

Up Down

Ez Mil

What time is it, sir?
It's remix time, baby (For real?)
Uh-huh, for real
(Le-le-le-let's go)
Let's go then, Ez Mil, look, yo

Fuck that mainstream shit, still won't be a puppet to all of your lame bitch
es clique
I'll go on the run, debunkin' the deep in your fake pics
Sayin' I'm still a shadow 'cause I'm really who Shady picked, huh
Hop off your saddle, homie, claimin' that you be lit
With the same ol' boy, you be smokin' cocaine shit
Really took my product from the trap before the raid hit
'Cause I'm uppinn' my price while opposition remain sick

I haven't duck any skit that was padded at me
While they hidin' their face but my eyes can see
That we're deep in the Sison for crop and tree
Watch me drill down my seed while I'm sowin' my deed
And it goes like

Up, down, clutch, plow, wanna see you duck now
Uptown, chunk, chow, bouncin' in the club
It go like up, down, clutch, plow, wanna see you duck now
Uptown, chunk, chow, bouncin' in the club it go like (So step and walk)
Up, down, clutch, plow, wanna see you duck now (And step and walk)
Uptown, chunk, chow, bouncin' in the club (And step and walk and clap)
It go like up, down, clutch, plow (Link up with Boogie) wanna see you duck n
ow (And step and clap and walk)
Uptown, chunk, chow (Let me get sturdy real quick cuh), bouncin' in the club
it go like

She know I'm from uptown, bought her ass a bustdown (Woo)
My niggas don't run, they run down when they hear gun sounds (Grr)
Rollin' on his hoodie pop, feel like I could touch clouds
Make a nigga diddy bop, like he just scored a touchdown (Haha)
All white double R, I'm feelin' so ghostly
All you hoes the same, when I was broke, you used to ghost me
Every time I tried to make it right, you did the wrong things
I can never trust you, I know you fucked the homies (You trick ass)
You got the best in me, I was hopin' that you respected me
Don't even message me after sayin' shit that you loved me
Did me greasy, no lie, it was for no reason
I negative degrees my VV's, I'ma need it

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'Cause it be villains with many stealings, the ones who feelin' me
A weapon that they vetted, the guillotine from the Philippines

Where the killer team got utilities in a limousine
Baby, we could flee the scene, and go places you never been
It's sex o'clock so we're up and down you in time again (Woo)
Can you be mine? 'Cause at three and nine, I'ma let you in my matrix
Flippin' the codeine, I got it embedded to operate another day trip
'Cause zippin' the four not allowing us to fly away pon a plane trip
I'm slippin' the zone on you cowards instead of just moderatin' with the bas
is
I'm raisin' a station that got more to say

To who stay followin' me (Followin' me)
While you hidin' your face but my eyes can see
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