

We Go Up

CupcakKe

(O mój Boże, ale dojebałem bit)

(Swizzy na bicie, ziomal)

You know I took-, I took some time off (Papi Yerr)

And you know, bitches is not seein' me, you thot

We pull up on the opps and them bitches gon' hide like they lace, they ain't comin' outside

And we don't need no Siri, we already knowin' where these motherfuckers reside

Shoot a nigga on IG live, yeah, that nigga soul goin' straight to Dubai

And it's only one reason why

[?] (Baow)

Nigga done took the bait

I run up on a nigga like, "What's the hate?" (Ah)

Tell a nigga straight to his fuckin' face

"Your chain look fake, nigga, is it cake?" (Ah, ah)

That's some shit I wouldn't take

One good blow, that shit'll break

Kim K walkin' in Balenciaga

[?] wrapped with the yellow tape (Baow, baow)

Gang, gang, gang, we go up, ayy

Bitch got a problem, we show up

I thought I told this nigga, "Get lost"

[?] lookin' at him like, "What's the hold up?" (Ah)

Went from a shampoo girl, now washin' these hoes, that's one hell of a glow up (You know)

Let me go to the gym and just get my head straight

Stomp a bitch out when I skip leg day

I don't give a fuck about you, lil' fella

That pussy ran through like Coachella (Hahaha)

Stop draggin' these bitches? That's never

Call her Rue, she gettin' drilled forever (Ah, ah)

Took her man then made that man come sit that money on the muhfuckin' dresser

He bought me a wedding band but it ain't on my hand [?]

Never miss when I beat that ho

Upside her head, I play Connect 4

Hope and pray she got a back door

Brrata, that shit gon' blow

All these hoes be so damn broke

Walk down on 'em, I stay on go

Think shit sweet, I'll split her teeth

Now got more rooms than an exit room (Baow)

Watch how I load up the semi

I'm countin' up money, it's so many Benjis

I'm up in some Fendi but they can't offend me

When they in designer, it's not the real thingy (Goddamn)

These hoes is some bums and they throat is a chimney

This dumb bitch will swallow this whole round

Found me a nigga [?]

I can't [?]

Claim you the biggest, well, bitch, I feel bigger

You got the Glock but you not a real killer

Look like my finger be doin' the jerk when I'm pullin' it back on that muhfuckin' trigger (Ah, ah, ah)

I'm independent but, yeah, I'm that nigga

I don't split checks so these bitches is bitter
I'm over that casket, feelin' fantastic
Sprinkling roses with Salt Bae rhythm (Baow, baow, baow, baow)

Baow, baow, baow, baow