

# Up (feat. Lil Uzi Vert)

## Young Thug

Wheezy what the fuck brackin', nigga?  
I might need Be El Be for this one  
You dig?!Whoa, we tore up  
I'm like 'baby don't throw up', if she ever hit the ground  
Young Thug not pickin' her up, you can Quicker Picker Up  
Cause I'm a blood, pass me my bup, try'na come around for help but you gon' (what?!)  
End up suckin', nothing but dick like whoa  
Baby girl gon' stay and drop it, no steps but I promise I go up  
Girl what up? I'm like baby this what's up  
She under me like a rug, can't go up, yep  
Trick bitch pull up on me, try'na get these digits  
How the fuck I love when they ever like em - ooh  
Bitch I am a genie, I got hoes in Magic City  
Even when it's rented, president tinted  
I need an Aaliyah she gon' rock all on my boat  
My chain small but only my weed make me choke  
Hey come here baby girl I want that amateur throat  
And when I get through I pass it to all of my folks  
Damn they got my name on the Coke  
Blackjack got me winning by the boats  
Shoot dice nigga five deuce four tre  
And my weed orange like a fuckin' cantaloupe  
She fuck me then smile in your face, all she ever say is "Oh yeah"  
Ooh baby girl, pull up and give top, no lotion, she like Olay  
Hey I don't like 'em black, no spades, no way  
And I only tell her to hurry and wait  
Whoa, we tore up  
I'm like 'baby don't throw up', if she ever hit the ground  
Young Thug not pickin' her up, you can Quicker Picker Up  
Cause I'm a blood, pass me my bup, try'na come around for help but you gon' (what?!)  
End up suckin', nothing but dick like whoa  
Baby girl gon' stay and drop it, no steps but I promise I go up  
Girl what up? I'm like baby this what's up  
She under me like a rug, can't go up, yepBitches comin' round the fuckin gangsta, think they  
stupid  
Pull up in the vintage, smoking loud like a Duely  
And I know I am the best, bitch, how you do this?  
And I pulled up on your bitch and the children  
Damn what the fuck is going on, I am gone, so gone  
I just spent a band on cologne, I am on, so on  
And my neighbors call my thick misses Texas Roni  
They was watchin' me back in the days like a Sony, promise

I just bought my son a Bentley from Import Cars  
All my bitches coming foreign plus they head on  
These lil' bitches try'na compete then they dead wrong  
I'ma act just like I'm sleep but I'm dead on Whoa, we tore up  
I'm like 'baby don't throw up', if she ever hit the ground  
Young Thug not pickin' her up, you can Quicker Picker Up  
Cause I'm a blood, pass me my bup, try'na come around for help but you gon' (what?!)  
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Baby girl gon' stay and drop it, no steps but I promise I go up  
Girl what up? I'm like baby this what's up  
She under me like a rug, can't go up, yep

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>