Rich The Kid, Str8 Up

Oh, oh Ah, yeah That's it right there bitch Yah, yah, yah Straight up, straight up, straight up

Take your bag shit straight up
On this cash shit, straight up
Counting cash bitch
Hey I'm counting cash bitch, straight up
And your bitch too basic, straight up
Hey might just face it, straight up
Hey, I think he laced it, straight up
I think he laced it straight up
I'm in Saks, no Macy's, straight up
Got 'em going crazy, straight up
I just snatched his lady, straight up
Fucked her in a 'Cedes, straight up

Oh, straight up, straight up, straight up Yah, yah, yah, yah, straight up

I've been running to the money, yeah I made it straight up You run up on me, you better have your maker Lil bro, you so broke, man get your weight up I threw his bitch up in the ocean, yeah I'm not a saver Look at my dress, red on my head, I [?] with the feds Run up on me then you're dead You run up on me, then you're dead Straight up, straight up, I swear I got my cake up Straight up, straight up, I swear I got my cake up

Oh, straight up, straight up, straight up Yah, yah, yah, straight up

We getting money like straight up Count 100 when I wake up Diamonds on me, hold my wrists up I busting on her face uh Straight up In the kitchen I'm a whip up a cake More Act', I might pour up an eight You're flexing hard but them diamonds is fake Straight up Rich forever, got your bitch on a pill More money, give a fuck bout a deal Rich [?] got your bitch on chill Fuck a bitch, I get trenches she lying Magazines say I'm fresh with diamonds Poke her head like straight up My shooter hit your pinky face up

Oh, straight up, straight up, straight up Yah, yah, yah, straight up