

# Way Up

Meek Mill

Ya, ya  
Ya, ya  
Turn them headphones up Cruz  
Way up  
Shit like I'm Jackie Chan  
Summer is lit and we back again

I'm so way up, way up, way up, way up  
Can't believe they tried to play us  
Run a check and tell 'em pay up  
Its all business ain't no favors  
I'm so way up, way up, way up, way up  
Summer comin' better save up  
Going up like elevators  
I'm so way up, way up, way up, way up

That indirect shit never get by us  
Niggas like bitches be dick ridin'  
Funny how nigga like Rich Pryor  
See 'em and I smack the shit out 'em  
Throwin' ten k like it's ten dollars  
I grab that bitch, make a ten out her  
I pop a perc, fuck the shit out her  
Fuck her so good, thought I cared 'bout her  
She know I been 'bout it, I'm on my way up  
My chick a Barbie, no weave and no makeup  
Hang with the trappers don't be with no haters  
My city gon' tell you that we on some paper  
Theolonius capers when I'm in that Wraith  
I'm feelin' like Meechie or three ATL  
Purp got leanin' like I on a rail  
Mixing that Birk with that new YSL  
Sellin' that dope gave me confidence  
Bust down the Role gave me confidence  
I let the fiend wash the coupe, tell him, "polish it"  
She on my dick I can't make you no promises  
Bahgdad on that pussy bombin' shit  
Bad bad with that chopper Osama shit  
Rockin' Givenchy shit  
Trap at the clear port nigga we flyin' shit

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Way up, way up, way up  
Skinny nigga walkin' like done got his weight up  
Hold up bitch I'm movin' fast they holler "Wait up"  
Fixin' bitches just so I can fuck and break her  
I been doin' this since Jacob came with Jacobs  
If you know me then you owe me fuck you pay up  
Bombin' in Atlana aka Al-Queda

Crossin' up I'm Kyrie Irving with the lay up  
Pushin' whips and poppin' pistols for the paper  
Goin' up they want to stop your elevator  
Havin' lunch on top of Barneys feelin' way up  
Paper on Rodeo aye hoe I got flavor  
Meek Milly pull up that Wraith up  
I pull up with work like I'm Rayful  
Put tens on that bitch for the haters  
That work it came in from Loredó  
Got birds and got bricks and they came in the trailer  
Them niggas ain't poppin' shit, got a shot on me like Peja Stojaković  
fuck it lil' nigga it got me rich  
Ya you might got a gun but you ain't poppin' it  
Nigga doin' dirty business got damn Lord save 'em  
Dirty money on the Lord got me way up, way up, way up

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