

A+**"Up To New York-"**Visit "[Up To New York-](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[A+]

Yo it's on tonight
Jump in my whip
Feeling right
Pick my man up from off of the strip
We take flight
What the dilly fella
Aint nothing really
Getting money
Before we hit up top
Let's hit the spot and cop a twenty
Hit the southern states
So we can bounce
Regulate
Throw a tape in
Join this new joke
Smoke escaping
Windows tinted
They coming down cars on my horn
It's my mom on the other end singing a song
When the clock aint a ???
You at a spot to perform
Kid I'm down with getting paper
Pulling capers like storm
No doubt
Hang up the phone and continue to murk
Ghetto star in the game put a name on my shirt
Got this one chick on the ? I stop to see
Runs with a team of chicks living 1-6-3
They be buying it playing space playstation and all
I thought I heard the cops saying I'm going to give
them a call
Get some juice play some hard
Yo I'm spinning my yards
Get my lines lined up
Smell good for the guards
Get my shine
Shine my baby
Then I'm making my flash
Lay my hand on shorty rest until it's time to make cash
Call her up on her cell

What's the deal on your half
I'm just ???? up for chickens
I just got out the bath
I'm around the corner baby
Is there something you need
Just bring yourself now say no more

[Mr.Cheeks: Hook x2]
???????????? We do this all night
Got fellas spending money shorties looking right
Either twist the cap or pop a cork
This is how we getting down up top New York

[A+]
We on the couch chilling
Everybody getting right
Complimenting shorty
Spandex fitting tight
Press the power down
Grab the sticks
Hit us on
Cause I'm sick of hearing my man singing that same
song
Yo I'm going to bring it to you live
Mad 98
I'm going to get up in that ass
Shorty fix me a plate
Fried chicken french fries cold pepsi with ice
A minute left and I ?????????????????? night
My only shorty
You wouldn't believe it with a bun in her hair
Said she want to hit the cut
That's music to my ears
Hit the bedroom
Shorty smelling like perfume
Grabbed the condom out my pocket because it's on I
assumed
Seen her face blown out
Time to lay down my law
Lights down
Music on
Perfect time to score
Victoria secret's ??????
You know how I'm feeling
When you laid up with a shorty getting money and
chilling
Got a show in an hour
So I jump in the shower
My man napping
He know that we got to make it happen
He in the zone caught in the mix

Oh damn
Can't be mad at situations that me and my man dig
Well it's your luck shorty
Go wake his ass up
Got a move to make can't afford to pass up
So go tell your to go
Tell my man let's roll
It's all said and done
Jump in my whip
Take flight
As I switch lanes
Throw on my signal light
Fake rappers get they ass ate up

[Hook x2]

[A+]
Smoke everyday
Yelling my name
I rip a show
Peep shorty and her friends assing out in the front row
Spilling mo'
Grabbing my jeans
Yelling my name
I'm used to it now guess it's all part of the game
Let me explain how I grab the mic
Move and finesse
Shorty in the blue dress
Body screaming caress
Took her to the rest
Lay her body down on my nest
It's deep in the this game
Why she got my name on her chest

[Hook x3]

Visit [A+](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.