Hit Me Up (feat. Lisa Cimorelli)

Riff Raff & DJ Afterthought

Hit me up Where you wanna go We can drive downtown Just cruising slow Got fifty in the tank and a pocket full of cash Got no where to be tonight We can take our time Just rolling slow, rolling slowFirst off pay all your taxes Accountant doing back flips, pockets doing gymnastics Dropped off my 40% to Uncle Same Damn fam, can I cop the cramb Lamb I must vacation on the regular No behind the scenes, put away your cellular No phone service in Amsterdam Don't touch my hand, I buff shine my nails Three shots of green tea, Vietnamese TP Drop my hotel key in Japanese seaweed My feet need to meet the beach in East Greece My body needs to sleep beneath Versace sheetsHit me up Where you wanna go We can drive downtown Just cruising slow Got fifty in the tank and a pocket full of cash Got no where to be tonight We can take our time Just rolling slow, rolling slowNever meant to get bent out of shape But I ate too many steaks, put on too much weight Gained seventy pounds, you could see it in my face Lean down, I could barely tie my shoe lace RiFF RaFF, I came back with Versace six pack Don't get side tracked, tryna keep up with my stacks Might spill through Nashville with my wrist on chill Set my ... Back to me, back to doing whatever I feel Back to you being annoying and keeping it real With your attitude I swear I've had it up to here I be damned if I let these haters get in my ear, RiFF La-la-la La-la-la-la-la Ooh, la-la-la-la-laHit me up Where you wanna go We can drive downtown

Just cruising slow Got fifty in the tank and a pocket full of cash Got no where to be tonight We can take our time Just rolling slow, rolling slow Hit me up Where you wanna go We can drive downtown Just cruising slow Got fifty in the tank and a pocket full of cash Got no where to be tonight We can take our time Just rolling slow, rolling slow Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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