

# Wings Up

D-Pryde

Yeah  
Wings up  
Wings up  
Somebody shut that place down

Oh my God who just came in  
Colder than your basement  
Flaming asian Satan  
Got these ladies going apish  
I'm Adidas, you're so K-Swiss  
I'm so brandish, you're no name-ish  
Every party we walk into is an A-List  
Cause we asian, every city, state, or some province  
Every party that I'm in  
I'm the asian Ray Romano baby, Everybody Loves Ramen  
You can't beat at tucan  
Ridin' 'round in my Honda  
Pulling in my Corolla  
But I stunt like I'm in a Bugatti  
Is that short tan chicky boy  
That looks like he's a Jonas  
Be banging mad secretaries  
Have you slinding my outfits  
Your girl be on her period  
But she kissing where my colon is  
Haters want to hate  
But we don't even break face  
Cause the chicken are all over  
They should position their lips  
I'm Jordan, I'm Kobe  
I'm everything you wanna be  
Awesomely my chick look like  
The economy, going down  
Big-headed boy, I'm Charlie Brown  
Psycho but I got that gnarly sound  
Underestimating my culture now  
Every movement looks like  
It's a Far East wow  
I got alot of game  
Your girl be hollaring  
I got a flock of birds  
Cause I got that Wocka flame  
I could bring  
Tell it to the table  
If you ask for it  
In the house in my back court  
I'm your father kid, I take that

Oh my, I do it  
Hates want a bit of me  
Since you visit my youtube  
I could say it went down in some history  
Methaphors and similies be tearing up  
These rap cats  
Strands of sweaty black  
Hairly sticking out in my snap-back  
Net beef, I'm past that

Rough how I play  
Sub tweeting people  
That's what we call tough nowadays  
I can't believe it, you serious  
Where the good music go  
Got the stupid flow, so musical  
And my lyrics like my girl, so beautiful  
Holy cow, punching like I'm Rocky  
With no watts so they call me brokey now  
I won't stop 'till I'll be am wearing  
Hugo and them rolex, go hard is what they told me  
Some I'm stoney when I come around  
Que pasa senioritas, we a team  
That pleases D-cups in this game  
There's only one eye, no Leela  
This a warm up for all them haters  
That they tryin' to get right next to me  
I'm rocking mics respectively  
I wreck this beat, Prizzy bye

Pryde, Pryde, D  
Pryde, Pryde, D  
Pryde, Pryde, D  
Pryde, Pryde  
Wings up  
Wings up  
Put your wings up  
Everybody in the God damn building  
Let me see you put your wings up