

get up on ya

Clever

Aye yo, flex you wilding

It gets really wicked, yeah, yeah
It's hard to trust somebody I know the streets don't play fair
It's hard to trust somebody in the street life yeah
Keep your heat tight yeah, bet not let 'em get up on ya

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I remember I was over overdrawn
Now the cheese going round like it's provolone
Now she got a Biking where her purse at
I gotta eat instead I put the toothbrush to my baguettes, no regrets
Had some bitches that told, I swear they tell shit
Now I only talk to the bank teller, I sell shit
Money in a safe it ain't a safe solution
They left me out of the loop, but still my bracelet's Cuban if they're asking

I'm getting dizzy I was up for a down payment
Say fuck these snitches all I see is a bank statement
Can't trust nobody, just trust these bodies
I must go body these fucks

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I ain't giving out a low, fuck a hoe
I'll be chasing dough, they cap
Name a fucking place lil' Mula can't go, I stay strapped
If it ain't a nine I gotta Draco
I hate rap, but the shit I spit it get me paid so

This that, this that Mula got a big sack yeah
Quit trolling on the neck, go get your lick back uh
If I ever took a lick I'ma get my lick back, huh
And they be on my dick, they say that nigga lit now

Remember I wasn't shit, and I'm lit and now they notice
She wants all the dick, I had to stroke her with the motion
They say Mula be slick, but now bitch I just be focused
Can't get me out my mind, 'cause I'm loaded, aye

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