

# 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 cheese  
Goin 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 Sussy 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.

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