

Run It Up

K Camp

(Hold up, Spiffy on this motherfucker)

You welcome, ha

Nah, for real

All my niggas tryna slum, hold my nuts just like a plum
Watch me beat like a drum, rub the pussy with my thumb
Hit the block and set it off, so Alfredo with the Sauce
Jesus piece and a cross, street exec' like Dolph
Off the rocket for the 'fetti, King Slum my [?]
Ride it better than Andretti, fuck her 'til we both sweaty
Shawty rockin' Tom Ford, whole squad in one Accord
Count hundreds 'til I'm bored, smoke a blunt at the awards
Rapper weed and a louie, light it up and bump the Fugees
Funny that you thought you knew me, you don't like it, nigga, sue me
Cheese, eggs with the grapes, turkey bacon with the Juice
Got her whippin' in the kitchen while lil' shawty break loose
Whip, whip work you wrist, I'ma fuck if you insist
Gas station out of Sprite, dirty in Sierra Mist
Watch it float to the bottom, all my niggas from the bottom
You don't really want a problem, love it when the money pilin'
I don't really like rappers, they don't really like me
I can make your bitch famous, kiss in front of TMZ
Lookin' like my cup of tea, baby, it's just you and me
Shawty say that pussy locked, well I got the Master Key (Slum, what's up?)

Well I got the master key (Slum)

Well I got the master key (What you tell 'em?)

Fuck around and run it up (Run it up), fuck around and run it up (Run it up)

Fuck around and run it up (Run it up), fuck around and run it up, yeah (Ayy)

Turn up, ho

You welcome

Turn up, ho, turn up

Fuck around and run it up, fuck around and run it up

What up, [?]?