

# Run It Up

PeeWee Longway

Yeah  
Yeeah yeah  
'Grown man gon' go get it'  
That boy Cassius

Wake up, in the trap house  
Throwin' 'bricks' at the penitentiary  
Stay down, in the trap house  
Tryna' stack me a 'Pretty penny'  
Nobody owe me shit-  
Grown man gone get it  
Yeah, yeah  
Grown man gone get it  
Yeah, yeah  
Grown man gone get it  
Runnin' 'round  
Run it up, run it up  
Run it up, run it up  
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Grown man gone get it  
Yeah, yeah  
Grown man gone get

Stay down and stack me some paper  
Trap house, with vacuum sealer...  
A thousand-eight grams  
Throw it! at the penitentiary...  
Thuggin' on the cement  
Since elementary  
Snub nose .38  
Devolved, extinction  
Still hit the Glock  
Like Nintendo, Textris  
Drive the Forgi's, like a Mario Kart  
But, I'm in the Lexus  
Aston...  
Run it up, run it up, run it up, run it up  
Yeah  
What happen to my best friend?  
Rockin' Balmain, like Tito Jackson  
Bought her a ass, like Corilla  
Auntie said, "That dope good, 8 out of 10"  
Fuck a hater; just flew in ya' friend  
You know I'm rockin' wit' you, baby  
"Longway 'Russian Roulette' wit' dat K"  
Back in the trap, with them bags from the bay  
North Carolina, for the extra pay  
Usher, Raymond, on my hip, nigga  
Elementary, "Longway still field trippin'"  
"Long-way crippin', for whoever set trippin'"  
Jason Lee; anybody get it  
'I just want the money baby'

Longway, bitch!

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What's understood, don't need to be explained  
When the 'Game' 'gar came, I engage the game  
Hard out here...  
But fuck it, I'm the one to blame  
Head hard; when ya solid, when the real come  
Nigga said "zip"  
Half bag, bags of bundles  
'Thug Motivate' a nigga  
'Trap or Die' where I'm from  
Cassius Jay, beat the pack  
I go make some'n shake  
Run it up! run it up! run it up!  
Yeah!  
Still on the 'fuck shit'  
Pull up wit' the Draco  
Hollow is the tip  
KelTec, tucked in Moschino  
On the stove, whippin' up Boston George  
In my mind in thinking-  
That, "I pay the mortgage"  
Run it up; get money, baby  
The fuck is you sayin'?  
Fuckin' up the pots and pans  
Mr.Clean, cocaine  
Twitter birds, get the blue check  
Patek Philippe  
This ain't a Rol'y  
Wake up in a trap house  
Backdo' rollin'  
Narcs in the bag  
Judge give you triple OG time  
Longway not a blood  
But he G-shine  
Pop it out in court  
'Fore he 'drop a dime'  
"Longway tale, front a crip"  
DA, tryna hate on a nigga grind

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