Goin' Up (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Iamsu!

West side four fingers, count to much money for you broke niggas
Richie Rich city I ain't from the bay
My money come fast like andale
Tell me what you want, tell me what you need
Hit the car lot dealer hand me keys
Hit the pawn shops saying can you please
Broke rappers stayin' home, running outta cheeseGoin up, I got all this money in my pocket and that shit is going up
She wanna pull her drawers down but this time is goin up
Its goin up, its goin up, its goin up, its goin up
Its goin up, its goin up, its goin up
Its going up like a staircase, rare bape and the real one
No where near fake, real estate
Paint a picture, yeah I illustrate
Young G getting paper like a dinner plate
Like I'm dealin' weight, you a pillow case
Bass bang make the building shake
Uh got my city on me like I got it tatted
Gold chain, bustin' semi automatic
My girl booty big you might wanna grab it
But if you reach for it you ain't coming back wit
Nada, keep heat like Nevada
In the summer Suzzy number one stunner
Got gas like an H1 hummer,
Turn a good girl to a track runner
Niggas don't wanna, call em, and my check
Keep a whole lotta, comas
And now I don't give a fuck
Some niggas I'm with poppin them mollies I'm rolling up
I'm emptying out that bottle and putting gin in my cup
You niggas know what time is it, bought the rollie with diamonds
I smoke like there ain't no crime it
Just look at the car I'm driving
You niggas go keep that talking
My homies go get the fire and nigga watch your mouth
Flying G 5's when I'm in the clouds
Porsche 911 when I'm on the ground
See me on the scene all I talks paper
Buying all the bottles then I paid the tab later

You a fuck nigga can't get a favor
Yeah I've been broke, but I never been a hater
My broads from the bay, bloods from the bay
Ask around I got hell of love in the bay
Get money give a fuck what a hater say
I'ma bring the kay kay and bombay...
Its going up.Got my ends up now these girls think I'm the man
Got some red kicks on that came straight from Japan
Got my whole hood with me like I came with the clan
Drinking so much liquor you ain't making no sense
To the bay we never do it but I'm thinking we can
And my whole click fly, niggas prayin' we land
Switch my lingo up, so they can't understand
I got my cirrelo rapped up and two rubber bands
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/