

# Pull Up

## Big K.R.I.T.

When I pull up, it's over (I pull up, it's over)  
When I pull up, it's over (I pull up, it's over)  
When I pull up, it's over (I pull up, it's over)  
Better cuff yo chick, this shit here legit  
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Better cuff yo chick, this shit here legit, bitch5 in the morning, wide and yawning, can't turn my beat up  
On the way to a bopper with a crib that I kick my feet up  
See the candy was shining, freshly priming, first time I seen her  
Now she wanna ride high with her head in the sky look down on all her people  
Ain't it crazy how pavement be cracking when I'm slabbing them 'bows  
Hoes go to jump in and can't find the handles on my doors  
So much twerking and working in here, I should install a pole  
For them strippers that love to suck and fuck and get, get down on the floor  
Transformers can't fuck with this, not the way my doors flip  
Skyscraper tall when I creep and crawl, is that Krit or a solar eclipse  
Rise of the apes in my trunk, while my chariot swang down  
Make a poke head go when my old school come around  
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Say bitch I pulled up on the curb, straight peeled off with yo girl  
Said she wanna ride with a pimp, wanna get that dick that she deserves  
Said my back seat softer than a pillow top, paint so wet that it hit the spot  
And I'ma quench ya thirst, that little nigga should've did it first  
You was holding hands and I was in her purse  
I'm getting throwed up under city lights  
She right side checking lipstick, tryna make sure that her titties right  
We in the parking lot with the trunk open and sipping  
Sitting outside the whip with the wood grain wheel like it's 1996  
Yea trick I'm riding dirty, Big Sant bitch I know you heard me  
Tryna get the 'Lac with the '84s, tag just gon' say "beg for mercy"  
I just swerve and swang and bang it, but ? 'cause a ho might leave you hanging  
Better let 'em know I'm forever ho, they kicking doors open, pay what you owe me  
I told 'em  
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 See pimping is what pimping is and macking do what it feels like  
 Drip the drape with that chuck it stitching and 4s and vogues so I feel right  
 Candy paint on that body mane, chrome the grill and that woman  
 Them belts and bucks and 5th wheel on the trunk, you'll hear beat knock when I'm coming  
 That bass so hard that it's numbing, that chrome so shiny it's blinding  
 Them seats so soft that I'm sinking in and so it's no need to recline 'em  
 I drop the top and you see me, got different shit on each TV  
 Got one with Sopranos, one with The Wire, the one up front is Boardwalk Empire  
 Wood grain wheel so goddamn new, that sap come out when I grip it  
 I represent for that PAT and that H so hard, I'm still tipping  
 I chunk the deuce when I flip it, for my city I put on  
 RIP to the Pimp, this UGK for life for real and I'm gone  
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#### Songwriters

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