

## Going Up

B.o.B

Bobby go savage, all my shit classic  
I don't fuck around, nigga, I'ma wreak havoc  
Stoned like a tablet, stoned like [?]  
Stay with that leaf, eyes closed like captions  
Got a street team cause this ain't just rappin'  
I got bad habits, I'm always with a bad bitch  
One Janet Jackson, one Toni Braxton  
Goin' both ways like four way traffic  
Pockets on beast mode, bands goin' ape shit  
You sleepin' on who? I set fire to your mattress  
Always tryna figure a nigga out like fractions  
I just wear the box out like fashion  
Put the pussy in a grave or a casket  
Write my name on the cake in italics  
Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain  
I hope you got your seatbelts fastened, I'm goin' up

Up, I'm goin' up  
Up, I'm goin' up  
Up, I'm goin' up  
Up, I'm goin' up

Give me the weed, I'ma roll up (I'm goin' up)  
Give me the drank, I'ma pour it up (I'm goin' up)  
Rep my set, nigga throw it up (I'm goin' up)  
4321, I'm goin' up  
(2x)

Y'all in the way, nigga fall back  
You small time, where your boss at?  
Big money, we talk that  
Broke nigga call, I don't call back  
Maybe I let the [?] strip a little  
Kiss the ring, kiss the middle  
I'm in this bitch, don't need the kibble  
[?] don't need to dribble  
Goin' up like elevators  
New printer, that's hella paper  
Bad bitches got hella flavors  
I get served, I don't need a waiter  
No Genre and we celebratin'  
Keep winnin' so they hella hatin'  
They watchin' from the window  
Shut it down like renovation  
Lin-Z, baby, drive you crazy  
Switchin' lanes, new Mercedes  
Hella sauce, that's hella gravy  
Cut the check before it hits the table  
What you know about it?  
Celine bag, yes your ho 'bout it  
Top on, it's so private  
With no pilot, I'm goin' up

Ah this that nasty flow  
Neighbors at your door with the casserole  
All about the cream, ice and the Cogn'

Jungle fever, she tryna get the anacon' - boom  
Bass like a trampoline  
Her man at home and she ain't tryna dance alone  
She love me too and I'ma get my trample on it  
It's Chinese food and I'ma get my sample on, ho  
Push that button  
It's all in your head, that's concussion  
Better get up on your shit or fuck around and flush it  
Jackie Chan with a [?], I ain't tryna rush it  
So keep it movin'  
Cause ain't nobody here believe in losin'  
And we ain't givin' up, the chances too slim  
Ho we don't give a fuck so keep your two cents  
[?] could use that shit  
Let me get a verse and I abuse that bitch  
This shit'll never stop me, I defuse that quick  
Give a shit about your story, I conclude that bitch  
Magnum P.I., come prove that shit  
But my Magnum P.I. wanna lube that clit  
Just sayin', niggas say they got the picture  
When they know it's just crayon  
Go to church, do communion with the pope  
While prayin', I'm goin' up

If your cards ain't right, I don't deal with you  
I know the deal, shawty, she just want my dill pickle  
It's real simple, they send shots, I send missiles  
Still iller, they still sweet, they're still Skittles  
I write riddles, you pay attention, you might get 'em  
Ain't nobody that's really fuckin' with my niggas  
No Genre the label so I'ma ride with 'em  
Yeah these tats are permanent, I'ma die with 'em  
Goin' nuts like almonds  
Tell 'em if they with it you can get it if you want it  
Chillin' with your bitch, she let me hit it in the mornin'  
I don't really see 'em, someone show me my opponents  
You know I'm the shit like I'm just bein' honest  
You ain't runnin' shit like why you keep on stumblin'?  
Can't you see I'm hungry? My stomach is rumblin'  
Tell me what you're doin', nigga you ain't doin' nothin', goin' up

Money on my mind, I don't know what y'all thinkin' 'bout  
I'm chasin' down the bankroll, ho I'm goin' up  
Two hundred for a line, couple racks for a pint  
You ain't drinkin' like me, lil' nigga I'm pourin' up  
I'm ready for whatever, chain on heavy metal  
Got them diamonds in my watch and they change up like the weather  
I'm speedin' to the top, you strugglin' down the pedal  
I'm doggin' them hoes out, you strugglin' there to get 'em  
Paid a mil' for the crib, way up in the hills  
Damn I feel famous, they wavin' at the kid  
Got money on me, homie, like Baby in this bitch  
Got the chopper with the drum like Eddie in this bitch  
Me and my team ball, nigga you still shavin'  
I'm clean every day, lil' nigga you still bathin'  
You waitin' on a handout, boy I stand out  
Ask Bobby, I'm the man now, I'm goin' up