

Up

Cam Meekins

Yeah

You know we've gotta start it off with some good shit the same shit that we've been doing for the last four or five years
We ain't never changing and we ain't never doing any dumb shit
Trying to keep it real and function
Alright let's get it yo

Why can't I ever find enough time
Why do I bust rhymes and fuck dimes
And after ever drink feel sick when I wake up
Why the fuck would I like my girl the less and less she wears make up
Why the fuck do we sell sabotage
I need an iPhone 5 charged
Trying to get the fuck outta Dodge
Turn my phone on airplane mode
Like fuck the world
You know, how you fucked that girl
And you just fucked her world up
Why do I stay up late? Sluts
Never could really relate to us
But the pretty ones always stuck up
They won't shut up
I hate parties when all the kids get drunk
Unless I'm partaking
Then I'll be the first one to pass out and do something stupid
And wake up on the ground naked
I'm shaking
Thinking my whole life is like bacon, overcooked
Why all the great rappers is overlooked
Why am I scared to live if I'm really just a small piece
Why do you care the least
But sometimes care the most and share a lease
With someone where the rent's cheap
And live your whole life wondering if you dared to speak what's on your mind
you might love yourself more
If you hate where you're at but you go nowhere, then that problem is yours
Think you might drown in your thoughts
Better learn mind control
Because even when the times get hard you can still be positive, but god damn
it you guys keep texting me on some bullshit
I don't want to hear it
Trying to get weird like Kanye did in '09
I need the spirit, oh my
But I still ride around getting high just to see what's on my mind
I don't really know
When your shit's going nowhere, where the fuck do you go?

I'm trying to go up, up, up, up, up
You will never hold me down
Even when no one's around
You gotta keep that soul around
And try not to give a fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck
That's how it's supposed to be
So just come smoke with me
And keep your mind open please

And go up, up, up, up, up

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Yo, we should keep talking more
That's kind of the option more or less
I did this show in Baltimore
That's when we started talking more or less
Fuck it, I'm out the door
You didn't give a fuck that I was stressed
You knew that I'd when this shit
Now you track my moods like GPS
I love when you wear that skirt
I want a crib on the outskirts of town
Where they can't talk to us
Or even fucking know that I'm around
I used to watch the news until I stopped
That douche from high school is now a cop
I've been growing up pretty fast
And I'm kinda hoping that'll stop
I still think that I'm the realest out
Even if my numbers never back it
On the track do backflips, spit crack on the Macbook
One time almost cracked it
I live every day like an accident
And try to keep it real with my fam
Somewhere between feeling that I can do anything and knowing that I can

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