

## Booted Up

Gelo

Fresha dena fucca doe  
Ahhhhh uhh ahhhhh uhh  
And I swear they can't fucc wit us  
Ahhhh ahhht auhhh

Slidin' slow mo  
Steppin' fresha dena fucca doe  
Holy smokes  
On grave, you ain't seen this before  
Booted up  
Sticc in this club so I don't give no fucc  
Promoter say we ain't posed to smoke  
I still say, "Baby, roll 'em up"

Zooted up  
Like c'mon my baby, you the one  
She gon' let it thump for fun  
Clip in her—she my favorite gun

Tuned up  
I feel like they can't fucc wit us  
Gimme mills  
I do my walky  
Bitch, I got bucks

Zooted, zooted  
This ain't for fame, this really how we movin'  
Swag is one of one  
I wouldn't show you how to do it  
Nigga goofy  
Flame my lingo but my raps fluent  
They say I grew up in hills  
Still could get the trap boomin'

I ain't preachin'  
I'm the hardest in the field  
But I really know them niggas  
Where you'll really end up killed

I'm just sayin'  
Who you are is who you is  
I can't put on a façade  
A nigga grew up trill n' real  
Bitch, you know the drill

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Feel the musayyayyyic  
Get groovy  
Claimin' that they fucc wit us  
We over here like, "Who sayyyayyyaid?"  
Who said  
A nigga can't be too fed  
My money counter  
Eat blue deadz

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