

# Run It Up

Kur

Fuck it up fuck it up

I had to fuck that bitch one more time  
I had to hit the blunt one more time  
I had to roll it up one more time  
Roll it up, roll it up  
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I had to roll it up one more time  
Run it up run it up  
Roll it up roll it up  
Pour it up pour it up  
If you got a check fuck it up  
Roll it up roll it up  
Count it up count it up

I just got my homie out, I just told him roll me up  
We were smoking way too much  
Bitches doing way too much  
I been doing what I want, I'm just young and having fun  
Never give my love to hoes  
All these bitches made me numb  
All these bitches made me numb  
All these lil bitches made me numb  
Every other day its fuck my ex  
Every single day I'm smoking weed  
Every single day I think of Reem

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Um, count it up count it up aye  
All this money pockets stuffed aye  
Gettin' money countin' big face, so I can't get enough  
Bad bitch with a slim waist, ask that girl what you want  
Swerve in the foreign I'm driftin'  
Jump in the game like I'm pippen  
All I do is fuck these hoes now  
Remember couldn't get the bitches  
I must be high off the gas (I must be high)  
One thing always got the bitches  
I feel like I'm Percy Miller  
Cause my money got no limit  
Riding around in my, woah, my car ain't got no ceiling  
Gettin' my money, countin' my comma, uh yeah dab  
Word on the street I'm hot like a sauna  
Kur that's my homie, that's more like my brodie  
Ball like Tony Parker and Ginobili  
Most of these niggas out here they be phony  
Me & my niggas smoke gas and we zonin'