

Up to Something (feat. Travis Scott & Young Thug)

Metro Boomin

AyyDrank, takin' a sip of that Act (Blow it)
Flood all my bitches in that (That way)
I'm in the projects without Pat (Ayy)
My jewelry leave 'em blind like bats (Bling)
Diamonds for her in the back (Blaow)
Hit that lil' bitch from the back (She stacked)
Ask me like how I do that? (What?)
Pop a lil' xan and relax (Yeah)
About my racks, you get whacked
(Pew pew pew pew)
If he got racks, he get taxed
Five, four, three, two, one, attack (Go)
Dead, tell all my whoadies hit that
Pussy nigga, they some rats (What?)
He swung on my pockets, they fat, no catch
But all my bitches they brats
Pop a lil' perky, relax (Turn up, turn up)
These niggas up to somethin' (Hmm, ayy)
She need to suck or somethin'
(She need to fuck or somethin')I'ma wake up for somethin'
I fell in love with nothin' (Yeah)
Bitches, they do it for me
Stuck on me, gluin' somethin' (Yeah)
Patrick Swazey, Swazey, Swazey, save me
All my bitches get it, never lazy
All my pockets full like they pregnant
Y'all niggas still hatin'
Dice in the middle
I'ma shoot it with precise in the building
Fuck that bitch because she likin' my riddles (Ayy)
White on her head, I got lice and I'm buildin' (Ayy)
Lil' mama ready, she Tyson, go get her (Whoa)
I can't complain, I got ice in my bezel (Ayy)
I'm not racist, I got white in my Bentley (Hey)
Caught a rabbit, it was ice all up in it (Ayy)
Hell yeah (Yeah yeah)
Call me mister mister Porsche (Yeah)
Pockets swole with no abortion (Yeah)
I sleep soft, I'm never snorin' (Yeah)
Talk to bitches when I'm borin' (Yeah)

Your money little like a Yorkie
I open your head up with a forty (Bap)
I think I'm gettin' back to the old me
Yeah, I'm gettin' back to the old me
These niggas up to somethin' (Hmm, ayy)
These niggas fucked it up, shh (Ayy)Drank, takin' a sip of that Act (Blow it)
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>