

Way Up (feat. Tracy T)

Meek Mill

[Intro: Meek Mill]

Ya, ya

Ya, ya

Turn them headphones up Cruz

Way up

Shit like I'm Jackie Chan

Summer is lit and we back again[Hook: Meek Mill]

I'm so way up, way up, way up, way up

Can't believe they tried to play us

Run a check and tell' em pay up

Its all business ain't no favors

I'm so way up, way up, way up, way up

Summer comin' better save up

Going up like elevators

I'm so way up, way up, way up, way up

[Verse 1: Meek Mill]

That indirect shit never get by us

Niggas like bitches be dick ridin'

Funny how nigga like Rich Pryor

See 'em and I smack the shit out 'em

Throwin' ten k like its ten dollars

I grab that bitch make a ten out her

I pop perc fuck the shit out her

Fuck her so good thought I care bout her

She know I been 'bout it I'm on my way up

My chick a Barbie no weave and no makeup

Hang with the trappers don't be with no haters

My city gon' tell you that we on some paper

Theolonius capers when I'm in that Wraith

I'm feelin' like Meechie or three ATL

Purp got leanin' like I on a rail

Mixing that Birk with that new YSL

Sellin' that dope gave me confidence

Bust down the Role gave me confidence

I let the fiend watch the coupe tell 'em polish it

She on my dick I can't you no promises

Bahgdad on that pussy bombin' shit

Bad bad with that chopper Osama shit

Rockin' Givenchy shit

Trap at the clear port nigga we flyin' shit[Hook: Meek Mill]

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I'm so way up, way up, way up, way up[Verse 2: Tracy T]

Way up, way up, way up

Skinny nigga walkin' like done got his weight up

Hold up bitch I'm movin' fast they holler "Wait up"

Fixin' bitches just so I can fuck and break her

I been doin' this since Jacob came with Jacobs

If you know me then you owe me fuck you pay up

Bombin' in Atlana aka Al-Queda

Crossin' up I'm Kyrie Irving with the lay up

Pushin' whips and poppin' pistols for the paper

Goin' up they want to stop your elevator

Havin' lunch on top of [?] feelin' way up

Paper on Rodeo aye hoe I got flavor

Meet me [?]

I pull up with work like I'm [?]

Put tens on that bitch for the haters

That work it came in from lil' [?]

Got birds and got bricks and they came in the trailer

Them niggas ain't poppin' shit got a shot on me like Peja Stojaković

[?] fuck it lil' nigga it got me rich

Ya you might got a gun but you ain't poppin' it

Nigga doin' dirty business got damn Lord save 'em

Dirty money on the Lord got me way up, way up, way up

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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