

# Hit Me Up

Riff Raff

Hit me up  
Where you wanna go  
We can drive downtown  
Just cruising slow  
Got fifty in the tank and a pocket full of cash  
Got nowhere to be tonight  
We can take our time  
Just rolling slow, rolling slow

First off pay all your taxes  
Accountant doing back flips, pockets doing gymnastics  
Dropped off my 40% to Uncle Sam  
Damn fam, can I cop the cramb Lamb  
I must vacation on the regular  
No behind the scenes, put away your cellular  
No phone service in Amsterdam  
Don't touch my hand, I buff shine my nails  
Three shots of green tea, Vietnamese TP  
Drop my hotel key in Japanese seaweed  
My feet need to meet the beach in East Greece  
My body needs to sleep beneath Versace sheets

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Never meant to get bent out of shape  
But I ate too many steaks, put on too much weight  
Gained seventy pounds, you could see it in my face  
Lean down, I could barely tie my shoe lace  
RiFF RaFF, I came back with Versace six pack  
Don't get side tracked, tryna keep up with my stacks  
Might spill through Nashville with my wrist on chill  
Set my grill on the window sill, and I froze Kendall Gill  
Back to me, back to doing whatever I feel  
Back to you being annoying and keeping it real  
With your attitude I swear I've had it up to here  
I be damned if I let these haters get in my ear, RiFF

La-la-la  
La-la-la-la-la  
Ooh, la-la-la-la-la

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