Goin' Up (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Iamsu!

West side four fingers, count to much money for you broke niggas
Richie Rich city I ain't from the bay
My money come fast like andale
Tell me what you want, tell me what you need
Hit the car lot dealer hand me keys
Hit the pawn shops saying can you please

Broke rappers stayin' home, running outta cheeseGoin up, I got all this money in my pocket and that shit is going up

She wanna pull her drawers down but this time is goin up
Its goin up, its goin up, its goin up, its goin up
Its goin up, its goin up, its goin up

Its going up like a staircase, rare bape and the real one

No where near fake, real estate Paint a picture, yeah I illustrate

Young G getting paper like a dinner plate

Like I'm dealin' weight, you a pillow case

Bass bang make the building shake

Uh got my city on me like I got it tatted

Gold chain, bustin' semi automatic

My girl booty big you might wanna grab it

But if you reach for it you ain't coming back wit

Nada, keep heat like Nevada

In the summer Suzzy number one stunner

Got gas like an H1 hummer,

Turn a good girl to a track runner

Niggas don't wanna, call em, and my check

Keep a whole lotta, comas

And now I don't give a fuck

Some niggas I'm with poppin them mollies I'm rolling up I'm emptying out that bottle and putting gin in my cup You niggas know what time is it, bought the rollie with diamonds

> I smoke like there ain't no crime it Just look at the car I'm driving You niggas go keep that talking

My homies go get the fire and nigga watch your mouth

Flying G 5's when I'm in the clouds

Porsche 911 when I'm on the ground

See me on the scene all I talks paper

Buying all the bottles then I paid the tab later

You a fuck nigga can't get a favor

Yeah I've been broke, but I never been a hater

My broads from the bay, bloods from the bay

Ask around I got hell of love in the bay
Get money give a fuck what a hater say
I'ma bring the kay kay and bombay...
Its going up.Got my ends up now these girls think I'm the man
Got some red kicks on that came straight from Japan
Got my whole hood with me like I came with the clan
Drinking so much liquor you ain't making no sense
To the bay we never do it but I'm thinking we can
And my whole click fly, niggas prayin' we land
Switch my lingo up, so they can't understand
I got my cirrelo rapped up and two rubber bands
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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