

Pull Up (feat. 12Hunna)

Chief Keef

Aye, aye, aye, aye
Bang Bang Bang!
Doh, doh doh doh
Skert, skert, skert
(DP on the beat)

Hundred for the one's and two hundred for my...I paid hundred for the ones

And two hundred for my gun

Paid a hundred for the drum

Just to go up in my gun

Paid fifty for some bullets

That's a box of bullets

Shoot 'em at your stomach

And shoot at your medulla

With my ruger

Smoking Tooka

In my beamer

I'm a fool

Pull up on ya

Pull up to ya

Switch cars

Did I fool ya? Pull up in that 'Rari, hallelujah

Then I hop up in my Beemer just to fool ya

Fool your bitch, I pull up in that fucking Hummer

Hummer H2 bitch, nah this ain't no scooter

It go faster than a Harley

Someone please pass me the damn Marley

Even though I don't smoke with nobody

I don't need no bodyguard I got my body

Got my Tommy

Shoot this shit right up at your tummy

Now you're looking like a zombie

Trying to get help but you couldn't find it

My Beemer colored soo woo ravioli

'Member when I used to eat ravioli?

Now I can buy Kay Kay a little pony

Anything she want, you know I'm on it

That money I be on it

I ain't got no business sitting on it

I just got some business with getting money

You ain't talking money, that shit phony Hundred for the one's and two hundred for my...

I paid hundred for the ones
And two hundred for my gun
Paid a hundred for the drum

Just to go up in my gun
Paid fifty for some bullets

That's a box of bullets
Shoot 'em at your stomach
And shoot at your medulla

With my ruger
Smoking Tooka

In my beamer

I'm a fool

Pull up on ya

Pull up to ya

Switch cars

Did I fool ya?

So we're coolin' in my mansion

Holding your bitch for ransom

How much you got to get her back fam

She ain't worth shit so I hope you got a bounty

Boy I heard your belt Versace

I got 50 times Versace in my pocket

Money be my logic

So you know I'm all about it

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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