme a blue, lemme roll up the green  
Reload and repeat  
A call from a fiend, yeah I'm serving the cream  
Reload and repeat  
I pour up a three, and I'm pouring the lean

Raindrops, no drop-top  
Just a pedal bike out tryna pedal mine-  
Rucksack, full nine  
I'm a Big Mac, you're small fries  
I'm a hood guy, with a good heart  
And I fly birds, that's a good start  
And some of my circle don't rate me  
But it's fine 'cause this life is so crazy  
Buil' a spliff and my mind is so hazy  
The weed is my baby  
The plug is my saviour

Fuck having a lady  
Flip a pack, no behaviour  
You couldn't save her, she's loving the sauce and her man is a hater  
He doesn't risk it for paper  
And she knows that I'm risking it all and it's day after day  
I might whisk up a ball, I might cook me a jawn  
Fucked up a pack, popped the music on pause  
Box after box hitting jabs on the road  
And they locked up my bros (free up my bros)  
I don't fuck with the law and I'm buildin' it Raw  
Never hitting it raw  
A gram in my spliff and a ounce in my draw  
Half a box in the [?]  
I'm giving it all that I got  
Again and again, again and again  
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