

Pull Up

Rich Gang

We 'bout to pull up
Who you pulling up with Rich Homie? (Young Thugger)
I'm talkin' 'bout that's my mo'fuckin' brother
Let's go, let's go! Magic City, follies, bitches wildin', make me pull up
Molly cleaner than a stylist, plus I pulled up
If a nigga come around talkin' 'bout me
Best believe my niggas gon' pull up
Chopper dancin', it gon' make your bitch ass pull up
Pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up
Pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up
Next thing you know a nigga pulled up
Next thing you know a nigga pulled up
Next thing you know a nigga pulled up
Next thing you know a nigga pulled up
Pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up I'mma hit it from the back
I'mma pull up on a nigga with a bitch, pussy wetter than a lake
Young Quan got a nigga's bitch
Clamped to the seat in the back of the new car, no pay
Got more loud than a parade
No copy but her face I paste
Hoes fight us around like a race
Chop a nigga in, body 3, no way
Yeah, young nigga, diamond yellow like I go to maize
Wait, y'all moving all around, I'm paid
Skeet skeet skeet (Nut in your face)
Swear to God I think a blunt came with my shoes
(That's the way they lay laced)
Get the fuck out my face and pull up to Magic City, Follies, Bitches wildin', make me pull up
Molly cleaner than a stylist, plus I pulled up
If a nigga come around talkin' 'bout me
Best believe my niggas gon' pull up
Chopper dancin', it gon' make your bitch ass pull up
Pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up
Pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up
Next thing you know a nigga pulled up
Next thing you know a nigga pulled up
Next thing you know a nigga pulled up
Next thing you know a nigga pulled up
Pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up Pull up on a nigga in a new car

Then I might pull up on 'em in their boo car
Fuck one, I'mma pull up with two Glock's
Still throwin' money in the shoebox
Still got hoes on the south side
Offset, 24's make it low ride
Talk shit, I shoot out both eyes
I've done did a lot of shit they don't know about
Me and Thugga, and we got a hunna bitches on the way
I got brothers who grew up in them trenches without a thang
Without my name, I wouldn't be shit, that's why they're hatin' (Rich Homie)
Thank you Lord, I made it
And when it come to strip club, my favorite Magic City, Follies, Bitches wildin', make me pull up
Molly cleaner than a stylist, plus I pulled up
If a nigga come around talkin' 'bout me
Best believe my niggas gon' pull up
Chopper dancin', it gon' make your bitch ass pull up
Pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up
Pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up
Next thing you know a nigga pulled up
Next thing you know a nigga pulled up
Next thing you know a nigga pulled up
Next thing you know a nigga pulled up
Pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up I don't know none of these niggas
All my niggas, they battle, best believe they'll (pull up, pull up)
And I ain't even stunt a little bit
But if she want dick, best believe I'mma (pull up, pull up)
And I'mma pull up in the latest Bentley
With your lady with me, make her mini skirt (pull up, pull up)
I'mma try to make it hurt (pull up, pull up)
Lebron at the baseline (pull up, pull up)
I don't know none of these people
I don't know none of these people
I don't know, I don't know
I don't know, I don't know
Gotta check my side, how you feel Thug?
And I swear I don't know nothin' 'bout these niggas
Know nothin' 'bout these bitches, nah

Songwriters

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