

Run It Up

Mozzy

We can run it up, ayy, we can run it up, ayy
Cup full of lean, ayy, 'bout to pour it up, ayy
If you got dubs, ayy, go and roll up, ayy
If you more weed, ayy, go and light it up, ayy
Huh, all, baby we can have it all, ayy
Put you in them shoes that you like
Them Christian Louboutins, they drippin' from the walk, ayy, ayy
We can run it up, ayy, we can run it up, ayy
Pocket full of ones, ayy, 'bout to throw it up, ayy
If you got a dub, ayy, go and roll it up, ayy
Cup full of lean, ayy, 'bout to pour it up, ayy

Big dog Mozzy, pull up somethin' 'xotic
Baby know she poppin', she finna pop out and party
I'm finna bust down the Carti's, no I don't fuck with no Bacardi
Whole Shooter Gang taught it, niggas hittin' 'tended targets
I took the hooker bitch to Target, she need vanilla gift card
She need some more Bitcoin (Like why though?), she been goin' hard (Okay)
She got her own house and car, she got her own money too
I ain't the only one shinin', she got a Rollie on too
I blow forty on the coupe, I got the sauce and the juice
Prayin' the play fall through, prayin' the play fall through
I got my name off shootin', you got your name off hoopin'
She want a thug in her lifestyle, she love the gangbang movement
I'm with the Gangland bullies, both of my cups on gooey
This is a cooked blunt doobie, smoke somethin' with me
Pour up a four of somethin' with me, you know I know them niggas envy
It ain't a nigga I owe a penny, I will get on him with the blicky

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Ballin' ain't enough, ayy, pussy ain't enough, ayy
Haters showin' up, ayy, I don't do the cup, ayy
I be goin' up, yeah, I be goin' up, uh
Swervin' all stupid, hey, clear the dash, do it, alright
Your baby daddy broke, I know he need you, I don't, ayy ayy
Let me hit that pussy, you can tell him I won't, hey hey
No it ain't no secret, I get money, I go, ayy ayy
I might do the 'Rari 'cause the Bentley too slow, hey hey
This a vibe, this a ride, top miss, bye, ayy
Rollie shine, hers and I, strike pose, vibe, ayy
Send a four, give and go, wrist wrist vibe, ayy
Rich bitch vibe, big bitch vibe
All this money, don't be actin' all shy
In Miami goin' hammy like I
Caught a grammy in them panties like right
Ain't no ticket on the private jet, fly, yeah

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