

We Up (Sean Divine Remix)

Freeway

I think I sold every drug on the street
tryin to make inz me but f*ck ti I was poor though
and I almost fell in love with the rick and a few that was sweet but
fuck it that was hores though,
shout it out with my real clothes homie
and my mother used to.what the fuck we go to war for
got sign, got famous, got paper,
real G survive the break ups so I wake up getting more dough,
every morning differences
I ain't ducking enough for bad boys for every kay army,
differences I ain't got worried bout the FPI my house
tryin to serve warns
differences I'm getting paid for my citizens
and I ain't box then no.
all are differences show up whenever we roll up
'cause ya'll are down and we up
And we up and we up, and we up
uh team early, we up, and we up and we up, and we up
yeah team early we up, and we up and we up, and we up
aha team early we up, and we up and we up, and we up
yeah now it's time to re-up
Trap star one to a benz from a neon
flow one cling on wrist on free on
wear on cable on, trips on tour
and I used to cops from the store on Leehigh,
hang with the ackies on G ride,
cock from the puppies on access you bless you
never mention you when they arrest you
we came to your rescue
bless you with 3 G's on a VI
and look out for mamasita,
keep her in good spirits we're cold hearing
in cold hearing where our parents live in prime where ever.no terrorist
no arrogance that's why, every true lie, we fly back there again
these rappers got me shaking my head
'cause when they should be in the stood they back in the bed again
And we up and we up, and we up
uh team early, we up, and we up and we up, and we up
yeah team early we up, and we up and we up, and we up

aha team early we up, and we up and we up, and we up
yeah now it's time to re-up
Wake your punk ass up if you want cash
everybody scheemin if you sleeping then you want less
lot of people starvin and they giving 'cause they won't ask
and they want to do nothing with the one ass
and they rather take me for they don't have
a lot of teens on their wrong path
I try to doubt em tell to slow down
underground king them, that's who I approach the prone as
nigga with a big beard no stash
most of these rappers come and straight out a long cast
see before more rappers more huck in the mob pad
when I got on it was jeans in the throw back
if you ain't spittin real rap, I ain't got no rap
rappers need to know that, rappers need to go back
to the tron borders, spit a little hard or more
thing in my flow back, that's my sound you're down
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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