

# Up There

Young Buck

Yeah, it's up there  
Bands all in my pocket got me up there  
Extendo on my waist, bitch I be up there  
I'm sorry, it's too late 'cause now it's up there  
Hell fuck yeah!  
I took it up there  
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Hell fuck yeah!  
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Pulled up at the Texaco and you was up there  
Caught you flexin' with yo' hoe, I'm like what's up now  
Codeine cowboy poured up four and said my cup there  
Hell fuck yeah!  
Let's get Buck now  
Perk after perk, work, work, work, run up a check  
Bottle after bottle  
Fuck up your wrist then flood up your neck  
Red and blue flags nigga  
Twist yo' finga then throw up yo' set  
Why the fuck is you mad nigga  
Get out yo' feelings, bitch run up a check  
Shoot first, I shoot first  
Street nigga, I move work  
Two bricks, two shirts  
That bullshit get you murked  
That real shit get you rich  
That lil shit get you hit  
I got a bag on me, shit lit  
I ain't playin' around lil bitch

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Brick after brick, clip, clip, clip, stick after stick  
Bang, bang, bang, gang, gang, gang, blood, blood, blood, crip after crip  
Whip after whip, chain, chain, chain, rollie, rollie, rollie, flick up the wrist  
Foreign, foreign in the front yard  
I'mma pull up, pull up, and pick up your bitch  
Bag on me, yeah it's up there  
Bad bitches, say what's up now  
Broke niggas can't come around  
Keep a shooter with me in the cut now  
Black Phantom, got a 40 in it  
I be bringin' niggas orders in it

Funeral homes love me  
Nigga, I'm the one who keep the morgue in business  
Smack who, nigga not me  
Shot who, you ain't shot me  
I don't claim to be the realest nigga  
I just say I'm in the top 3  
I can't even try to love a hoe  
I just went and got another hoe  
Money over bitches, nigga  
She told me that, my momma know

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