

Stuck Up

Pell

Up, getting to it, getting to it, getting too lit
Stuck, getting too lit getting too lit feeling zooted
Stuck, but it ain't enough, roll another up
And we can fly!

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What you want this for your motherfucking snapchat
Just hold down the flash
You say hold my phone might not give it back
We don't need no photos Nolan handles that
How you got here
Who you came with
Ain't no plus ones
Who your mans is
Talking out his neck
What's your language
They say money talks
He ain't saying shit
I ain't even want to show up
Bad I had to go and glow up
Kick game never froyo
Shoes dirty I been running from my old hoes
Hit the function for promo
No limits I'm a soldier
Marijuana been the odor
So you ain't gotta ask me ya we

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What you thought my raps was all backpack
Why I even ask
Country got me fiending whisky out the flask
Seems like yesterday my president was black
Nowadays just my thoughts is
Sticking to my roots like bald heads
So tell them girls sipping go 'head
Thick ums tryna catch a baller Odell
I secure the bag no Jansport
They just claim to ball while I own courts
Give 'em food for thought this be full course
They just sloppy seconds no pulled pork
Pop a cork with the whole gang
Watch me complain over champagne
Phone to match the mood I'm on airplane
Time to jet out once again, you know we

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