

Way Up

Bizzle

We take it way up
Higher than NASA off a launch and lift
Off into the dark abyss past the stars where the Martians live
Never will these archers miss they mark you see the darts we spit
Have sharpened tips we aim for the heart and hit what our target is
Like an arsonist lighting a match up and then tossing it
Onto gasoline we're torching this, homie of course it's lit
Like Rick James on Eddie Murphy's couch screaming out 'Darkness is'
With no remorse we kick the grime, and in this pond we are shark to fish

GOM this is a remix
Get a beat, flip, rip it to pieces
Get a seat we up in the window suite
Finna eat
We sitting wit Jesus
Droppin' it for the God risen
He alive living in the midst of the people
Try me, and if you're not feeling it
Then I really ain't feeling you either
Whether or not you feel it I'm not
Forgetting what God has given to me
I could be locked up, end up inside a prison
And not to visit or preach
God willing I'ma give them the gospel till I'm not in position to speak
You can knock it
But I'ma rock with the rock and I'm not missing the beat, listen to me
Dog, I was up in Walmart with a scan gun
For the canned goods
I could rap good, but I did what I could for the fam
That's manhood
Quit looking for the quick lick
Told God if you're not with it I quit this
That's when He told me no, you just go and be lit lit
I been on the road, doing shows ever since then
Tell em what I know
Pray they souls will get lifted
Messing with the flow but the goal is repentance
Never get it twisted

Daddy let me loose
They gotta move
Bishop with the burner baby
I got the juice
They hating on my team
'Cause we the truth
Won't he do it, and we the proof
We gon' take 'em way way way, way way way, way way way, way way way up
(Way way way up, way way way up)
We gon' take 'em way way way, way way way, way way way, way way way up
(Way way way up, way way way up)

I ain't really with the back talk, homie
But you know that I'ma talk back
You ain't pitching you could balk back
You ain't got a ride, you can walk back
Aye, we need to get the salt back
Dark rap make the blackboard

And if you ain't teaching from the Most High
Lil homie you could get a chalk back
Homie I could never go back
I was down in the gutter mayne
Low low, in a dark place
Oh thank God He the Prozac
Everybody gotta raise up
Knees down, and the praise up
Lock down, homie stay up
Tell em all that there's a way up

The blood
We covered by it
Speaking up and everyone is silent
If we don't, man y'all confused
We be dropping jewels like a drunken pirate
Showing up to parties uninvited
With the Sunday fire I be praising God with
Prolly leaving everyone inspired
If they spirit's any higher they would mosh pit
We don't really want that, do we?
Man I never cared what the haters say
Y'all tripping
My sauce dripping
Like a winning coach bathed in the Gatorade
Flame in the 808
Straight propane, lemme demonstrate
Put fire to the beat and do the same thing Eminem and Jay did to "Renegade"

Look up, (Look up!)
Man look at what the God cooked up
Coulda took us with a beam and a touch
But (no) good God that's mean in the clutch
Teaming it up
With a rough punch and I don't play game like putt putt (swing)
Gotta let God be the gut punch
He's running the play like hut hut
If you really tryna have a dust up
Hunk your pride and recognize we're just us
Plus the Mighty Hand of God
A rough gust
Swinging with your might
You'll get your bust up
Come hear the kid and get your roughed up
Like Paul and Silas
'Til I'm in a coffin, virus
Benefit righteous
Feeling it
Living it
Pius, Bias

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