

Way Up

Meek Mill

Ya, ya
Ya, ya
Turn them headphones up Cruz
Way up
Shit like I'm Jackie Chan
Summer is lit and we back again

I'm so way up, way up, way up, way up
Can't believe they tried to play us
Run a check and tell 'em pay up
Its all business ain't no favors
I'm so way up, way up, way up, way up
Summer comin' better save up
Going up like elevators
I'm so way up, way up, way up, way up

That indirect shit never get by us
Niggas like bitches be dick ridin'
Funny how nigga like Rich Pryor
See 'em and I smack the shit out 'em
Throwin' ten k like it's ten dollars
I grab that bitch, make a ten out her
I pop a perc, fuck the shit out her
Fuck her so good, thought I cared 'bout her
She know I been 'bout it, I'm on my way up
My chick a Barbie, no weave and no makeup
Hang with the trappers don't be with no haters
My city gon' tell you that we on some paper
Theolonius capers when I'm in that Wraith
I'm feelin' like Meechie or three ATL
Purp got leanin' like I on a rail
Mixing that Birk with that new YSL
Sellin' that dope gave me confidence
Bust down the Role gave me confidence
I let the fiend wash the coupe, tell him, "polish it"
She on my dick I can't make you no promises
Bahgdad on that pussy bombin' shit
Bad bad with that chopper Osama shit
Rockin' Givenchy shit
Trap at the clear port nigga we flyin' shit

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Way up, way up, way up
Skinny nigga walkin' like done got his weight up
Hold up bitch I'm movin' fast they holler "Wait up"
Fixin' bitches just so I can fuck and break her
I been doin' this since Jacob came with Jacobs
If you know me then you owe me fuck you pay up
Bombin' in Atlana aka Al-Queda

Crossin' up I'm Kyrie Irving with the lay up
Pushin' whips and poppin' pistols for the paper
Goin' up they want to stop your elevator
Havin' lunch on top of Barneys feelin' way up
Paper on Rodeo aye hoe I got flavor
Meek Milly pull up that Wraith up
I pull up with work like I'm Rayful
Put tens on that bitch for the haters
That work it came in from Loreda
Got birds and got bricks and they came in the trailer
Them niggas ain't poppin' shit, got a shot on me like Peja Stojaković
fuck it lil' nigga it got me rich
Ya you might got a gun but you ain't poppin' it
Nigga doin' dirty business got damn Lord save 'em
Dirty money on the Lord got me way up, way up, way up

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