# Uptown

## Balkan Fanatik

Yeah
Hardly home but always reppin'
You hardly on and always second
When I'm awake you always restin'
And when they call you the answer you are hardly question
I, I'm doin' classic shit in all my sessions
Other niggas situations they are all depressin'
That's why I never follow y'all suggestions
I just always did my own thing
Now I run the game, you stupid mothasuckas
I see all this money through my Ohio state buck-eyes
Shit been goin' good but good could turn to better
'Cause you the type to lose her and I'ma 'bout to get her
It's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay
You could run and tell ya friends that I'm on
I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on
Best believe I understand
It's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay
You could run and tell my city I'm on
I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on
You could run and tell my city it's on
Yeah, wrong way down a one way
Women don't get saved round me, even on a Sunday
Damn, where I get it from? These niggas always wondered who
Then they meet my pop and tell 'em, "Drake is just a younger you"
And shawty wanna party so don't let ya girl up out the house
Or there'll be shots on TMZ of me givin' her mouth to mouth
Now she's famous and the paparazzi starts to shoot her
I dropped to black cards, I named 'em Malcolm X and Martin Luther
I don't ever play but I'm in the game, lady
They just loose to love, those are tennis games, lady
Have you countin' money goin' duffel bag crazy
Sippin' on Pink Floyd and puffin' Wayne Brady
Damn, whose line is it anyway?
I'm in a daze, you been amazed
Y'all seem to be stuck on that beginner stage
I'm on fire, yep, I been ablaze
I got dough to blow but I wanna blow it right
You look nice and ya frame makes me wanna bowl a strike

Well, alright, yes, I might, know what fuck it, yes, I will
I am more that what you bargained for
Nothin' less than real, put it to ya like
It's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay
You could run and tell ya friends that I'm on
I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on
Best believe I understand
It's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay
You could run and tell my city I'm on
I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on
You could run and tell my city it's on
Bun B, king of the trill also one of the dopest
Rep for the streets or on the mic, I'm dope and yes, I'm focused
The gangsta recognize me for my locc'ness
No joke, it's time to shake these haters off like the skin on a locust
Or maybe like a py-thon, that's the type of shit I'm on
I wrote this on my i-phone so let me drop this i-bomb
I-palm the game like it's a spalding ball and take flight
From the free throw line and slam it down like I'm the great mike
Bun and Wayne and Drake in here, Mayne, it's gon' be a great night
Look at all these posers bite, I swagger like a great white
Try to cross me over, I just fake left then I break right
Stupid animal tricks like David Lettermans late night
This that major moment you been waitin' on too long
The best that ever did it and doin' it on a new song
UGK and Young Money too strong
Bound to be in the green like a crouton, so what the fuck is you on?
It's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay
You could run and tell ya friends that I'm on
I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on
Best believe I understand
It's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay
You could run and tell my city I'm on
I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on
You could run and tell my city it's on
I am the leather jacket, black glasses, all American bad boy
I own the swagger super market and you, you just a bag boy
'Cause I got that swag boy, the swag you never had boy
Hate and I will leave your chest the color my flag boy
Suu-woo bitch, I do this shit, I'll erase you like I drew you bitch
And I keep that toaster, you can come and be my spoon bitch
I'm so uptown and muthafucka, if you ain't don't go uptown
Yeah, and now I'm on that rock shit
But why they let me in, I'ma start shootin' in the most pit
Fuck is you talkin' 'bout?

Weezy in ya mouth, now Weezy what you talkin' 'bout?
It's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay
You could run and tell ya friends that I'm on
I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on
Best believe I understand
It's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay
You could run and tell my city I'm on
I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on, I'm on
You could run and tell my city it's on
Yeah

Lyrics provided by
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