

Weight Up

Yung Mal

Gudda Tay on every beat, nigga

I done finally got my weight up, weight up
I done finally got my weight up
I done finally got my cake up, cake up
I done finally got my cake up
Blow so much cash, they gotta rake up
My diamonds shine, laser
I'm ballin' on 'em like I'm with the Lakers
Brand new foreign with the papers
Gotta keep that Glock, make me feel safer
They sent some shots but they didn't take us
All these chains blingin', whole team eatin'
I ain't tryna kick it, you ain't gettin' no fettuccini
Got the streets hot, gasoline
If I ever flop, then it's back to sellin' fuckin' weed
I'm talkin' Master P's

Trappin' 'til it's all gone
I been goin' hard, put my dawgs on
If you ain't gettin' paid, you doin' it all wrong
And you know I'm stuck with my niggas, they my motherfuckin' backbone
I can barely walk 'cause I got all these fuckin' racks on me
Niggas wanna hate, can't go nowhere without the strap on me
Do a show 'cross the state, get the backend on me
Beat her back, beat her face, I'll be gone in the morning

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If I ever flop I'm on the block, seventeen inside my Glock
On the rock seven days a week, no I won't stop until I hit the top
I got lean in my soda pop (Pop), watch his body drop
Got things in the trap, know folks tryna stop me, I'ma detox
I done finally got my weight up, cake up
If you ain't tryna book it, need to pay us, great up
Got a couple shooters, they do not play for no Lakers
Now we gettin' cash, all these niggas wanna hate us
Bitches tryna date us (On God)

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This dope came straight off the boat