

# Pull Up

Freddie Gibbs

You know I've been drinkin', smell like marijuana  
People pull me over, I'mma be a goner  
Every time we hook up, smell like california  
She said baby make it happen, I'm 'bout to pull up on ya

I pull up I pull up I pull up I pull up I pull up I pull up  
I said I pull up on you  
I pull up I pull up I pull up I pull up I pull up I pull up  
I said I pull up on you

You then talk my talk, you know cali code  
Two top three, you're still alone  
That 40 cal in that desert isle  
(I pull up I pull up I pull up I pull up I pull up I pull up  
I said I pull up on you)  
Sturdy engine, 6 straight  
My weed strong, my money long  
Them bad bitches, my safe up  
I tell 'em what I've been drinkin' on  
Keep fuckin' ride, with me you're on  
(I pull up I pull up I pull up I pull up I pull up I pull up  
I said I pull up on you)

I said I pull up like monkey boss, og and sweet cigars  
Might just bust they brain when I pull that whip thing out my garage  
Bought that shit for the boss, souped up and super charged  
You lame bitch a super freak, man you say that on my good cars  
My bank's stinkin' everywhere I go  
Danc eon it, in your head I know  
Nike boxers, my piggy bank  
I make a bitch faint with all the bread I blow  
Bend it over, girl head to toe  
Pulled it out and she trained to go  
Bitch trippin', get 8 to 60  
She'll stop predictin' my 84  
My eyes red and my mass black  
And that loud pack, the bitch passed that  
If you dumb niggas get jacked at  
Then you ain't got the nuts to come blast that  
Look, I'm 2 thousand they two though  
Need dough low, straight juiced up  
You rap niggas might talk tough but they pulled off and we pulled up

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I got 20 2's in that coop, roof back on that rarri  
Them hoe too when I come through, if they with you then I'm sorry  
We pullin' up, hopin' out  
We pull 'em in just point 'em out  
We goin' hard, they goin' in  
We showin' up and they showin' out  
We throwin' out they loose change  
Got bank flows and roof lane  
I got big thousands and cedar mouse  
I'm still slangin' that cocaine  
On fire like propane  
Kick it hard like pro games  
Where the bitch? who get a bitch?  
Go ask a bitch what's your name  
My nigga jizzin' on them little freaky hoes  
I got the ones who with it but it's a secret though  
In the presidential sweet all broads  
Trade 'em like baseball cards  
Proably all broads we ball hard  
They pullin' up and they throwin' down  
They drinkin' out, they drunk the fuck  
I got blunts to pop, the cush goin around

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