

Up All Night

Jay Critch

(C-C-Cozier)

Double cup on ice, off these perkies, I'mma be up all night

I'mma be up all night (Hey)

Ayy

Double cup on ice, off these perkies, I'mma be up all night (I'mma be up all night off the percs)

Know the streets not nice, think twice 'fore you play with your life

I been feelin' paranoid, got me runnin' red lights (Runnin' red lights)

Back when I was doing wrong I was movin' so right (So right)

Now I'm livin' so fast, still prayin' at night

Don't get caught up in the hype, we gon' spray it on sight (Boom, boom)

And these niggas ain't gang, don't belong here

I've been on the roads every month, been a long year

Used to post up selling green like the lawnchair

I ain't ever read no magazines, who the fuck would ever think that I be on t here? (Hey)

Who would think that we would be rich through the Saint Lauren

No, I do the Louis V fits

No, it ain't no fish fry, pull up and we steam shit

Gotta get big how I'm goin' up to Phoenix

Tennis chain on me and it's swinging' like Serena

I would be a dummy if I ever go believe her

I was livin' bummy, niggas savin' up for sneakers

This weed came from Cali', this is [?], not no reefer

And I'm sippin' Juice, make the room slow motion (Make the room slow motion)

Shorty comin' through, makin' moves, slow motion (Makin' moves, slow motion)

Let a nigga try to take my juice, he toasted

Got diamonds at the pool but that pool not open (Not open, not open)

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And I'm lookin' for that money, I ain't lookin' for no wife (Lookin' for no wife)

I'm lookin' for the racks, [?] diamonds on me ready to attack y'all (Attack y'all)

Had to cut her off, she like, "What you doin' that for?"

Snakes up in the yard, nigga gotta close the backyard (Gotta close the backyard)

Couldn't beat the charge, what the fuck that nigga rat for?

Ridin' with that ****, turn a nigga in a trackstar (Yeah)

Maybach truck couldn't even do the trackhawk

Always been hustlin', I know how to get a pack off

Been with the gang, I ain't comin' in shit, doley (Hey)

New cuban chain, pinkie ring with the big rollie (Hey)

I'm on the plane thinkin' bout all the times I was out in the cold, now I go get my wrist frozen (Go get my wrist frozen)

Ain't got no big homie, and fuck a trunk, gotta ride with that shit on me (That shit on me)

These niggas drunk if they think they got shit on me

Smokin' on skunk, 'member they tried to shit on me (They tried to shit on me
)

She had the blunt then she put that shit on me (Put that shit on me)

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night off the percs)

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Back when I was doing wrong I was movin' so right (So right)

Now I'm livin' so fast, still prayin' at night (At night)

Don't get caught up in the hype, we gon' spray it on sight (Graah)