

# 50 (feat. Mellowhype)

## Odd Future

I'm a lotta narcotics, flow aquatic atomic  
The way I rhyme in Islamic promises, ignorance is common sense  
Straining my gluteus, f\*cking hungry hippopotamus  
You n\*ggas are in the bottom pit, of nauseousness  
Is what I was raised around as a child  
I'd rather chuck up my middle finger than give a b\*tch a smile  
Hostility fertile like my mule and 40 acres  
In my Stacy Adam gators, where's that mothaf\*ckin' stapler? Uh, you hear that sh\*t?  
Ay, run that sh\*t back  
Yeah, that sh\*t hot, n\*gga  
Hostility fertile like my mule and 40 acres  
In my Stacy Adam gators, where's that mothaf\*ckin' stapler?  
Good grades on the wall, n\*ggas hate to see me do it major  
I'm just a leader of my team and I ain't afraid of traitors  
Lacing my shoes, we the MellowHype jews  
We controlling the crews, drinking Belgium booze  
We animals out the zoos, with a fuse abused  
B\*tches brewing in our stews, on they knees like the pews Sock a buster in his jaw  
F\*ck the police, break the law  
Twist your fingers up, grip your balls  
If you ain't got heart you ain't got sh\*t at all Where your homies at? They'll get f\*cked up too  
Where your grandma at? She'll get f\*cked up too  
Where your b\*tch at? She'll get f\*cked up too  
Where the roof at? We'll stomp that b\*tch through  
Here we go n\*ggaro, I'll sing Figaro, Figaro  
Chucking up the divigolo burning bodies in a (?) Aww, mothaf\*cka wanna see you shine and I  
got my gold on  
Clancy said I'm late for my flight, well he better hold on  
Can't wait 'til I f\*ckin' buy me a jet, there gon' be some hoes on it  
Just blow O's on it, count dough on it  
Smoking in the sky, damage the ozone, don't it?  
Sh\*t, I'll take a life for my moment's moment  
Contract your own sale, f\*ck a deal, you're in a option  
Turn the bass up, get mothaf\*ckas to go sh\*t  
Rappers nowadays are all phased when it comes to soft shove  
If n\*ggas saying your flow weak, you shoulda bought one  
You call this brand new, to me it's Santa Cruz  
Don't find HB the man to lose, you ain't a bruise  
Catch me on MTV or your local channel news  
In London recording to Fuse, I'm the man that confused  
I'm f\*cking crazy, need slavery to be alien gravy  
But I ain't saying it to your mothaf\*ckin' brain, skull Sock a buster in his jaw

F\*ck the police, break the law  
Twist your fingers up, grip your balls  
If you ain't got heart you ain't got sh\*t at all

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>