

Cup Up Top Down

Kirko Bangz

I hold my cup up, I let my top down
And everywhere I look they pourin' up now
Say shout out to them Texas niggas, Texas niggas
I do this shit for Texas, nigga

Bitch, I hear ya talkin'
You about that shit, then take that off
Fake ass niggas gotta lay down
Reppin' H-Town, now a nigga can't play that off
Niggas came down to the city, stole from the city
Hoes from the city like "play that song"
These rap niggas know I'm the new nigga
But no nigga gotta put Kirko on
Bitches know I'm 'bout it, man
Love the way that I swang that chrome
I be all in her body man
Every bitch that I fuck, I own
Uh, while you be tryna marry the bitch
Ain't tryna burn, but this money I'm tryna bury quick

Ooh, I'm sippin' on that purple stuff
Ho, I ain't 'bout to pour you up
Ooh, I'm sippin' on that purple stuff
Nigga, I ain't 'bout to pour you up

When I hold my cup up, it's just like lifting weights
Look like I'm chewin' instead of sippin' because this is an 8
I don't want no soda, homie, I'd rather sip it straight
I'm an OG out that screwed up clique
King of the Ghetto, this is my name
I be rollin' on swangers with candy black paint on 'em
If it rain, still ain't gon' get a stain on 'em
I'm from Texas, you can tell how I talk
I'm from Texas, you can tell how I walk
Six-piece wing dinner from Frenchy's
King of the ghetto, ain't never been friendly
Just put eleven more ounces in me
Whenever you see me, my cup ain't empty
So many fifteens, so many twelves, so many 6-5-9s
I'm bangin' so hard, everybody else bangin'
But I don't give a fuck if they park by mine
I've got a thunder trunk
I keep coughin' cause I smoke thunder skunk
I've got the lightning dick, I need thunder cunt
And I dare any one of y'all niggas to mess with Texas
Texas gon' fuck you up

First they steal your lighter, then they steal your style
Fat Pat is my idol, I've got twenty bands on my smile
Forgot to pay they homage, they just reuse and recycle
Man, they lie so much that they don't know the truth
But they'll swear to God on the Bible
I don't know where they do that at
But it damn sure ain't in Texas
Ridin' in the 'Lac down 45, I-10 is my exit
I do this shit for the city, swangin'
I've got wood grain in my Leffries

Pimp C is the greatest
Motherfucker, talkin' down is a death wish
Codeine is my fetish - pourin' up is a way of life
Legend stealer, Jerome Bettis
You punk sipper ain't drakin' it right
8 or all, that's a day in the life
Open trunk, and array of lights
They used to say this was local shit
Now everywhere drinkin' muddy Sprite
Pour up...

I rep for Texas, nigga
You gon' respect us, nigga
We got ya sippin' out them white cups like Texas niggas
Got ya shinin' diamond grills like them Texas niggas
Rappers screwed up and chopped like them Texas niggas
You get the message, nigga? So chop some checks up with us
Them broads be tryna get us, cause they know we them niggas
She love my Texas swag, and how I keep it G
Let her roll in the slab, she wanna be seen with me
I tell her pay that fee, it's pimpin' with me, mane
Extended, bitch, in Texas, ain't no sippin' with me, mane
Still drippin' candy stains, got that drink by the pane
Cause I'm a Texas nigga, what we do Kurt Cobain