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 phonyHundred 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 randsom
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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