

Up 2

Yung Bans

(I'ma run it up, bitch, yeah
Money so long, yeah (Bans)
Money so long, yeah (Bans)
Do nothin', bitch, I'ma run it up, yeah (Yeah)
Yeah, yeah)

If I don't do nothin', bitch, I'ma run it up, yeah
Remember I was down, yeah, y'all didn't give me nothin', ayy
If I don't do nothin', bitch, I'ma run it up, yeah
Fifties and hundreds, spendin' fives, tens and ones, yeah
If I don't do nothin', bitch, I'ma run it up, yeah
Bitch, get ya smoked, bitch nigga, in a Dutch, yeah
If I don't do nothin', bitch, I'ma run it up, yeah
I cannot leave outside the house unless I got my nina tucked

If I don't do nothin', bitch, I'ma run it up
Might bring them shooters to your house because the whole hood
love me
Bitches yellin', "Bans" and I ain't never been a scrub
All these hundreds in my pockets, 'member I was straight thuggin'
Juggin' in a bitch's pussy, nigga, get up
Heard your big homie snitchin' and that nigga is a duck, ayy
I'm just pourin' 'gnac back, where my blunt and stuff at?
Pull up on your ho, she fuck with me, she fall in love, ayy
I feel like a champ so I gotta rep Fifth Street
Gritty, from the bottom, mobbin' Tommy with finesse, now
Runners go and get it, but you gotta do it this day
Jewelers get the hundreds, fifties, doesn't spend the rest, ayy
Please don't bring your ho around here, bitch, she gon' stay all night
If you bring your ho around here, bitch, she gon' stay all night
Tryna steal the sauce, we gon' put bands on your head, ayy
Really in the street, this ain't no rap nigga shit, ayy

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I cannot leave outside the house unless I got my nina tucked, yeah