

Muthaf**ka Up

Tyga

YMCMB, Ross niggas doing it
School for the blind, I don't see these niggas doing it
Iâ€™m doing it and doing it and doing it well
Niggas wanna test me boy, who wanna fail?
Hit you like a bully bitch, yeah saved by the bell
If you scared, go to church Iâ€™ll see you in hell
And your girl, she a flip, give me heads or tails
Everybody fake so I got real for sale
Gunpowder fill the air
Rappers shittinâ€™ on thyself, you could smell the fear
And these bitches laying flowers cause the king is near
T-Raw this is the new flavor in ya ear
Niggas softer than baby hair
Why you acting tough, heard you work at Build-a-bear
Iâ€™ma a dealer all my girls come in deuce and pairs
Iâ€™m in the building I construct so light this muthafucker up
What the funk you beezyâ€™s want
Iâ€™m ready to hump the car I call it ele-phunk
Trunk in the front
Man she give me good brain then she feel dumb
I just keep going like the bunny till I feel numb
Yeah these bitches want it
I put my manâ€™s on it
That 110 Supâ€™, that Ferrari Caliornia
Niggas want beef, call me Tony Romo
You potatoes on the sofa
Lazy muthafuckas why you ain't even trying
Witâ€™ ya die trying, why you niggas ain't died yet?
Wings tattoo yeah forever on some fly shit
And Iâ€™m with the business skip peon with a ty clip
Stay on the flight yeah Iâ€™ma trip
Probably up in Paradise feeling like Parliament
Flow got a boner, you could say Iâ€™m on some harder shit
Bout to make the speaker bussâ€™ (crank this muthafucker up)

Okay, really I get money, I get money like a bitch
She ain't gonâ€™ win the war but swear that bitch a trip
Yeah, You see how the diamonds get to dancing
Yeah, ya money short, get some pants and shit

I be with a nigga with a big olâ€™™ dick
Yeah I like them balls you be shooting them bricks
Fuck you in the game for?
Bitch we up three sippinâ€™™ this game four
Tell â€™em listen, couple bad bitchesâ€™™s
Out in Kingston kicking up bricks and shit
Intervention bitch I pay ya pension
Oh you say what? I donâ€™™t pay attention
Yeah these niggas want it
I put my bitches on it
You know the tattooâ€™™s got Nicki initials on it
I put the pussy on â€™em, cook â€™em a pot roast
Then pull off in the Ghost
Bitch I do the most

What the funk you beezyâ€™™s want?
It ain't your turn, better have my money Friday like Big Worm
Canâ€™™t see you niggas, you like a little germ
Bitches know Iâ€™™m excellent like Mr Burns
See my dick like Butter churn
Baby churn and ya girl with me foâ€™™ sure that ain't your concern
See forgot about a man, she will never learn
On a mic till I die, RIP chick huh
Yessir, quoted in the Pittsburgh?
Winter fresher than a Will Smith T-Shirt
These spurts coming through Last King and a hearse
Ask later, shoot first, got shooters like dirt
When it hurts leave you losers bruised up
Bruce Lee nunchucks, toe from the floor up though
Duck, rubber duck now you like oh shucks
Tell the neighbors I donâ€™™t give a fuck (crank this muthafucker up)

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by MARAJ, ONIKA TANYA / STEVENSON, MICHAEL / JACKSON, JESSE
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>