## Schemin' Up

## **OB OBrien**

Reps up, OVO, you alreadyAll my niggas so hungry, man they just eat what they kill

I like convertible Bentleys and houses deep in the Hills

I might tell the whole crew come through

My squad gotta roll through come through

Tell the young high school kids keep dreamin'

Because they sure do come true

Then I say, this that fuckin' mob shit,

this that fuckin' player shit

This that shake a bottle up and bust the top and spray the shit

Bitches gettin' dugout like where all the fuckin' players sit

And like you just got traded

Girl you don't know who you're playin' with

Oh yeah, oh yeah, my sound is what up right now

I've been down, but I'm up right now

Nigga been backstrokin' and breaststrokin'

Through that lane that you left open

Man I don't give a fuck right now

Let a nigga swim in the pussy on the low

'Bout to go drown in the cup right now, holla at meYeah, I got two tings comin' through

And they do whatever I want 'em to

Yeah, we call that schemin' up

We call that schemin' up, we call that schemin' up foreal

I used to drive the Acura to school

Now I don't touch the wheel unless it's new

Yeah, we call that schemin' up

We call that schemin' up, we call that schemin up foreal Passin' up on pretty women everyday (We do that shit!)

I like getting money I love getting paid (You knew that shit!)

Bitches tell me that I look like 40 everyday (for sho)

That's OK, I'll go and fuck them forty minutes straight (hey!)

Hey, showing up to 40 forty minutes late (alright, alright!)

Just send forty to The H and put forty in the safe (alright, alright!)

Damn, I got forty on my neck and wrist (right!)

OVO Sound boy, got 40 on the mix (sound, mix!)

Mix, all I do is mix (mix!)

All my tings are mixed (mix!)

And I make 'em mix (mix!)

That means I make 'em kiss, I make 'em pop, I make 'em strip (alright, alright!)

TOPSZN, I just sprinkle with my fingertipsNo Money Manziel, the game is at a stand still

How am I the man still? How am I the man still?

I might, I might call up Pam still

Tell em bring a can still brr-brr-brr stillTell them bring the rider, get my roll on

Big timer tingle get your roll on

Tell them basic bitches they can hold on

I'm at the Hazey in the lobby with my robe on Bring you to Habibiz, get your smoke on

I been going Hamilton for so long, yeah

This ain't a joke ting

I want the whole thing

I want my new ting, to meet my old ting

Let them get well acquainted, let them get hella faded

I'm halfway through the race and I'm already celebrating

I'm on that Y shit, I'm back on my shit

I ran the game so long I should be wearing Dri-FIT

Oh yeah I'm poppin' again

And it kills me to yell out free Baka again

But free Baka again, and free Greezy one time

Shout out Sammy and Peezy one time, you know what it is She's like TOPSZN, is that a bad thing?

I'm like I don't know, are you a bad ting? Yeah, I got two tings comin' through

And they do whatever I want 'em to

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We call that schemin' up, we call that schemin up forealReps up tell anybody, OVO we ain't just anybody

Flight risk on my right wrist, I been cookin' up to feed everybody

I got a chick in one night about it, we'll fuck your bitch and then write about it

Made a half a mil went and bought a choppa

'Cause nowadays you can't kill without it, BOW!

We the stars, in the six, we the gods

Found the guns I'll beat the charge,

I left the court screaming fuck the law,

these hoes and all. I'ma star

Like that steak nigga way too raw

Run the streets I hate the beef cause I take that shit way too far, yeah

OVO the clique, I told Drake when we were kids

I'll ride with the 45 until the day we run the 6

Tell them niggas don't play it, someone tell Flex drop a bomb cause we made it

Hop on the jet and fly over to Haiti

Just so you know I was high when I made this, Run upI got two tings comin' through

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