

## U.S.D.A. "Count It Up"

Visit "[Count It Up](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yeah count it up

You already know the deal  
You niggas know what I doubt let just speak for real  
And while you at it young just keep the artist still  
And pill the rap off the block like the banana bill  
Ni tell me can you see the flake, one glance of dat  
glitter make ya wanna  
Shake  
Adrenaline rushin blood flowin through your veins  
When you close your eyes at night do you be seeing  
things  
'Cause nigga I was seeing things  
At least 100 at a time dats on everything  
Magic City, 112 let me reminisce  
A nigga must of missed some how did it come to this  
You got niggas runnin round like they run the town  
Dope game, game over jizzles on the mound  
Ni watch me cock right back and hit a homerun,  
enough bricks at one time to  
Build a whole sun

They like god damn young boi u owe one everbody  
talkin bricks but they own  
None,  
What your nigga know about counting millions, the only  
place it ain't money  
Is on the ceilion

[Chorus:]

Now count it up, count it up, count it up, count it up,  
count it up  
Take it all out your pocket  
Now count it up, count it up, count it up, count it up,  
count it up  
Pull it all out your pocket

I'm going in, fuck it I'm going in,  
I was just about to take off the top let us begin,  
Let the room start to fill up with smoke no inhalin',  
I turn dis four into a nine I'll be in heaven,

Leave here and get caught with this nine I'll be a felon,  
I ain't the one for doing no time just know I'm bailin  
The government don't really approve of what I'm  
selling,  
Get jammed up we all know the rules just it's no tellin,  
Even doe I came to bring the word I'm no rev  
Just a casualty in game more like a veteran  
Ask me do I no treat raisens and dem cookies cut  
fifteen hundred in dimes  
When we was rookies  
And tell me how I go up to least 30 a thang  
It's one for dem niggas out here doin they thing  
Everyday riskin it all deep in the game  
Ain't about to ask a nigga for shit, I feel the same.

They like god damn young boi u owe one everbody  
talkin bricks but they own  
None,  
What your nigga know about counting millions, the only  
place it ain't money  
Is on the ceilion

[Chorus:]

Now count it up, count it up, count it up, count it up,  
count it up  
Take it all out your pocket  
Now count it up, count it up, count it up, count it up,  
count it up  
Pull it all out your pocket

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