

# Fuck It Up

T-Wayne

Shopping at [?], going dumb with it  
Drop hundreds and fiftys  
I'm a go dumb with the sack  
Got plenty, you know that it's with me  
Make it rain on your bitch, I just bought out the city  
I'm a make it rain hundreds  
I ain't stopping till my pockets on empty

Fucked a check up on designer  
Fucked a check up on a lineup  
Fucked a check up on some strippers  
Fucked a check up on some diamonds  
Fuck it up, fuck it up, fuck it up, fuck it up  
Fuck it up, fuck it up, fuck it up, yes

Fuck up the check on designer  
Fuck up the check on a lineup  
Fuck the check up on a Rari  
Fuck up the check on vagina  
It ain't really nothing much  
When the city right behind you  
When you're in the MIA  
And everybody tryna find you  
I'm flexing like a trainer  
If I'm on it it's a banger  
Chain round my neck hanging just like a cliffhanger  
I'm a fool with it  
I'm running up that check like I'm an athlete at a track meet  
She gone ride for me even if she was in the back seat  
Ever since I took off it ain't been the same  
I got too much [?], I can't ever change  
I'm a pull up in a cool whip  
That's the same color as cool whip  
Your girlfriend on my to-do list  
New bathroom, I'm on some new shit