

# Uptown

## Brian Tarquin

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  
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  
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 than 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  
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  
You could run and tell my city 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  
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  
    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  
    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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