

# Pull Up

Don Q

Where you from? We gon' pull on niggas  
[?] alone, ain't nobody had to put me on nigga  
I got my foot up on niggas, I hear 'em takin' the lingo (takin' the lingo)  
My trap phone helped me get that designer before I was breakin' a single  
My racks long, remember a nigga was literally breakin' a single (literally b  
reakin' a single)  
You know that yay gettin' mangled nigga, I hold that K at an angle  
I gotta feed the team, you know I give the blueprint to my niggas (give the  
blueprint to my niggas)  
Watch how I flee the scene, I got 2 bitches inside of the Fisker  
Who you think gave the ingredients? I am the one with seasonin' (the one wit  
h seasonin')  
Yeah, my ego I'm feedin' it (feedin' it), I hope you niggas obedient (obedie  
nt)  
Yeah, look a demon in his eyes, you'll never know what you see in it (you'll  
never know what you see)  
Yeah, I pull up speedin' in the ride, no it don't come with a key in it (no  
it don't come with a key)  
Yeah, but I smell like a ki in it, yeah, I look fresh off the border (fresh  
off the border)  
Duckin' the feds and recorders (feds and recorders), you know I rest with th  
e Taurus (you know I rest with the)  
I keep some ice on my neck, I gotta stay with my head above water  
Yeah, I'm mixin' Sprite with the Tech, constantly poppin' the meds that I or  
dered, yeah

(Talk to 'em) Where you from? We gon' pull on niggas (we pullin up whatever  
nigga you already know)  
Where you from? We gon' pull on niggas (walkin' at the mall and shit)  
Where you from? We gon' pull on niggas (fly shit, a true thug nigga, tricked  
out bitch)

I was in the trenches, believe me  
But I was blessed and finessed, so I make it look easy  
Nah but this shit wasn't easy  
I was in a shoot-out, I'm talkin' to Nicki, got flew out  
I was right next to Weezy  
And I gotta clutch when I meet you (when I meet you)  
Might have my .40 to greet you (greet you)  
Kept that lil shake like a seizure  
I'll go to New York, interview at Thisis50, and run up a 50 ball  
Landed at Kennedy, no we couldn't fly with the blicky, ay dog, we need one o  
f y'all  
Ain't got no enemies, fuck it still gotta keep it with me, might run into on  
e of y'all  
Want smoke at this show, we gon' shoot this bitch and you know might as well  
don't even come at all  
I been that nigga, turnt up my flex as a youngin', you know me and somersau  
t  
Come put that shit up, at least a whole when you hit us, we flip it, no some  
rsault  
I fucked that shit up  
Ran through a sack with my niggas, we here for a bunch of raw (yeah)  
Ain't give no fuck I was tryna get fly, charged my cousin 8K for a hundred b  
alls  
When Fazo died and they pulled Zell over, he was like, "Fuck the law"  
Pullin' up with freshman, they like, "Herbo, you a fuckin' dog"

Charmed all my teachers, shootin' dice in P.E, cheerleaders, fucked 'em all  
(you know this shit)  
Still might get a C-D, 'fore I made a CD, I ain't give a fuck at all  
Still in Chiraq with the GDs, yeah with the BDs, yeah I fuck with 'em all  
Honestly I don't give a fuck where you from, what you is, fuck with me then  
you fuck with the wrong  
Honestly I'ma just stop let you think 'bout your next move  
You don't wanna leave your momma 'n 'em lonely  
I'ma just aim at your top, give a fuck what the vest do  
Any day you just come run up on me

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I just went got me a Coupe, fuck that single shit went got me a group  
Glock kick like BlocBoy when it shoot  
Your family won't know til it come on the news  
I pop me one of them blues, all in my locker, my gun up in school (gun up in  
)  
I'm in a good mood, I ain't wanna be rude (naw)  
Just look at these rappers, you wanna see food  
Listen, before the booth I was goin' through it in the kitchen  
Tyson on the roof, I was lookin' for a pigeon  
Givenchy to the shoes, first day up outta prison  
She seen the roof dippin', [?]  
Since nigga did Hpnotiq, foreign shit gettin' it, and I'm lookin' like bin L  
aden  
Just wait to till the price change, you think I ice skate, this ain't no hoc  
key we play slidin'  
Gelato, too I gotta Zip-Lock it, my money grew up you got kid pockets  
The coke is A-1, call it Len Bias, tryna [?], emoji send fire (fire)  
I treat the back of the [?] like a studio, your bitches give me a mic test  
Just come to mansion, you see all these ghosts and these phantoms, she looki  
n' like Fright Fest  
When I used to sip, it was just pineapple Fanta and Sprite left  
Just work on your aim, if you a dependable hitter that's gon' be a nice chec  
k  
Balmain got me rockin' these white sweats  
They match the Off-Whites with the Nik' ckecks  
Assbettin' that's a dice death, I see my future through the Pyrex

(Tell 'em) Where you from? We gon' pull on niggas  
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