

Pull Up

Chanel West Coast

Pull up, why you talkin' all that shit?
Pull up, I ain't even gonna flinch
Pull up, you must think that I'm a bitch
Pull up, bitch, pull up, bitch

Pull up, pull up, pull up on me, on me
Only gangsta when you on the IG, IG
Talkin' shit but never 'round me, 'round me
Pull up, pull up, pull up, pull up

Uh, I just dropped another hundred thousand (Drop it)
Think I need another walk-in closet (Yup)
Birkin bag, Birkin bag options (Options)
I ain't got the time, I got the watches (Haha)
Steppin' out the whip, I do my two step (Two step)
Drippin' in that water, got my shoes wet (Shoes wet)
I'm gonna slay a slider, that's my new flex (New flex)
Talkin' outta pocket, catch a suplex (Suplex)
Yeah, stay twistin' up the blunts
Got the OG kush and a bag of runts
When the sun come up, I'ma wake up smilin'
While you stay hatin', I'm on a private island

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Chanel hella wild, she like to let go
She be hangin' out on the West Coast
You even see her way out in New York
In a strip club somewhere with Too \$hort
Might be ATL or the 305
Ain't no problems when she outside
It's just a lotta love, that's what she finna get
'Cause all the haters, they be on the internet
Like that shit is real (Like it's real), but it's a fuckin' joke (Fuckin' joke)
You can't go outside, you motherfuckers is broke
You can't get inside to the places she go
You want the truth? You a basic weak hoe
I put you on a line, you couldn't make a free throw
Chanel get money, and that's all she knows
So don't come around here with that mad shit
She gon' beat your fuckin' ass, bitch!

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Ahaha, you know we just playin'
I ain't that crazy... well, maybe sometimes