

Way Up

Famous Dex

(Hey let me hear that hoe Jeff)

Hey ey .223 no Michael Jordan we ball up, all the way up
I'm 95 in that new foreign, cost a half a mil
I run it all the way up
Crank up the back then skrirt off
I ain't got no time to lay up
Call up y'all friends they gon hit the bag sealed
I know they hit him hard now
Right back to back, lil Timmy Spade
We call that boy "lil drawer down"
And the way they think the Maybach rented
Quick to let off a shot with the Glock in my hands
It was over by far but I ran up them bands
I done ran up the score with the ball in my hand
Had to make her my hoe cause she come from Japan

I'm a gunner you know that what made me a man
I whip the coke up on the 8 with that big cutter in his hand
And I'm rockin all the Bape you know the drip come from Japan
Too bad, courtside just spilled drank all over my new [?]
I'm a shooter wipin all the bro tho
I be on some chitty let it bang I'm from the O tho
I'm in a chill rari I don't trap on the roll tho
I know the opps will kill the beef if I just let em take a photo
Them baby Glocks and .223s you never stunt on the roll tho
Jump out like BAH!
We gotta show them I don't even know them

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I'm a Chi-town baby
Nigga run up on me swear to God it get crazy
Englewood, Chiraq that who made me
Now I'm gettin money off shows damn crazy
All the way up
I ain't fucking with these bitches swear to God she made up
Wanna suck my dick I told the girl you gotta be good
Huh I ain't making no love

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