

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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