

Monster

MellowHype

Odd future, I'd shoot you, bitch

I'm good on a badder day
Better never fabricate
I spit after I saturate the poison from a rattlesnake
From a 1-10, you're like an average 8
Blowjob, you suck, shall I elaborate
Fuck a top down
Mind if I sip in Osaka
English television, Japanese soul operas
High as a koala
Burning inside Impalas
Coasting, close edge
I'm on the ground like pro-pegs
They ask if I worry if my future's looking curry
The morning's bright and early
My prize, my temple's Shirley
Shorty's ten 'per-surely' tampers through dirty hampers
Looking for the worthy answers
Smoke from respiratory cancer
Fuck knowledge, roll up
I'm trying to get eminent
Everybody know me like the president, It's evident
I'm ghetto, Royal
You sediment, soil
You took the wrong turn
Now its my turn, Turmoil

Me and my wolves, we rolling in the street
In a four door
Me, Bitch so we can go deep
A nigga count sheep, go to sleep with a down ass freak
Seven times out the week
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OFWGKTA, OFWGKTA, OFWGKTA...

Either join with us or step away
I'm a warrior, as I reign from the middle ages
In the Roman Empire, riding separate stages
Pencil, pages, mental cages
No sort of patience as I'm hitting greatness
Rose out of the pavement, a proud of amazement
Smoke right out of a basement to a spot where we making it spacious
As God's glory is gracious
Say your graces for the glutton
And no chance to You niggas ain't eating supper?
Well at least you get to have something
Comply not to complain
When abide a food chain
The future's looking odd,uh,things do change
Try not to restrain, shit happens like things
And the 'if' about them things, is if them things do bang, Bitch

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