

Pull Up Music (Part 2)

DaBaby

That ain't DaBaby, that's my baby
Firtz on the track
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Ayy, yeah

They should've told you I'm coming, nigga play with me, I mop it (It's up)
Pull up on me, think I'm bluffing? Bust it on you, have you running (Brr)
Your bitch can get it if she want it (Oh yeah)
I'm killing your bitch from the back, I smack her ass and keep her coming (hey)
All my nigga, they a hundred, police behind me, I'm running (I'm gone)
My ho make your ho look ugly, I don't do dimes, I do twenties (For real)
Twenty thousand on a Monday (Twenty), thirty thousand on a Tuesday
Caught your bitch out on a Wednesday, she like my style, I had her choosing (Uh)
Sleep on me and then you losing, got a beam on the chopper (Boom)
Make you lean when I pop it, got some lean from the doctor
Wherever you see me, I'm ready, my name hold weight, this shit heavy
Got your bitch face in my lap, parked at the 7-Eleven
Yeah, we at pump number nine, this ain't no pump, this a iron
They ain't let me in with the .40, snuck in the back with the .9
These nigga be acting and lying, posting up statuses, crying
There really, really ain't no real niggas
And I'm 'bout to light the bih line, ayy

DaBaby