

# Grill

## MellowHype

Keep Smokin'  
Keep Smokin'  
Bring something new to the table  
And I don't want yams because I had some yesterday  
But I can smoke grams blaze one almost everyday  
And I will shake hands and make plans with a featherweight  
Wolf Gang clan sold out when we set a date  
Klux Klan burn the stage down let it marinate  
Correlate circulate percolate a work of fate it hurts to hate  
For me there's no surrogate  
Bring the fucking food to the table  
And if you get cheese make it provolone or parmesan  
Rolling Mary Jane, killers — pain in my other arm  
Holding on a dame and her main in my other arm  
Such a charm, so it's on, smoke til it's gone  
Feel withdrawn, These bitches blown  
They better call Tyron, about where upon  
She's at and um, sit on a bus stop like she do salons  
Or bag a bitch for me like she fucking works at Vons  
It's the M, the E, the L  
The L, the O, W, H  
The Y, the P, the P, the E  
It's the M, the E, the L  
The L, the O, W, H  
The Y, the P, get your money  
Never been a buster nigga  
I ride with them thuggish niggas  
Mellowhigh  
Loiter Squad  
I ride with them ruggish niggas  
Never fuck a bitch up in the bucket, she just suck a nigga  
81 box chevy  
Dirty seats, dirty sprite  
Ridin' dirty through the night  
Shining like some pearly whites  
Lurking for the popo though  
Fuck them punks  
Exit out the way I'mma hit the Shake Junt  
Hey my nigger G goes smoke 8 junts  
Kill the bottle, full throttle  
Bad bitch still fuck with me  
I still fuck with y'all

But we ain't fuck for free  
All my wolves we eat feet said we all floss  
We boss hogs ain't all talk  
Monstertruck, dumpster truck  
Fuck the slut in dope and smut  
Trash wang, that's what's up (x5)

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