

Up (feat. Lil Uzi Vert)

Young Thug

Wheezy what the fuck brackin', nigga?
I might need Be El Be for this one
You dig?!Whoa, we tore up
I'm like 'baby don't throw up', if she ever hit the ground
Young Thug not pickin' her up, you can Quicker Picker Up
Cause I'm a blood, pass me my bup, try'na come around for help but you gon' (what?!)
End up suckin', nothing but dick like whoa
Baby girl gon' stay and drop it, no steps but I promise I go up
Girl what up? I'm like baby this what's up
She under me like a rug, can't go up, yep
Trick bitch pull up on me, try'na get these digits
How the fuck I love when they ever like em - ooh
Bitch I am a genie, I got hoes in Magic City
Even when it's rented, president tinted
I need an Aaliyah she gon' rock all on my boat
My chain small but only my weed make me choke
Hey come here baby girl I want that amateur throat
And when I get through I pass it to all of my folks
Damn they got my name on the Coke
Blackjack got me winning by the boats
Shoot dice nigga five deuce four tre
And my weed orange like a fuckin' cantaloupe
She fuck me then smile in your face, all she ever say is "Oh yeah"
Ooh baby girl, pull up and give top, no lotion, she like Olay
Hey I don't like 'em black, no spades, no way
And I only tell her to hurry and wait
Whoa, we tore up
I'm like 'baby don't throw up', if she ever hit the ground
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Cause I'm a blood, pass me my bup, try'na come around for help but you gon' (what?!)
End up suckin', nothing but dick like whoa
Baby girl gon' stay and drop it, no steps but I promise I go up
Girl what up? I'm like baby this what's up
She under me like a rug, can't go up, yepBitches comin' round the fuckin' gangsta, think they
stupid
Pull up in the vintage, smoking loud like a Duely
And I know I am the best, bitch, how you do this?
And I pulled up on your bitch and the children
Damn what the fuck is going on, I am gone, so gone
I just spent a band on cologne, I am on, so on
And my neighbors call my thick misses Texas Roni
They was watchin' me back in the days like a Sony, promise

I just bought my son a Bentley from Import Cars
All my bitches coming foreign plus they head on
These lil' bitches try'na compete then they dead wrong
I'ma act just like I'm sleep but I'm dead onWhoa, we tore up
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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