

Run 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