

Thuggin'

MellowHype

Yeah

It's that thug shit

Yeah - all my thug bitches, all my thug niggaz

It's MellowHype, Odd Future Wolf Gang

Uhh, Left Brain, yo

We be thuggin deep; runnin 'round the hood

like doggies in the street, you feelin froggy then leap

Pass by the feds and its foggy in the Jeep

Fuck yo' opinion and your blog and your peeps

Everybody wanna talk this and that

'til I leave your body in the alley with piss and rats

Go ahead nigga, you can diss the track

Face-to-face with my chrome, now diss my gat

Naw I don't play with guns, you can diss my bat

It'll be a home run, nigga off wit'cha cap

Cause if I pop a shot, it'll be too loud

Neighbors comin out the house fuckin formin a crowd

Jose Canseco, all about my peso

Stack it like Lego, hot like fuego

Left Brain from the Gang full of Wolves that red

Eyes bloodshot red nigga would you stare?

We be thuggin

Before I try a coat, I put on my cloak

I mouthwash all you bacteria, no soap

When the situations get bad and niggaz start to choke

I get a little jumpy and I just might croak

Presidential campaign, gettin every vote

Starin the game down through my, authentic locs

Beach Cruise, Pasadena, 250 spokes

I swear I am the truth - wanna hear me tell a joke?

I run Dena with a lyrical quote

Controllin niggaz ears like I got a remote

Bring a bitch around me and that's all she wrote

I'm acid like the citrus when she swallow the pulp

It ain't fashion when I'm whippin, I'm True to my Religion

Gettin wisdom in return with this music I be givin

I'm so sickenin - like I got the swine flu

I'm sick in my head bitch, I got the mind flu

H.B., ha ha~! Ice cream parlor on a Sunday

Ice cold from Monday to Monday

She go both ways and my direction is one way

You can't move me, watch me like a movie

Do she really wanna do me?

"Oochie Wally Wally" bang bang bang in jacuzzis

And if these niggaz don't know who we be

in that girl coochie, get a C-L-U-E

Recognize the letters, MellowHype fly

You can tell by the feathers, I'm a ball player in

any kind of weather, strike one, and you out of

my motherfuckin house like Hugh Hefner

I laugh out loud, my pretty ass proud

If you wanna find me, I'll be in my own cloud

Writin lyrics to myself, I'm my own penpal

and I make beats mothafucker - send now

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