

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
Whenevers 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