

Came Up

Post Malone

Bitch I came up and I don't know
I don't know where I go tomorrow
Bitch I came up and I don't know
I don't know what's gonna come tomorrow
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I don't even worry about tomorrow
It might be some money it might be a hoe
I don't where I'm a be tomorrow
Might be counting dough, in bed with your hoe
Ok her nose keep running and the money keep coming
I'm a keep balling hey, Rucker Park Spalding hey
Care free I've be leaving care free
So much kush in the air we can barely even breathe
I really worry about things I don't know
You say I'm living wrong you ain't wrong, money long
So think about it it ain't nothing I don't know
All the money that I saw I don't think I'm ever wrong

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Don't bother, bitch don't bother
I just left the mall balling hard like Jordan
Out in Fairfax I was smoking Marlboro
Bitch we so high, bitch I'm high as Ayatollah
Bitch I'm three high, bitch I'm high as Ayatollah
She don't want that white coca I ain't talking soda
Bitch ask me do you love me I'm like what I told ya
As I woke up I was smoking on that strong again
That forty keep it funky, I keep it funky
Man I'm smoking on that potent, that's unimportant
I just wanted her to fuck me, need her to fuck me
And she just want all of my money all my fucking money

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