

# 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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