

# Run It Up

ChillinIT

420 fam  
420 fam  
420 fucking fam  
420 fam

I stay fucked off these herbal potencies  
Two sides, brother murder both of me  
Bruv, I swear you're not hard  
Only got a boxcutter 'cause you work at groceries  
I got it tatted 'cause the words were close to me (Argh)  
I was getting heavy when the fumes blow  
Puff the weed 'til I'm underneath like six feet  
Put "I run the scene" on my tombstone  
Nothing is ever just what it just seems  
We read a propeller, the words sever on a beat  
'Cause I'm better than everyone like a weapon or a beast  
'Cause I'm better than, better than, better than I oughta be  
On the streets, puff buds, going curb to curb  
I got junk in the trunk like Fergie Ferg  
I feel fucked off the drugs while I swervy swerve  
And me and Huskii just shut down the world in Perth  
I got sold out shows and packed out arenas  
I still blow smoke and packed down sativa  
I snoop like dogs, I'm bad boy Khalifa  
I still run bars with queens like Latifah, argh  
Hips still swing like Serena  
Still got a pretty little ting like Selena Gomez  
I smoke sesh, blow to reefer  
Blow your speaker, Gasolina, and I smoke bonita

Argh, I do not fuck with your lives  
She only fucks with a vibe  
Fuck on the side  
Baby, you fucked her, not mine  
Been there a couple of times  
Stay with my brothers for life  
I helped the brothers survive  
Please do not fuck with my vibe  
Memories never will die  
Uppercut these motherfuckers  
That trying to fuck with our vibe

Chill, Chill, brudda, I don't stress  
Skip class, hit grass, it's better I blow sesh  
Spit bars, spit bars I'm ready and so fresh  
Big bra and big arse like Jenifer Lopez  
Jam like pearl when I lay with a girl  
Gotta tell 'em again, did you know my name like Earl?  
Spinnin' the pen and you want a late night twirl  
Ah, 420 the fam, it's my world

I said I'm C4, blow your beats raw  
You get caught behind just like Steve Waugh  
I said I'm Principal Skinner, I swear I see more  
I was getting with women, I swear I need more  
Catch that, baseball mitt  
Make your heels flip on a skateboard trick

I got scales with a gram, weighing one point ten  
From one point to ten, wanna rate mine? Rate mine? Argh  
Here's a money bag for the pillowcase  
Whenever I sleep, I got money on my mind  
Come a long way from drivin' with the squad  
Doin' Mickey D shifts while I hustled on the side  
Boy, I was putting work in the gym  
Went berserk in the gym, get the muscle for the grind  
Fuck tryin' to survive on a nine-five basis  
Baby, I get money 'til I die

Wordplay, Chill, you're a lost cunt, G  
Box up the green like Choc Mundine  
Four men with mics on a holy field  
I get the money like Floyd when I dropped one beat  
Might box ya, rock the Balboas then rock ya  
Man, he packs out the door in a day  
Bruvva get sugar just like Ray  
He smacked out ya jaw like WBA  
Eshay, ayy, rock reefer  
Can't see me, my G, John Cena  
I been around the court, LeBron's sneaker  
I'm gonna smoke some more, the bong reaper  
I said I rap too hard and I rap too real  
'Til my tongue gets sore  
That's why I spit these bars  
And I run the game like a front row Ford

Run it up, run it up, oh Lord  
Take a puff with the dutch to fuck you up once  
With a blunt, we ain't young no more  
Run it up like a front row Ford  
Run it up, run it up, oh Lord  
Take a puff with the dutch to fuck you up once  
With a blunt, we ain't young no more  
We run it up like a front row Ford

Fuck it up, fuck it up  
I don't really give a fuck no more  
Fuck it up, fuck it up  
I don't really give a fuck no more  
Fuck it up, fuck it up  
I don't really give a fuck no more  
Fuck it up, fuck it up  
Argh