

# Levelin Up

Dave East

[Intro: Dave East & DJ Holiday]

Karma 2

What's up my nigga Fab

Oh DJ Holiday

Real nigga music

I got the grip in the trunk

I fill up a tank (FACTS!), then I fill up a blunt

[Chorus: Dave East]

As I get on the road, I fill up the tank (tank)

Then I fill up a blunt (roll up)

I got the grip in the trunk

No, I'm not a trick but she get what she want (yeah)

I keep her right in the cut, we be low in the back, put my niggas in front (we be low)

She could do tricks with her tongue

I used to switch up my bitch every month

Yeah, she call me, I'm picking her up

I've been in motion, I ain't hit in a month

Probably could get any chick that I want

If I'm in a rush, let me hit in the truck, yeah

I used to get on the train and I used to get on the bus (get on the bus)

I used to meet women that never would talk

Now they just begging to fuck

I'm levelling up

Out of your brain, these niggas insane think they better than us

Making sure I stay ahead of the rush

Keep it pushing, I would never give up

Levelling up

Out of your brain, these niggas insane think they better than us

Upper class shit, that never was us

[Verse 1: Dave East]

A hundred bags, got ahead off of dust

A hundred bags, got ahead off of kush

She is school, got her head in the books

NARCs raided but I never was shook

Them indictments, got a federal look

We hit the kitchen, like he better go cook

Them niggas shook, they ain't never gon' look

Been this man from a young nigga locin'

Get around her, shit get wet like the ocean

Been on my shit

I got a bitch out in Cali and I got a chick in a six

I got an F, so I can't go and visit and 90% of my homies is Crip

I get up and go, I touched alot of this paper, I know how it feel to be broke

Know how it feel to do time in the system, feel like you don't know which way you 'bout to go

I got back to my glow, yeah I got back to my shine

These diamonds attracting these dimes, I done relapsed 'bout 200 times

Got caught with a pack, had to move out my mom's

Freeky died, I thought I'm losing my mind

Mugga died, I thought I'm losing my feelings

I don't know nothing, I know how to grind

I got a deal, trapping right out my building

Hundreds they got me so open I hang out the window like Joker

I had to get cool with the smokers (had too)  
I had to get cool with the fiends  
Make moves with the players, have talks with the coaches (talk)  
I had to make trips to the Tropics, wake up to the model just sipping Mimosa  
s (models)  
I had to get back to the projects, the reason you gotta watch how you approach us

[Chorus: Dave East]

As get on the road, I fill up the tank (tank)  
Then I fill up a blunt (fill it up)  
I got the grip in the trunk  
No, I'm not a trick but she get what she want (uhh)  
I keep her right in the cut, we be low in the back, put my niggas in front (we be low)  
She could do tricks with her tongue  
I used to switch up my bitch every month  
Yeah, she call me, I'm picking her up  
I've been in motion, I ain't hit in a month  
Probably could get any chick that I want  
If I'm in a rush, let me hit in the truck, yeah  
I used to get on the train and I used to get on the bus (get on the bus)  
I used to meet women that never would talk  
Now they just begging to fuck  
I'm levelling up  
Out of your brain, these niggas insane think they better than us  
Making sure I stay ahead of the rush  
I keep it pushing, I would never give up  
Levelling up  
Out of your lane, these niggas insane think they better than us  
Upper class shit, that never was us  
Throwing cash, bitch you never gon' fuck  
My cheddar is up

[Interlude: Fabolous & DJ Holiday]

I mean what else we gon' do  
Holiday Season  
The best part about coming from the bottom  
Is there ain't no place you can go but up

[Verse 2: Fabolous]

New levels bring new devils, never let it turn you devil  
Call them plays so the team win, Coach K to my Blue Devils  
They was transporters like Jason Statham  
Now they ball like Jayson Tatum, my Grant Hills' gettin' hand deals  
My J.J. Redick's got flooded Pateks  
Chasing millions in my Jason Williams  
My Jabari Parker is a 'Rari parker  
Late looks from my Kyries, my play book's like a diary  
You playa haters won't never see it  
You clout chasers won't ever be it  
Double-cross me, won't ever three it  
Decided I'ma just Heavy D it, and tell them niggas  
Got nothing but love for you, baby  
Got nothing but love  
Peep shit, take notes, fall back, move different  
Just me, my fam, my dog, Stew Griffin  
More growth, level ups, new look, tooth fixing  
Big smile, outchea, we here, you missing

[Interlude 2: Dave East]

I'm levelling up  
These niggas insane think they better than us

[Chorus: Dave East]

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Then I fill up a blunt (roll up)

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