

# Melo

## Pryda

Hello, mellow  
I know it's hard to love an ordinary fellow  
Especially if you're yellow but we gel like jello  
Bass and treble, bow for a cello  
Turn it up a level, come and dance with this delicate devil  
Got hoes in a shovel but, yo, I'd rather settle with this  
Hot kettle pothead from the heaven-  
Scent, smell like an angel even when I'm hella bent off of that  
Style killer, been a while since I lived with her  
Sore loser for sure, it's all yours but the child wasn't mine  
I bet one out of nine to a dime, six months  
I tried to step but, umm.

Lyrics provided by

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