

Hit Me Up

Riff Raff

Hit me up
Where you wanna go
We can drive downtown
Just cruising slow
Got fifty in the tank and a pocket full of cash
Got nowhere to be tonight
We can take our time
Just rolling slow, rolling slow

First off pay all your taxes
Accountant doing back flips, pockets doing gymnastics
Dropped off my 40% to Uncle Sam
Damn fam, can I cop the cramb Lamb
I must vacation on the regular
No behind the scenes, put away your cellular
No phone service in Amsterdam
Don't touch my hand, I buff shine my nails
Three shots of green tea, Vietnamese TP
Drop my hotel key in Japanese seaweed
My feet need to meet the beach in East Greece
My body needs to sleep beneath Versace sheets

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Never meant to get bent out of shape
But I ate too many steaks, put on too much weight
Gained seventy pounds, you could see it in my face
Lean down, I could barely tie my shoe lace
RiFF RaFF, I came back with Versace six pack
Don't get side tracked, tryna keep up with my stacks
Might spill through Nashville with my wrist on chill
Set my grill on the window sill, and I froze Kendall Gill
Back to me, back to doing whatever I feel
Back to you being annoying and keeping it real
With your attitude I swear I've had it up to here
I be damned if I let these haters get in my ear, RiFF

La-la-la
La-la-la-la-la
Ooh, la-la-la-la-la

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