

# The Load (feat. Marlo)

## Quality Control, Gucci Mane & Lil Baby

Honorable C.N.O.T.E

WopWell my day startin' crazy, my pack ain't fuckin' make it  
The feds investigating, some of my niggas turned fugazi  
I keep gunners with me lately, they might gun you down for nathin'  
El Gato is my code name, don't ever call me Radric  
Crystal coke and crystal meth, so icy entertainment  
I'm gangster but I'm famous, bitch I'm armed and I'm dangerous  
Diamonds on me blinkin' mane, fuck what niggas thinkin' mane  
Guwop gon' keep gettin' it mane, long as they keep printin' it mane

Play with me, regret it

This ain't that synthetic

Y'all boys too pathetic

You don't got it then go get it

Call tell, I'm connected

El Gato, respect it

Two Asian plugs with hella drugs

Call them Redman and Method

When the load gettin' closer, hope they don't pull him over

I know my bows over, sack 'em up and keep the over

Dope weighing over, please don't weigh it over

It's losing water rapidly, I whipped it up with soda

Count the money over, and feed the junky sober

Splash the water on it when I lean the pot over

Zone 6 soldier, take your hood over

High grade, upscale, top-notch yolaFuck the police, that's the code we honor

Your bitch on my drip, I poured it on her

Diamonds on fleek, I'm cold, pneumonia

Me and Wop sitting at the top

Millionaires out the cell block

I ain't never gotta sell blocks

When I get bored I buy a new watch

Went to the lot and bought my bitch a drop

Now I'm on fire, I burn a nigga

They ain't gave me shit, I earned it nigga

Me and Marlo really gettin' them loads

Ask the streets, everybody know

Spend my show money on clothes

Trap stay bunking, we don't close

Runnin' with slime, they'll wipe your nose

I'm from the gutter, throwing up fours

I'm back on my shit, I'm dripping waterfall

Did a bid, came back, then I brushed it off

Shooters, they gon' shoot on my command  
 Pop a nigga noggin like a xan  
 All I ever needed was a chance  
 Now I got a whole lot of bands  
 Now I got a whole lot of fans  
 Tucking my strap in at my shows  
 Double Rollies, want a white one, a gold  
 Never stopping and I'm always on go  
 In the back of the back, I got the curtains closed  
 Trap spot, tryna get off the load  
 I'm like Luda, I been slanging them bows  
 When the load gettin' closer, hope they don't pull him over  
 I know my bows over, sack 'em up and keep the over  
 Dope weighing over, please don't weigh it over  
 It's losing water rapidly, I whipped it up with soda  
 Count the money over, and feed the junky sober  
 Splash the water on it when I lean the pot over  
 Zone 6 soldier, take your hood over  
 High grade, upscale, top-notch yola I been having a real crazy day, but them packs man I'm  
 gettin' paid  
 Got G8 on the cell floor, he done poked a nigga with a switchblade  
 I done stayed down with my own, nigga I done came up with my own way  
 Zone 1 rebel, got more pistols than an arcade  
 And Marlo is my real name, don't ever call me rude  
 Act a fool, and I been a damn gangster with them tools  
 Young nigga make the rules, break the rules  
 I been a gangster, I make the news  
 Do script and pack with Lil Baby food  
 Goose say we're goin' real crazy, ooh  
 And the load gettin' real real closer  
 And I hope the dope just came up out the water  
 And I put that fish scale in that water  
 Make it double up and get real real harder  
 And if it [?] go real real farther, yeah When the load gettin' closer, hope they don't pull him over  
 I know my bows over, sack 'em up and keep the over  
 Dope weighing over, please don't weigh it over  
 It's losing water rapidly, I whipped it up with soda  
 Count the money over, and feed the junky sober  
 Splash the water on it when I lean the pot over  
 Zone 6 soldier, take your hood over  
 High grade, upscale, top-notch yola

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