

# Boot Up

Yeat

Yeah  
Yeah

I'm in love with, with X  
I'm in love with booting up  
I'm in love with expensive drugs  
I'm in love with money  
I bought a crib in the Hills  
I told my bitch it's for real  
Bitch, I'm a junky for pills  
I don't give a fuck how you feel  
I just been counting all this money every day, bitch, I count dollar bills  
I put a Perc' in my Wock', bitch, I'm 'bout to crack the seal, you know that it's real

Yeah, she told me that she in love  
Sorry, just another dub  
Intimacy with the drugs  
I just fell in love with the plug  
Call me an opp, you get treated like bugs  
I popped up right now with the gun in the cut  
I'm in Benihana with them chopsticks, just like a pig, I'm in love with the mud  
Codeine got me in the stars  
She a lil' freak, eat the dick and them balls  
I just want Amber Rose, where my lil' bald bitch? I'm a lil' criminal, fuck up the laws  
I was in high school, trapping in the hallway, trapping codeine and beans and all  
Keep it real player, got Chanel on the drawers  
In love with the lean, but I hate the withdrawals

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I just woke up with a Yves Saint Laurent bag, yeah, with a whole lot of guap in it  
I just woke up on the wrong side of the bed, but my bitch 'bout pull up, suck all of it  
All of my twizzies so rich, yeah, goddamn  
My mood depend on my money  
Yeah, I've been on Percs, I'm a junkie  
I've been opiates, don't do the Xans  
Got in the GLE truck when I land  
I almost died off the Percs and the X and I told my lil' doctor, "I'd do it again"  
I got these Rick Owens pants, they got five pockets, I'm filling them up with the bands

Bitch, I got rich by myself, fuck a deal, bitch, I don't need no advance

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