

Pull Up

Shawn Chrystopher

Nigga, welcome to my new shit
My little homie, Levi chirped me
 Asked me how I do this
 Got a check for like 5 large
I just spent that on some new kicks
 Yup, my ex see me on TV
Ho, I swear I thought you knew this.
 Now, I made this for bad hoes
 Who act like they love me
 Wait outside for concerts
 Slip backstage and fuck me
 So fuck you to fake friends
 Yes, magazines snubbed me
But I still get White hoes dancing like I'm Puffy
 Bitch, I'm riddin round in my city
 All of my niggas is with me
 Yep, all of my niggas is real
DJs be bumping my shit independent
 Don't need me no deal
 I made me a beat, wrote me a rap,
 I'm mixing it down, simple as that.
Now the nigga you thought was the man in your city
 Be booking my shows, for couple of racks.
 I come in your town, I'm knocking em down
 The yellow the red the whites and the browns
 Not calling em back, simple as that
They calling my phone, they hearing this tone (You gone call me?)
 I'm a call you, but if you come by,
 I won't call you, ok? Nigga, welcome to my new shit
 My little homie, Levi chirped me asked me how I do this
 If you niggas got a problem I'm on Raymond with the Bros
 Yeah from morning til we close, if you really feeling bold
 Pull up
 Got a problem, line it up my nigga
(x4) Yeah, these niggas steady looking and they mad that they can't see me
 And these bitches on my head, I swear they Culver City PD
 Nigga, I be smokin strong like wheatin's
 Never pass to bros no freebies
 This that real shit no tv

Rocking j's, nigga no yeezeys
This that inglewood shit
Some of my niggas is robbers and killers and crooks
But they still do good shit
And some of my niggas still living at home with they moms
But they pockets hood rich, but nigga fuck hood rich
See we trying to make it, you got it we'll take it
These records we breaking for your situation
My nigga, like uh!

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