

# Astro (feat. Frank Ocean)

## MellowHype

I said niggas be takin' life too serious  
I swear my music take lives - uh, period  
Mellowhype, things are dependent-free mind-pyramids  
Breaking walls down, never a Black Hawk Down, oh  
They put a label on me but I see they're all clowns  
That's why I talk English and think fast  
Feel my words through the ink's last letter  
Which'll never turn his back, back catcher, I grab  
Extra magazines I'm in, to remind me of the places I've been  
Returning to visit again, me and my fuckin' friends  
Before I hit the stage I clench my microphone until my fist hurt  
Before I eat sushi, I'd rather get to know the fish first  
For all the cats behind my time, that rhyme - that shit's worth  
Everything in my mental state now I'm secure, mental ways  
Dental place in my jaw for spitting raw just because  
I like to floss my talent  
Think I'm-a wear the yellow tux at the Grammy's  
And rock out with my cock out...  
Like "who this kid think he is? "  
It's just something I've seen Prince do  
It's true...  
No matter what, I'm showing up  
Who gives a flying floating fuck  
What people say, or think?  
Cause end of the day, start of the day they all said we wouldn't get here anyway  
You blink, and Wolf Gang's in this bitch...  
When I was a kid I wanted to be just like you  
Write my own rhymes, recite 'em a couple times  
Hoping one day it blew up so me and my niggas could shine  
I got 3 quarters and about 10 dimes  
You can split them 10's up cause both these corners are mine  
Let's fuckin' celebrate, Wold Gang confederate  
We made it, we made it, we made it and you hatin'  
Cause we made it and we made it  
And that is not an understatement (oh!)  
I put that on the people that I stay with  
Live day to day with, tour bus is the slave ship  
Niggas worked the grave shift, record clean up and play disc  
We must be misbehaving  
But the fans love it, they get the subject  
Niggas claim be rappers but don't fulfil the substance  
Fuckin rubbish, I'll dust quick

Nothing to fuck with, I've got my hands on my balls, like my nuts itch I remember I first played  
tricks on my web shit  
And he fronted on it like... nah that shit will never work  
Ha ha ha, like what? Family: these 2 wrists of mine  
I had to make them gold  
You gotta let me shine...  
If you're a friend of mine  
Ask any friend of mine  
I'll never block your glow, won't curb your high  
We be, in a place they never been  
Hella Benz, for the hell of it  
In Paris Paris Paris  
White wings on desert sand  
Flyin' over the Taliban... Probably  
We be in a place they never been  
Hella Benz, for the hell of it  
In Paris Paris Paris  
White wings on desert sand  
Flyin' over the Taliban... Probably

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>