

Goin' UP

CJ

Uh, uh, uh, uh
They don't wanna know what's up
They don't wanna know what's up
(Six, chill, fool, for real, for real)

I got the trap going up
These niggas know what's up
Bitches be falling in love
I fell in love with the bucks
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I got the .40, the .40, the .40, the .40, the .40 on me
And I just keep on stacking, I'm stacking, I'm stacking, I'm stacking the cheese
I just got off the line with my brother, he told me, "Nigga, you got the key to the streets"
And they say they want smoke, they don't want no smoke, man, these niggas don't want no beef
Ain't no talking no hot shit on my phone
Made a hundred K right off the iPhone
Ain't bringing no trees to my home
First I fuck up the spot then I'm gone
Need that money right now, pronto
Bitch, I'm the boss, honcho
Said lil' bitch I'm the man, macho
Tell 'em welcome to the party like Pop Smoke

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Hoes on top of hoes, zoes on top of zoes
I be stepping out all designer clothes
I need me a Wraith, I need me a Rolls
I be in the club, I be popping Rosé
Spend it, get it back, you know how it goes
Ducking from the jakes, I be laying low

Tell 'em that I need a band for a show
Having nightmares that the feds at the door
I told you I had to get it
Whipping the work and I stay to the kitchen
I told brother let's stick to the vision
Before you know it, we ran up the digits
Rule number one, never fall for no bitches
I want the top, we ain't doing kisses
Testing my gangster, you ending up missing
I'm just getting started, this just the beginning

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