

# We Up

## Beast

[Verse 1]

Im around the bullshit like a matador  
Im used to the bullshit, it dont matter, boy  
Corporate acquisitions, accumulations of wealth  
Build with the gods and double knowledge of self  
Entrepreneur visions, Moulin Rouge religion  
That pussy make a weak nigga break down  
So what you want, the cheese or the chicks?  
You want the chicks but you want the cheese  
A bitch gotta eat  
Im havin the epiphany you niggas aint shit to me  
Worse than the scum in the slum Im from  
Im a southside nigga, yeah Im bout mine  
You be that next nigga coroners come and outline  
You aint made of what Im made of  
You a bum nigga with a bum bitch  
Your shoes come from Vegas  
Counterfeit, fraudulent fakers  
What kind of rich nigga bitch look like that?[Hook]  
You all know when we pullin off the lot  
Brake, hit the button, then we pullin down the top  
Shines on stuntin and Im pullin out a knot  
Strapped with the glock, wont pull it out a lot  
But front, Ill make it pop  
Yall dont do it how we do  
Niggas aint on the shit we on  
Everything new  
Spikes on the Louis Vuittons  
We up, nigga[Verse 2]  
Eat pussy for dinner, bomb kush for breakfast  
Deep-colored VS stones around my neck, bitch  
Coupe a four-door, jeep a Convoy  
Bulletproof front flash, shinin, Armor All  
It feels like a nigga dreamin  
Seat back, music bumpin, niggas leanin  
Bulls eye, thats what we came for  
The bread, now a nigga run the game, boy  
I shouldve sent the broad to report whats in the yard  
Aloof livin, I came up so hard

No pain, no gain, its embedded in the brain  
Im in it for the grip, motherfuck the fame[Hook]  
You all know when we pullin off the lot  
Brake, hit the button, then we pullin down the top  
Shines on stuntin and Im pullin out a knot  
Strapped with the glock, wont pull it out a lot  
But front, Ill make it pop  
Yall dont do it how we do  
Niggas aint on the shit we on  
Everything new  
Spikes on the Louis Vuittons  
We up, nigga[Verse 3]  
Round the world tourin, the city got borin  
Bury me a G with a new pair of Jordans  
Coupe foreign, top peeled like an orange  
Blue Ferrari, so many iron horses  
Living life with no worries  
My gun got a Zodiac sign, it's a Taurus  
Don't make it slam on you like I'm Maury  
Him zone write a gang in a story  
Oops, that's your baby, my bad, I'm sorry  
She call me daddy too, we should be on Maury  
Everything you owning, fly nigga soaring  
Purple label Ralph Lauren, kick game like Atari  
You so special, babe, I'm in the restroom  
Just keep performing, go girl  
About to film a movie, guess who's starring?[Hook]  
You all know when we pullin off the lot  
Brake, hit the button, then we pullin down the top  
Shines on stuntin and Im pullin out a knot  
Strapped with the glock, wont pull it out a lot  
But front, Ill make it pop  
Yall dont do it how we do  
Niggas aint on the shit we on  
Everything new  
Spikes on the Louis Vuittons  
We up, nigga[Outro]  
Got pussy for dinner, bomb kush for breakfast  
Deep-colored VS stones around my neck bitch  
Feels like a nigga dreamin', feels like a nigga dreamin'

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>