

Schemin Up (feat. Drake and P. Reign)

OB OBrien

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Reps up, OVO, you already All 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 me Yeah, 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 fingertips
No 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 still
Tell 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
Yeah, we call that schemin' up
We call that schemin' up, we call that schemin' up foreal
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Reps 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'm a 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 up 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
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