

Ground Up (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Domo Genesis

I could never be a facade, that's just living in disguise
I'm only speaking what I'm envisioning in my eyes
Even Stevie seen the ribbon in the sky
So I'm focused on the prize
The real on the rise, I'm getting high
And these niggas say they fly, but I got a piece of mind
Fuck the lies - I'm still the fucking man behind the pride
I'm just happy I'm alive - crack a bottle to that
Young nigga, big picture with the models to match
Young ladies that we slay and we don't follow them back
And long flights, so excited, I won't bother to nap
Yea I made it huh, yea I guess to the average man
Not a stroke of luck, fuck the game cause I had a plan
Can't be a king if you got a castle made of sand
I take it bit by bit - I'mma make it stand
These niggas never had a chance
Snowball effect, keep it rolling, make it avalanche
Don't know why they hating on me
To fall, it's like they waiting on me
They told me that's they way it's gon' be
Everything you see, I did it on my own
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
And homie I ain't ever gon' change
No matter how much money I make
And n'an nigga put me in the game
Everything you see, I did it on my own
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Hold up, know that I'm fly if I'mma show up
Don't gotta roll, the joint already rolled up
The Bombay and Simply already po'ed up
They let us all in simply cause they know us
And count so much Benjies, them shits can't fold up
'Member niggas used to just want a Motorola
Now we order motors from overseas with manuals we can't even read
You claiming you this high, I fly where you can't even see
The wintertime get cold, couple hours I change the degrees
Hater please, leather jacket, gator sleeves
Blowing all of mine, you taking all your time and saving trees
All the realest 'round me down to rep the gang with me

Heard I'm on my grind, it's going down, they taking knees
I'm still blazing weed, going places, making cheese
And tryna keep these critics out my hair
Well not really cause I hear them talk, but really I don't care
All buds inclusive, all my cars exclusive
Runways and high grade pot music Don't know why they hating on me
To fall, it's like they waiting on me
They told me that's they way it's gon' be
Everything you see, I did it on my own
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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