

# She Goin' Up

Chris Brown & Tyga

Now usually I don't do this  
But a nigga wanna trip so I'ma take a nigga's bitch  
Yeah, got 200 on the dash  
A couple hundreds in my pocket but my credit card rich  
Every night is somethin' different  
I started poppin' pills with no prescription  
24/7 on a mission  
I'm the man with these bitches, if you watchin', pay attention  
You shoulda left her in the kitchen  
Now she cookin' up my mama's favorite dishes  
She used to kiss it for you, now she swallow me  
Now she missin', got your nigga reminiscin'  
Why you textin'? She complainin', you be stressin'  
With your weak ass cuffin', said she feel like she arrested  
I told her, "do better", said she's open for suggestions  
I said, "Come over to the crib and put your panties on my dresser"  
And I don't really care  
I know shit gon' hit the fan like a booty in the air  
I'm with her, fuckin' up the sheets now  
If your nigga bring his ass over here he gettin' beat down  
Pause, nigga don't act like we boys  
I bought a strap from a d-boy, my trap house got three floors  
Better not fuck around with me, boy  
That bullet wound [?], why you mad, nigga?  
Got your girl goin' up, goin' up right now  
She be rockin' diamonds, fuckin' with designer  
Red bottoms up right now  
Got a nigga mad cause she seen your bitch chose up  
Not you, made her life, brand new  
She actin', brand new  
Your girl goin' up, goin' up right now Pussy open, yours two doors  
Legs up like Aventador  
Raw nigga to the core  
Money long, boy broke niggas gon' snore  
And I'm fresh out the store  
I just bought it cause I'm bored  
All up on the news in my new girl couture  
They don't sell that at Nordstroms, imported, important  
Tax out the border, the cash flow enormous  
Dubai and endorsements, sources and foursomes  
Got a bad bitch, so she [?], I got money on my lap  
Pistol on my back, steaks on my tab

Fuck you know about that? 500 hundred on the Lamb'  
Goin' up, yeah, I'm pourin' up  
She took too much, now she throwin' up  
Came out the top and I'm blazin'  
Worldwide, nigga, it's amazin'  
Screamin' loud, they gon' call the popos on us  
She wouldn't shut up, but no, she in love with the coco  
[?] that ass goin' loco  
And I ain't gon' interrupt her dancin'  
Cause she turnin' up right now  
Do your thing, we gon' party all night long, baby  
I'ma do what he won't do  
I bet he won't sing to you  
He ain't even got a ring for you  
I got you, girl  
I'ma make you hit them notes  
When I'm in and out, baby don't let go  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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