

## Way Up

Loe Shimmy

Two tone Patek Phillipe on my wrist, better not play me that list  
Just in case that boy might send a blitz, then we in the sprinter with sticks  
They say Shimmy stay focused on rap like I'm still ridin around catchin licks  
Why the fuck they want me in the mix?  
Mr. Fetty with the dough gettin mixed  
Can't go broke I gotta stack up my chips

Choppa got kick but that bitch need a grip  
Since you want kids put a few on her lip  
In the booth with 20 round in my clip  
I just hit for 30 bands in one lick  
(Oooh oohh)  
I know everything not what it seem  
Gotta buy that new glizzy a beam  
456 hit that boy Billie Jean  
Hit the top that shit get epic, extreme  
Boy them zombies step on shit, what you mean?  
They gon wack him but the won't make a scene  
Just wanna eat her shit, taste like Krispy Kreme  
She so wet don't need no milk, water  
Pass the rock off to my mans like a center  
You ain't [?] then you a pretender  
Them the niggas [?]

If you owe me then pay up  
Just wanna fuck, I don't wanna lay up  
I can not bump my K up  
We sendin blitzes like the mayor  
I done witnessed homicide, homies turnin slime  
Now I'm on my way up  
I ain't never drop a dime, lost a hundred times  
But I never gave up

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