

## 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 askin  
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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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