

Way Up (feat. Tracy T)

Meek Mill

Ya, ya
Ya, ya
Turn them headphones up Cruz
Way up
Shit like I'm Jackie Chan
Summer is lit and we back again I'm so way up, way up, way up, way up
Can't believe they tried to play us
Run a check and tell' em pay up
Its all business ain't no favors
I'm so way up, way up, way up, way up
Summer comin' better save up
Going up like elevators
I'm so way up, way up, way up, way up
That indirect shit never get by us
Niggas like bitches be dick ridin'
Funny how nigga like Rich Pryor
See 'em and I smack the shit out 'em
Throwin' ten k like its ten dollars
I grab that bitch make a ten out her
I pop perc fuck the shit out her
Fuck her so good thought I care bout her
She know I been 'bout it I'm on my way up
My chick a Barbie no weave and no makeup
Hang with the trappers don't be with no haters
My city gon' tell you that we on some paper
Theolonius capers when I'm in that Wraith
I'm feelin' like Meechie or three ATL
Purp got leanin' like I on a rail
Mixing that Birk with that new YSL
Sellin' that dope gave me confidence
Bust down the Role gave me confidence
I let the fiend watch the coupe tell 'em polish it
She on my dick I can't you no promises
Bahgdad on that pussy bombin' shit
Bad bad with that chopper Osama shit
Rockin' Givenchy shit
Trap at the clear port nigga we flyin' shit
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Summer comin' better save up
Going up like elevators
I'm so way up, way up, way up, way upWay up, way up, way up
Skinny nigga walkin' like done got his weight up
Hold up bitch I'm movin' fast they holler "Wait up"
Fixin' bitches just so I can fuck and break her
I been doin' this since Jacob came with Jacobs
If you know me then you owe me fuck you pay up
Bombin' in Atlana aka Al-Queda
Crossin' up I'm Kyrie Irving with the lay up
Pushin' whips and poppin' pistols for the paper
Goin' up they want to stop your elevator
Havin' lunch on top of [?] feelin' way up
Paper on Rodeo aye hoe I got flavor
Meet me [?]
I pull up with work like I'm [?]
Put tens on that bitch for the haters
That work it came in from lil' [?]
Got birds and got bricks and they came in the trailer
Them niggas ain't poppin' shit got a shot on me like Peja Stojakovi?
[?] fuck it lil' nigga it got me rich
Ya you might got a gun but you ain't poppin' it
Nigga doin' dirty business got damn Lord save 'em
Dirty money on the Lord got me way up, way up, way upI'm so way up, way up, way up, way
up
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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