

Now I'm Up (Intro)

Babyfxce E

(Enrgy made this one)

Yeah, yeah, it's with an X, nigga

They used to love me when I was down, now I'm up (Yop)

A hundred rounds in the car, a pound in the trunk

Procrastinatin' why you broke, now you cryin' 'cause you stuck

I know you snitched 'cause your crime and your time don't match up

Yeah, rap got me activated (Uh-huh)

Bitch, you gotta pay to fuck, I ain't gon' tax you, baby (At all)

I just hit a pregnant bitch, I think I tapped a baby

Took a nigga to Ganja Gods and showed him how to pack an eighthy

3D package crazy

Shoppin' for some socks and drawers, nigga, I got the strap in Macy's

My shooter crazy, for the right price, he'll whack a baby (Damn)

Niggas buyin' strikers like crack in the '80s (What?)

Doin' all that steppin', put a crack in the pavement

Oh, you tryna borrow some money from me? I'ma let you get it (Come on)

'Cause I'm the type to get your head cracked if you lackin' some payments (Nigga)

It's rust on the chop, left the strap in the basement

Put no trust in no thot, I just crack, then I'm skatin'

I just got flicked with two Glockes and a pack of some Quagen (What happened?)

Yeah, them niggas tried to pull me out

Pull up on them niggas that gurbed me and tell 'em fool me now (Come on)

Shoot a hundred rounds then wet a towel to try to cool it down

Crazy 'cause I'm out of town and want a bitch that's in the town

She ain't never fuck on the balcony, so I flew her out

Y'all ain't even have to believe me, I'm finna prove it now

Finna drive the striker, I see an alien, I'ma shoot it down

Sleepin' in the whip, I had no pillow, so I used a pound

Tryna find some niggas to step on because I'm losin' ground

They used to love me when I was down, now I'm up (Now I'm up)

A hundred rounds in the car, a pound in the trunk

Procrastinatin' why you broke, now you cryin' 'cause you stuck

I know you snitched 'cause your crime and your time don't match up (Rat-ass nigga)

They used to love me when I was down, now I'm up (I'm up)

A hundred rounds in the car, a pound in the trunk

But crashin' ain't why you broke, now you cryin' 'cause you stuck

I know you snitched 'cause your crime and your time don't match up

Yeah, man, this shit a different feeling (On God)

Ayy, I really touched a million, but never touched a million (Uh-huh)

Make him come up out his pockets and say, "I'm fuckin' with you" (Pussy)

I ain't finna box, I ain't finna tussle with you, chopper for the muscle nigga

Wakin' up, plays every day, I had that hustle in me

Let my brother hold a hundred K because I trust that nigga (Blood)

On some real shit, I don't really fuck with niggas

If we had a conversation, probably had some money in it

Rap gettin' easier, shit a free throw (Hmm)

My PO box filled with all free clothes

We buyin' every house next to the opps until the beef gone

Ten millis dumpin' out the Glock'll knock a street pole

They used to love me when I was down, now I'm up (I'm up)
A hundred rounds in the car, a pound in the trunk
Procrastinatin' why you broke, now you cryin' 'cause you stuck
I know you snitched 'cause your crime and your time don't match up (Rat-ass nigga)
They used to love me when I was down, now I'm up
A hundred rounds in the car, a pound in the trunk
But crashin' ain't why you broke, now you cryin' 'cause you stuck (Dumb-ass)
I know you snitched 'cause your crime and your time don't match up

They used to love me when I was down, now I'm up (I'm up)
A pound in the trunk (Nigga)
'Cause you stuck (Yeah)
Know you snitched 'cause your crime and your time don't match up
Nigga
Yeah, yeah
It's with an X, nigga