

# Add It Up-Rob49 Lyrics

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## “Add It Up”

[Intro: G Hero]

Uh, uh, haha (Ayy)

Ayy

[Verse 1: G Herbo & Rob49]

Walked out, start the track up (Woo)

Half a mill' just touched my account, get yo' racks up  
Just bought a car, I need another one (Another one), 'cause I smacked  
it up

Hit the club and they loving us, this bitch packed up  
My lil' bitch think she a city girl, she in here actin' up  
Iced out Rolex, platinum, back up, we'll clap shit up

Shoot his face up, can't get back up (Fah)

Fire his neck up, tear his back up (Fah)

What the fuck I'm hiding for?

Glizzy when I'm riding

"Herbo, what you got that mask for?"

Foe 'nem pull up loud, I was low key in that black truck  
I'm getting high outside, shirt off, these hoes love 'em tatted up  
Thumbnin' through that bag, we don't look at tags, add it up (Phew)

Uh, I ain't chillin' 'til I'm a hundred plus (Uh)

Coupe 2022, insides one of one (One)

We in bullet proofs too, but we'll bail out and shoot too  
I got too much shit I care about, go to jail about, I'll bail out (Huh)  
If it's hot, bring hell out

**Gave me top and I fell out  
Call me not trying to book me  
Know it's hot, but I'ma sell out  
Wanna die? Where about?  
We gon' slide, air it out (Bah)  
Pull up real slick (Yeah)  
Pulling off, sped out (Yeah)**

[Verse 2: Rob49]

**Yeah, think 'cause I start rapping, I stop hustling shit (Yeah)  
I'm still in my trap house with my Glock out like I run this bitch (It's  
like I run this shit)  
I'ma beat that block up before I ever try to beat a bitch (Yeah)  
I just did 300k this month, I just was in the trenches (I just was in the  
trenches)  
Yeah (Yeah), I can't move the same (I can't move the same), I got a  
check now (Yeah)  
Treat all of my side hoes like my watches, they get bust down (They  
all get bust down)  
Since she ain't trying to fuck me with her friend, get the fuck out  
(Yeah)  
I put 50k inside my gang, in case a war come (Yeah)  
Trappin' and rappin', my savage get active (Know my savage get  
active)  
I was just on house arrest, now I got my check up (Now I got my  
check up)  
Keep telling bro to watch that car (Gang), we gon' blow together (We  
gon' blow together)  
Yeah, I slime models hoes out, yeah, treat 'em like they nothing (Treat  
'em like they nothing)  
Gang (Gang)**

[Verse 3: G Herbo & Rob49]

**Uh, I put up so many diamonds, gotta stare (Gotta stare)  
Every time when I'm outside, my bitch mad, but I don't care**

Holler, I can't even hear (Yeah)  
Prada only thing I wear (The only thing I wear)  
Want me paying for that pussy, it's expensive, but I pay it (Yeah)  
Jumping out that car like soldiers, with that stick up, I'ma get him  
(Yeah, gang)  
If we ain't do nothing bad together or break bread, I don't trust you  
(Yeah)  
If she don't got no fat ass and give out great head, I don't touch her  
Fuck him, face shot, ain't no ducking  
I'm one savage motherfucker, ayy  
Start the track up (Yeah)  
Put one twenty in this bitch, I'm tryna blow the motor (Blow the motor)  
Ain't got no limit (Yeah) like G Herbo, still gon' throw my fo' up (Still  
gon' throw my fo' up)  
Sell O's like donuts, still be trappin' in and out my ho house (Still be  
trappin' in and out my ho house), nigga, yeah  
Bad bitch super bougie, get what she what, she fuckin' a boss now,  
nigga (Yeah)  
I don't even wan' talk, I'm breaded up, my motion giving too much  
pressure (Yeah)  
Put him on a stretcher, tryna touch my necklace, ain't no  
disrespecting (It ain't no disrespecting)  
I'm in Track hawk, I'm in Scat Pack, my ho bunches up and sprinters  
(Yeah)

[Outro: Rob49]

Yeah, haha (Keep that)  
Y'all see? I feel like Birdman, 2000  
Feel like Soulja Slim in 1999 (1999)

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