

Up-Top Baby

Cordae

We just bounce out with that .44, nigga, ayy

On my life, when I up, he gon' freeze up
When it's cold, I'ma stick with that heat tucked
It's YBN, lil' nigga get your team up
Remember all the days I was broke, now my cheese up
Take a-take a L, bounce back on some new shit
Kick a door, bounce out with them blue strips
MAC-10 and it came with a tool kit
Nigga try me, on my life, I'ma use it
I'm a Up-Top Baby, give a fuck about a white scale
And I ain't sugar-coatin' shit, this my lifestyle
Up the chop', let it blow at a big crowd
Now they see me on the news and they like, "wow"
Sike naw, let me chill, I'm a smooth nigga
But I still bounce out with that tool, nigga
You know I keep that rocket in my Trues, nigga
With YG, you be drippin' with them Ru' niggas
Real bad bitch and she suckin' on my dick
And you really think I'm trippin', if you think I eat the clit
Ayy, ayy, lil' nigga I'm the shit
What the fuck I look like tryna eat out a bitch? Ayy
If my brother get to trippin', then I'm trippin' too
If my nigga say he slidin', then I'm slidin' too
Hit a block, double back, we done hit a few
Bullets hot so they can melt 'em like a fuckin' cube

Niggas know
If I up it, I'ma let that shit go
Bounce out with poles (bouncin' out, nigga)
If a nigga want smoke, he get smoked
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If I ever go broke, I'ma get it out your bitch
If I ever go down, guaranteed that won't stick
Stitched lips, dumb clips, I'll eat a lil' bitch
First off, free Yadda, Kirko Lan in this bitch
Shout out that nigga Mozzy, know I'm fuckin' with the gangland
Shooter gang, bitch, Deuce Jojo let that thing blast
Know that four ton fizzy left a nigga with a red tan
Hollow tips shootin' out the clip like he Plankton
Plankton, Plankton, Plankton
Big choppers, hella clips, knock a bitch down
Glizzy hella geekin' he rock out with them Glocks out
Nigga snitchin', he got popped right when we found out
New Rollie on my wrist, cop a chain in this bitch
Knock a bitch nigga down when I'm dumpin' the clip
Thuggin' hella extra, while a nigga up in that mix
And the turf never lackin', bitch you know I keep a stick
Never duckin' no smoke and I put that on the dead homies
Nigga run up, catch a shot with your main homie
Fruity lil' bitch and that bitch go insane on me
Better duck your taco when we slidin' in that Range, homie
On my life, on my mama I'll bust that

When I get paid I bet I'll cop that Cadillac
You niggas broke and you still shop at rent a sacks
And if I think you feelin' iggy I'ma push you back

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