

## We Up

Valee

Thirty thou' our feet up  
She up  
Yeah, Bricc, it's Bricc  
Apartment  
It's that motherfucking Chiraq, LA shit  
Apartment  
Find a apartment

My bitch, at home, she up  
Fin' pick brick up  
Quarter milli', it's re up  
Blow that Draco, then we up  
Check the scoreboard, we up  
Backing out, we up  
Stacking up, we up  
Hold up, bitch, we up  
Thirty thou' feet up  
I got my feet up  
I chop it like a reup  
Fuck your mom, mamacita  
Just to set me up  
Load the Draco, now we up  
Check the scoreboard, now we up

Condo, apartment  
My rent 3 bucks  
Staying here 'til my lease up  
My bitch was too wet  
I was fucking my sheets up  
Rock Margielas in the club  
I was fucking my sneaks up  
I was fucking this newbie, I think her name Nisha  
Yeah

Walking all over this beat, I'm a real Crip, on my neck [?]  
I blow that Draco, got blood on my teeth  
[?] I just bust down with V  
Nigga, now we up, reclining my feet  
Goyard my waist and that shit wasn't cheap  
Gucci my [?], yeah, I'm on double Gs  
Gold on my reup's a hundred a piece  
Bang

I just popped me two XOs  
Then I pour promethazine up  
Rocking that Gucci and Chanel  
Talking on two iPhone 6s  
Rolling up that OG Gas, yup  
Spending too much on my drugs, yeah  
Driving like I'm in a rush  
And I am mixing the lean with the Crush  
Yeah

Fetty, Wap  
Park that Bentley coupe right in the valet  
Tell me you get  
A hundred pounds of- from Cali

You know Bricc  
The plug, nah, I ain't doing no capping  
Trapping ain't dead  
These niggas is scared, 'cause they just rappers

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My coupe (my car)  
Is a Super Sport (it's quick)  
Inside  
It match the outside  
OG  
Gas is so damn loud  
I'm smoking inside  
I should be outside

Car is so fast it go fucking "rrrr"  
They tried to give me electric chair  
So many drugs, it could fill a boat  
Diamonds on water, your bitch could float  
Fucked on your bitch 'cause she been a hoe  
Sprinkle the molly, she like the dope  
Food up, nigga, we winning just check the score  
Maison Marigela from head to toe

I'm finna go get me a zip  
It's on my hip  
My denim ripped  
It cost a grip, I'm finna flip  
I just walked out of Saks Fifth  
Spend your guap, that's a backflip  
I make my money half kick  
I pour up, nothing but Actav'

Valee sipping Act still  
Pop Perky, no Advil  
Pop [?] from [?]  
New Rollie, just add chill  
VS like chandelier  
Rosé, don't sip on the beer  
I put the bricks on the leer  
Take off, now we out of here

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