

Live It Up

Yung Mal

(Let's go), Know a nigga can't stand me (Stand me)
Smokin' on gas, real weed (Real weed)
Mix the Sprite with my codeine (Codeine)
Glock-40 gon' hold my jeans (My jeans)
Ain't missin' no plate, we eatin' (We eatin')
You see the drip by the way, long range (My drip)
Let's go, let's go, let's go (It's crazy but it's true)
Me and Lil Quill a lil' crazy (Ayy)
Rockstar lifestyle, no 80's (Rockstar lifestyle)
My slime lookin' at you like candy (My slimes)
Off-White just look a lil' sandy (Off-White)
Yeah, we gon' live it up (Hood Babies)
Yeah, we gon' live it up (1'5)
Yeah, we gon' live it up (YSL)
Yeah, we gon' live it up (Slime)
Everything goin' up (No cap)

Everything goin' up, that's on God (That's on God)
Beat from the back, then I'm breakin' her heart (Break her heart)
Stuck in the street, I been playin' my part (Playin' my part)
He not real just like me so I'm pullin' his card (Hell nah)
Lift it up in the sky, rockstar (Lift it up)
Nigga play, he get wet up, that's on God (Wet it up)
VVS got me lit up, I'm a star (Lit it up)
Heard he still tryna catch up, and he far (Far)
Huh, that's a bar (That's a bar)
But I really be geeked up, like on Mars (Like on Mars)
Nigga play, we gon' push up in my car
Hundred rounds out that AR, go bizarre (Baow)
Back then it was hard
Had to pull couple kick doors, now we on
Hood Babies on top now, what you want?
Backends came in, uh, now we grown
YSL on my shirt

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Everything goin' up, had to double my cup, yeah (Mud)
Heard you talkin' shit, won't nip it in the bud 'cause I'm fuckin' this slut
, yeah (Smash, smash)
Walk up in the club with a whole bunch of racks, got these bitches goin' nut
s, yeah (Rack, rack, racks)

I sent a lil' ho straight across the amount just to catch my nut, yeah
You know it's up
We stick 'em up, stick 'em up
Young nigga ready to shoot up the Bentley truck
These niggas, they doubted me, but I wasn't givin' up
Found my own lane, boy, just look where I ended up (Yeah)
Hold up, young nigga just went green
I'm all in that cut with the blicky tucked
Yeah, FBG my team, Hood Baby, 1'5, we cliquin' up (Slatt slatt)

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Everything goin' up, man the price so high right now, shit crazy (Up)
I been stuck with Lil Quill since babies
Trapped on Candler, 1'5, Hood Baby (1'5)
I ain't have shit, woke up bangin' Lil Keed
I'm stackin' them racks, got a family to feed
You play with Big Guap, then them boys turn green (Go)
Yung Mal, got my paper then Kinko
Cash, racks, huh, know that I got it
I'm slimin' shit, I'm with Gotit
Don't want no Addys, I'm geeked out my body
Too many racks, it can't fit in a wallet
Watch how you pull in the 'partment, bodies been droppin'
I'm with Quill and Gotit, Big Guap right behind me
They slimy, they slimy, they slimy