

Cloud IX (Go Up)

Scotty ATL

[Verse 1 - Scotty ATL]

Nigga tryna put a couple K in my grill piece and just smile on em
[?] don't follow these niggas [?] with the style on em
Too real for this rap shit, these industry niggas wild homie
Keep the blood then tryna eat, stress situations just pile on me
Fuck em all, let me share som'n, got a fam to feed, can't play with it
Lot of niggas came in popping, they fell off, I stayed with it
Gave a nigga real lemon man, I swear I made lemonade with it
Nigga thought I was running out, had the stupid [?] campaign with it[Prehook]
 Balling off and on
Niggas tired of that, niggas tryna be balling every day
 Weed and lots to drink
 Crazy stupid high
 Let the money float like a river do
Probably to the sky, smoke into the sky[Hook][x2]
 I go up, I go up
 But I ain't playing with it, I do my thing with it
 I go up, I go up
Take me high in the sky, let the problems float away[Verse 2]
Boo told me I was talking last night in my sleep bout the payback
All I remember, had a drop top Impala and a Maybach
Wheels cost bout a fortune man, I'm the black version, Pat Sajak
Smoking good at the Outkast concert, niggas bring the A back
Shawty thick like [?], rolling blunts like the rastas
Took her back to mi casa, real nigga my roster
Non-believers do your research, run the game till my feet hurt
RIP to my lost ones, on my heart and my t-shirt
[Prehook + Hook[x2]]

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