

Pull Up On Ya

Gucci Mane

(Verse)

Niggas on the inside wishin for the outside
Peanut butter inside, candle red outside
Hit you with the 9, now you're inside outside
Pull up in that foreign, gotta leave yo bitch mouth wide
Nigga talkin shit, must don't know that I got mob ties
Run up on wall and you gon end up house tied
Catch me in the kitchen whippin chicken like hip-hop
Gotta love yo hoe clit so blame yo ass for some high five
Tell me something slicker man, you slide I'mma slick that
I'm a black guy, give me 5 on the black side
I'm a trap god, leave yo numbers by the black guy
He a live wire, I'mma shutdown his WiFi(Hook x2)
I'mma I'mma I'mma I'mma I'mma pull up on ya
I'mma call my young niggas and have em pull up on ya
You don't wanna, you don't want them niggas to pull up on ya
I'mma call my young niggas and have em pull up on ya(Verse)
Playin with Gucci Mane is just like playin with the lighter
Playin games with Gucci Mane is just like touchin fire
Got tattoos on my face, my legs, my arms but I'm not a biker
Got a 4-58 Ferrari, bitch I got the title
I'm from East Atlanta, Georgia yo man that shit just like The Wire
And you say you folks on 6 but my niggas you know you lyin
I'm a lover and a fighter and a motherfuckin striker
And they like keep comin round me and they know that I don't like em
If I spit that in his nigga face do you think that I'm tryin it?
If I tell this bitch she ain't my girl then why the fuck is she cryin?
You would think I'm at the grocery store to call the girls I'm buyin
You would know that I'm the plug cuz all these fuckin niggas all supplyin(Hook x2)
I'mma I'mma I'mma I'mma I'mma pull up on ya
I'mma call my young niggas and have em pull up on ya
You don't wanna, you don't want them niggas to pull up on ya
I'mma call my young niggas and have em pull up on ya

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