

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Going Up (feat. Trippie Redd)

Par Rich The Kid, Famous Dex, Trippie Redd

Album : Rich Forever 5

1400

Yeah, yeah

Chopper make 'em melt

Put 'em on a shelf

These the cards he dealt

Rage is what he felt

Niggas, lil' niggas

I'ma get the belt

I tried to fuck with niggas

They pride way too high, I might just give that boy a shell
But we don't give a fuck, think shit sweet, don't press your luck
We keep that chopper, knuckle up unless your family, friends or blood
You know this shit be going up, we got fifty going up
I got bitches going up, so I'm in the whip doin' doughnuts
These niggas know I'm with the shits, man, you know I'm poppin' shit
Man, you know I'm on my big dog, big poppa shit
If you want war with us, then we pull up sockin' shit
Yeah, hit 'em, huh, yeah, I had to bop the bitch
Pull up rockin' shit like a motherfuckin' band
I got my feet up in the sand, I'm at the beach with a bitch
She Sandy Cheeks, I'm Dirty Dan
I'm smokin' out the P, remember I couldn't even buy a gram
Speakin' of the beach, I keep that heat
Lil' bitch, don't catch a tan
Catch 'em in the street and let it fly, that boy turned Peter Pan
Saw my opp at Walmart, I swear for god he was a fan
And I been the biggest bird, bitch, I'm falcon when I land

Haa, huh, I just pulled up in a big body

Baby girl off the Molly, Prada my feet, don't want no Versace

I catch me a opp, put holes in his body

Ten bitches geekin' up in the lobby

Diamonds on me, babe, you know I'ma have it

Huh, hold on where?

Baby give me head

When I catch a opp, I swear to god, yeah he be dead

And I'm with Trippie and you know he bang that red

I can't hang with suckers 'cause they talkin' to the feds

Huh, hold on

Richard Millie cost a house

'Cago nigga, I come from the south

Remember them days I had to sleep on the couch

That more money, like "Blaow"

Get to the money, M&Ms

Can't be in my section, them boys is not having it

I pulled up in a Bentley, no Benz

I wanna fuck me a friend

Dexter

I told my baby, like, "I really like you and I'm talk

Like, I really do like you, um

What's seven plus seven? 14, right?"

Trippie talk to 'em

Fuck it (yeah)

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But niggas all for they self

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Prices goin' up

Bitches goin' up

How can I fall off, when all my money goin' up?

Birkin on my bitch and for my wrist a couple bucks

Pour lean in the red cup

I'm pouring the racks up

I can't leave without my baby

Bitch, yeah, that's my chopper

You don't want no smoke 'cause they gon' pull up, red dot 'em

They gon' roll 'em up

Drugs going up

Tesla for my bitches, all my hoes be going up

I might pull up in a Lamb, like all my doors be going up

Bought the bro some Eliantte, ain't nobody cold as us

Made another forty milly, I gave lil' bro a cut

I might drop like thirty racks and have your ho to pick 'em up

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