Shoot It Up

Lil Gotit

This Perc got me flowin', but to you make you buy
(You global now)
(Ew, Dilla)
Hood Baby, shoot it up, shoot it up
Hood Baby, shoot it up, shoot it up (Woo)

The Rollie Febreze, I need a bag, lil' key (Shh)
A playa don't tell the streets (Oh)
You try, gon' fuck up the streets (Bah)
The water on my neck make it cheese
My chop got somewhere to be (My chop)
Went and took off the top with Lil Keed (The top)
I got that slime disease (Okay, let's go)
I'm with some bottom boys, they from my side (Stench)
I'm a real Conley boy, gotta keep an iron (Skrrt)
The bag on value, it look like a dime (Okay, let's go)
Fuck my ex, she full of lies (Fuck)
I flex on that bitch every motherfuckin' time (Time)
ZL1, watch us pop out the side (Grrah)
We shoot up the car, it's the window, no tires (Brrah)

Send that boy to chalk it, they geeked up on the Wi-Fi (Geeked up)
They Bruce Lee choppin', they take down a don dada (Prr)
Fifty thousand on his head (Bah), them a whole lot of dollars (Ah)
Shake him down myself, I promise I ain't gotta pay a rapper
Bags out (Slatt), shawty throw that ass, now she tryna come up and cash out
(Hood Baby)
Before I hit the club, I tell them folks I need my bag now (Respectfully)
8-ball shootin' out that Glock, it's like a cannon (You dig?)
Neck, the VVS's, baguettes, yeah, they dancin' (Woo)

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Shoot it up, shoot it up, shoot it up, shoot it up, shoot it up, shoot it up
(Grrah)
Yeah, we tossin' up on Xans, brought three felons on the tour bus (On Xans)
Lil' bitch, I make her 'set when I nut on her face, that's a touch-
up (Yeah, see, why?)
All hundreds on the left and them fifties on the right and I'm doin' my lift-
ups (My push-ups)
My side bitch bag different (Bag), my main bitch know that her cash differen
t (Woo)
.223 sound like some adlibs (Ah), we all got some racks, this the cash year
(Racks)

Her booty go dry on the CashApp (Yeah), come here at the safe, hide to stash here (Stash)
Free them guys out the chain, the grabbers, mama say I'm a headache, Advil
You play on my hood and I load up the tech bottle

The Rollie Febreze, I need a bag, lil' key (Shh)
A playa don't tell the streets (Mmm)
You try, gon' fuck up the streets (Bah)
The water on my neck make it cheese (Agh)
My chop got somewhere to be (My chop)
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