

Charge Up

YN Jay

What I just say?
(It's a Wayne beat)
Ah, fuck
Alright

I charge, ah
I charge up in this bitch like I'm Goku
I don't need a box for a TV, this a Roku
I got these motherfuckers sick like some old food
Ah
Auntie in the kitchen cookin', smell like soul food
I put my whole fuckin' life on Pro Tools
Louie said he want all fifties, he don't want blues
Grindin', ain't ate shit all day, I don't want food
Ah, let me charge up
Huah
I'ma display in first class, put the cars up
This a coffee cup, but it did not come from Starbucks

Seen my bitch ridin' with a nigga, shot the car up
Told E split the Xanny with me, chop the bar up
I don't say pour lean no more, Wock' the 'Hardt up
My son know how to load the gun, he a smart fuck
Let him leave with the strap, he shot the park up
Before I learn to cut a piece of cake, I chop hard up
Before I drink some Activis that's fake, I'll pour Par up
Ah, Jay, I'm charged up too
Seen an opp at Summerfield, that's a shot-up school
Drunk an eight of Wock' straight, it look like I shot up food
Dropped dog gettin' in his car, house got shot up too
They asked me who smoked dog, I ain't got a clue
Oh, your daddy do dog? I kinda knew
Teach me 'bout the EDD shit, bro, I'm kinda new
Let E smell the weed 'fore I buy, he a connoisseur
Baby mama put me on child support, I countersue her
Wayne tried to mix the song when we was done and we got into it
Smart as fuck, but when I get caught up, I'm kinda stupid
Bitch, you got ass shots, that is not your booty
Fucked twelve hoes raw this week, I think I got the cooties
Told Jay he can't drop a chain if it's not a coochie
A red nigga drunk with dreads in his head, I'm not with Poody
You ain't never heard a nigga say he shot at Louie
I can't pay a nigga to kill for me, bro, I gotta do it
They wonder how I made a half a mil', I dropped a lot of music
Take the Draco to the booth and drop chopper music
I ain't poured no lean, I cracked the pint open and poured pop into it

Alright
I be fuckin' so much, I'm prostitutin'
How many fiends in your city? 'Cause mine's polluted
Cracked the seal and let the weed stank, ain't nobody pooted
I be sellin' pills you can pop, couple niggas oodle
You can't even stand on your own like your legs noodle
I be poppin' up in hoes' mouth, nigga, and Google
I can get you eggroll fried, nigga, and woodle
I told myself don't let myself get ahead of myself
Chain sittin' on the dresser, the heat in the bed

Go to war with niggas' hood, I'm paintin' it red
Zo be sellin' five packs at time, that was eighty a head (Nigga)
I had to hate the nigga, put eight in his head
Pourin' out half of the pop to put eight in the rest
Bro noddin' out sittin' up, he breakin' his neck
I be always doin' real shit like breakin' a check (Come on)
I ain't ask you phone for a bitch, she expectin' a text
Sellin' dope out the
Sellin' dope out the glass jar, left an eight in the 'Rex
Told bro grab a Backwood, put an eighthy that
My fiend keep beggin' for a front, he makin' me mad
My one girl bought pills back to back, she makin' me laugh
Back when that's my whole motherfuckin' life, I was a clown in the class
Damn, I mean class clown
Niggas know they'll get beat the fuck up, they put them straps down
Put my fiend in a headlock on Thursday night, but this ain't Smackdown
I was out the way for a minute, but I'm back now