

Up The Scoe

Icewear Vezzo

Tweakin', get to tweakin' on this bitch, yeah, oh
Hmm, still ain't even though, nigga, oh, yeah
You know we gon' get even, oh, hmm, hmm
Alright (Shh), hmm

Hmm, yeah, I got that yeah on me (I got that yeah on me)
Gotta watch how I be move 'cause they gon' tell on me (They gon' tell on me)
Yeah, that choppa, my attire look how I wear it on me (I wear it on me)
Had to cut 'em off 'cause they got weird on me (What?)

Up the score (Yeah), up that score (What?)
Yeah, better check the board, we up that score, hmm
Up the score, up the (Phew)
Ah, come on here, man (Iced Up Records, yeah)

I was in the field, ain't have no pot to piss in (Nah)
Nigga, fuck the competition, they your opposition (They your opposition)
Four hundred thousand just in the jewels, see them diamonds glisten (What?)
I was shootin' up the bag when they was droppin', breathless (Breathless)
I'm really scarred from all my pain and it ain't hoppin' fences (Skrtrt, skrrt)
Put the hood right up on my back, yeah, I mix pop with 6's
Got the script right in my pocket and I ain't seen no doctor (Nah)
My nigga died from all them pills like a Speaker Knockerz (Rest In Peace)
I be really out here shinin', so I keep that thunder (Bah, bah)
Know them boys ain't addin' up, yeah, that's 'cause we the problem (Light it up)
I be trippin', always tweakin', I mix lean and molly
Fuck around and trick 'em off the sweet, yeah, he got cheated out here (What?)

Up the score (Hmm), up that score (Yeah)
Yeah, better check the board, we up that score, hmm
Up the score, up the (Score)
Alright (Phew, Smurk)

My opps be pressed, when they lose, we call their phone like, "Yes" (Pussy)
My shawty shoot, but seem to focus more when he off X (Let's get it)
Don't run our mouths with sneaky links, them hoes just want the sex (I'm quiet)
The trenches different, you get taxed when niggas gettin' stretched (Grrah)
Man, fuck them niggas (Man, fuck 'em), before he had sex, shawty fucked them triggers (Facts)
I be with the snakes who snake the snakes, I call them niggas "Slither" (Hey, Zoovi')
You gon' get it if I think you with it, you better not like a picture
I don't give a fuck if you a fan, bitch, we don't like them niggas (Fuck 'em, facts)
I been off the mud lately (Why?), I need a free mind (Gang)
I call my lawyer to tell him, "Call the judge and tell him, 'Free 'Nine'"
I know some killers who like to scam when they got some free time (Facts)
I know some scammers who be in the streets, they workin' D-Line (Man, what?)
Hop in that Demon, do one fifty like I'm Herbo and 'em (One fifty)
I get my bitch a watch to match my watch, we Oyster twin (Yeah)
Think I'm first to put a switchie on that glizzy .10
I got some bitches, run they mouth, that I'll never hit again

Hmm, yeah, I got that yeah on me (I got that yeah on me)
Gotta watch how I be movin' 'cause they gon' tell on me (They gon' tell on me)
Yeah, that choppa, my attire look how I wear it on me (I wear it on me)
Had to cut 'em off 'cause they got weird on me (What?)

Up the score (Yeah), up that score (What?)
Yeah, better check the board, we up that score, hmm
Up the score, up the (Phew, yeah)
Ah, come on over here, man