

Up

Juicy J

I get that money and throw it up in the sky  
Get that KK weed and blow it up in the sky  
Got a condo out in Beverley Hills up in the sky  
Number one on the charts, we going up in the sky  
We going up, we going up in the sky  
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Just got a call, it might be your bitch  
Tryna hit the bong, tryna bond, sure she blowing up my iPhone 6  
Always gotta smile, my spirit stay rich  
I'm focused on the love, the haters don't exist  
But shit get hard, I really must admit  
So I stay on my grind, away from the bullshit  
Take another dab, blow this smoke out like it's hookah  
You want a computer, shit is real

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I stay posted in the sky, shitting on them like a bird  
Mad cause I block their calls, ratchets get on my nerves  
Scratch my Forgi's on the curb so I bought another car  
'Bout to pour me up some drinks, and shots on me at the bar  
Ain't no way I ever stop, my next door neighbour's Augustus  
My bitch coming straight from Venus, my kush coming straight from Mars  
You know all we blow is loud, we flex with the check and ball  
Holding heavy metal, you would think a nigga play guitar

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I remember days when a nigga couldn't blaze nothing J  
Locked down in a cell dog, I was 10 hours away  
From this day, niggas balling when he out this bitch  
Gucci, Louis down, fresh to death like a casket  
Pass the shit, inhaling green, I'm in the lab like  
Baby mama head in my lap, getting her mind right  
Slow head like for show bread, I ain't worried about nothin'  
Used to be worried 'bout fighting these cases, now I'm worried 'bout stuntin'  
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