Lil Baby, Up (feat. Lil Duke & Gunna)

I been tourin' Can't get to me They can't get to me

They can't get to me because I'm up right now
They can't get to me because I'm up
Flyer than a motherfuckin' pilot
We been on the jets, we fly private
I just touched down in LA today, in New York tomorrow
Then I gotta go to Texas, I'll be back tomorrow
Ever since I was a youngin' I been chasin' every dollar
Count up them blue hundreds, we ain't got no money problems

I'm tryna stack up and get it I went from rags to riches I blow the bag in Lenox I heard your Jag was rented I know you mad, admit it Jump in that Lam and hit it When I put that shit on I be drippin' I fuck the baddest bitches Bend that shit over, let me hit from the back She got some good head, I'ma send her to Saks Bitch I'm a dog and I'm killin' the cat And I'm a slime, bitch you better free Yak You niggas don't talk, boy you better relax I make a call, get you beat with a bat Get your shit popped like the top of a gnat I got the cheese and you niggas is rats

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And I left the hood broke, came back in a Murciélago I might fuck on your daughter, I used to ride on MARTA Bitch know I'm a player, I coach the team like Coach Carter She tried to take me to Maury, no bitch I'm not the father All of these bitches they know that we get it Takin' them private flights city to city The shit that they doin', we already did it Never been losin', we already winning Coupe fully loaded, it's already tinted ... off the lot, leave the top with the dealer I'm not a rapper, bitch I am a dealer They can't get to me 'cause I'm in the middle

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We ain't got no money problems, we ain't got no money problems I told 'em put me in the game coach, I'm a starter And if she actin' like she need me I'ma starve her

Remember days ridin' on MARTA
But now we flyin' private jets to different cities
And I keep a bad bitch with me
Two chains everywhere like Tity, I done growed up
Bad bitches askin' where the weed, it's time to roll up

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