

Foot It Up

EBK Jaaybo

(2k)

Yeah, yeah
2-1, nigga, it's that 2-1, nigga
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Foot it up on any nigga block, we do walk-downs
It's up, then it's up, ain't no funk gettin' talked out (No)
That first time you touch flesh, you'll know you hit him when he fall
down
Ooh-wee, I think it's time we bend the block again
Could really tell you how it feel 'cause I done popped a man
Another **** just got squashed, nigga, not again
He spoke on Slo-Be name, now he got patches on top of his head (Yeah)
Yeah, yeah, tell me that all my opps ain't droppin' dead

Yeah, he got released and got spanked, nigga, welcome home
Real Blood, I'm present on every block I ain't welcomed on
Yeah, yeah, I up my blick and it ain't shoot, ayy, what my weapon on?
Don't know how it feel to be the MVP 'cause you never scored
Yeah, yeah, tryna knock every ho, chop make him belly-roll
Bitch think she finna be with me, ho, that's what you got that telly
for?
Yeah, yeah, I taught lil' brodie how to slide, no, I can't tell him w
rong
And blood was actin' like a donk, now his melon gone
I don't get it, why these niggas playin'? (No)
I'm not godly, yeah, I do skits with Satan
It's hella niggas posted on that block, so I just slid through yankin
,

He only came through to post a pic, them niggas slid through naked
Pshh, huh, lil'-ass kid
Come to Jordan Court right now and get your ass whipped
Backflips, tag him in his chest, I got tactics, yeah, yeah
Put some money on your top, Lil Rob gon' grab it, yeah, yeah
The bitch run off with some cheese, turn into Madden, hit stick her
Body slammed her when I blitzed her, I'm not cappin'
Wrapped a nigga for the gang, go ask the homies if I'm rappin'
If I'm cappin', then I'm dyin', but the Sukkas know I'm slidin'
Postin' pictures in the hood for some clout, but I don't mind it
'Cause the score gon' speak itself, lately all my opps been dyin'
Opps poppin' on Instagram then duck low when bullets flyin'
Yeah, yeah, fully ain't trained, this bitch defiant

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