

Pull Up

Big K.R.I.T.

When I pull up, it's over (I pull up, it's over)
When I pull up, it's over (I pull up, it's over)
When I pull up, it's over (I pull up, it's over)
Better cuff yo chick, this shit here legit
When I pull up, it's over (I pull up, it's over)
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Better cuff yo chick, this shit here legit, bitch

5 in the morning, wide and yawning, can't turn my beat up
On the way to a bopper with a crib that I kick my feet up
See the candy was shining, freshly priming, first time I seen her
Now she wanna ride high with her head in the sky look down on all her people
Ain't it crazy how pavement be cracking when I'm slabbing them 'bows
Hoes go to jump in and can't find the handles on my doors
So much twerking and working in here, I should install a pole
For them strippers that love to suck and fuck and get, get down on the floor
Transformers can't fuck with this, not the way my doors flip
Skyscraper tall when I creep and crawl, is that Krit or a solar eclipse
Rise of the apes in my trunk, while my chariot swang down
Make a poke head go when my old school come around

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Say bitch I pulled up on the curb, straight peeled off with yo girl
Said she wanna ride with a pimp, wanna get that dick that she deserves
Said my back seat softer than a pillow top, paint so wet that it hit the spot
And I'ma quench ya thirst, that little nigga should've did it first
You was holding hands and I was in her purse
I'm getting throwed up under city lights
She right side checking lipstick, tryna make sure that her titties right
We in the parking lot with the trunk open and sipping
Sitting outside the whip with the wood grain wheel like it's 1996
Yea trick I'm riding dirty, Big Sant bitch I know you heard me
Tryna get the 'Lac with the '84s, tag just gon' say "beg for mercy"
I just swerve and swang and bang it, but ? 'cause a ho might leave you hanging
Better let 'em know I'm forever ho, they kicking doors open, pay what you owe me
I told 'em

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See pimping is what pimping is and macking do what it feels like
Drip the drape with that chuck it stitching and 4s and vogues so I feel right
t
Candy paint on that body mane, chrome the grill and that woman
Them belts and bucks and 5th wheel on the trunk, you'll hear beat knock when
I'm coming
That bass so hard that it's numbing, that chrome so shiny it's blinding
Them seats so soft that I'm sinking in and so it's no need to recline 'em
I drop the top and you see me, got different shit on each TV
Got one with Sopranos, one with The Wire, the one up front is Boardwalk Empire
Wood grain wheel so goddamn new, that sap come out when I grip it
I represent for that PAT and that H so hard, I'm still tipping
I chunk the deuce when I flip it, for my city I put on
RIP to the Pimp, this UGK for life for real and I'm gone

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