

Up

A.R. Kane

Back up
Money comin' through
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Money comin' through See them 2 chicks call that a double-up
See that black Range, call that an armored truck
Move them ropes bitch
This ain't double dutch
20 years career money
Y'all niggaz knockin' up
Pop champagne
Call that a bubble up
Chicks came back
But I ain't trying to cuddle up
31 flavours, talkin' about the cars
My garage like a rainbow
Like the juice in my cup
But I ain't tryna brag though
Haters move too slow
Y'all better step it up
If you're the shit up in this club
Like I am in this club
Then throw your middle fingers up We all stars
Shots at the bar
We know who we are
So haters Back up
Money comin' through
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Money comin' through Money in the bag
Call that a robbery
Shorty seen the ass
Now he wanna swallow me

Mad Max swag
You hoes at the dollar tree
They wonder where I'm at
You hoes better follow me
Gone in the brain, I need a lobotomy
Keep that thang, clean on the side of me
Diamonds in my chain
Think I won the lottery
Haters wanna hate
But they don't even bother me
Wait, there's money in the building
Cash so long I can stack it to the ceiling
You ain't makin' mills
Then you ain't even appealing
Now with my nigga Kells, go and tell them how we feeling We all stars
Shots at the bar
We know who we are
So haters Back up
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