

PICK IT UP

Famous Dex

Ayo big bro, you fucking with that? Hah, okay cool
That's my fucking brother right there, ya dig?
Dexter, ooh, wait

Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, groove
Baby girl. watch how you move (What)
I got them Vans on my shoes (I do)
I pop a pill then I lose it, wait
Speed it up (Speed)
Look at the diamonds, they eat it up (Eat)
Got me two bitches, I eat it up (You what?)
They thinking I'm wifing, deleted 'em, ah-wait, ooh
Pints in, call up Rocket, ooh (Uh-what)
My brother plug like a socket (Ooh)
Geeking this dope, yeah I got 'em (Yah)
Open the safe, you can't lock it (What)
Sippin' that Wock, yeah I go to the top
Bust on yo bitch like a Glock, ooh
She like to suck on my clock (Yah)
I get the money, don't stop
Dexter

Hah, know I'm saying?
Like, I know you like this beat too
But you a fucking goofy though (fucking lame ass nigga)
Uh-wait

Word around, word around, word around town (Bitch)
I heard this boy was a clown (Was a clown)
Swim in yo bitch once I drown (I do)
Call up my plug for the pounds (I what)
Odd Future, yeah, it's right on my clothes
Bad bitch, yeah, I watch her do coke (What)
Broke as hell, I used to sleep on the floor
I never do it no more, ooh (What)
Telling you broke, it's no joke, ooh
I used to kick in that door, wait (Kick in that door)
Now I'm selling out these shows
Water my wrist, Fendi right on my clothes, huh
Hold up lil mama, you tweaking (Baby, you tweaking)
A bad bitch, Puerto Rican (Puerto Rican)
Get her off molly, she geeking
Call up your friend, yeah we chill for the weekend
Dexter

You know I'm saying?
Like, no no no, we only can chill for the weekend
Then you gotta go
Call your friend too
(I'm one of the prettiest motherfuckers that's ever been...)
Dexter

Order VLONE, color orange mango label
Rotary phone, in my old school Mercedes
Smoke OG grown, when I'm Californicating
I got 3 phones, business, conversation, and relation
Hold up, wait a sec, wait a min, wait a tick

Jacob my wrist, nothing was fake on my wrist
Four finger ring on my hand
Say what you say to my wrist, talk to the hand
Don't wanna resort to the hands
What the face say to the fist
(I'm Rick James, bitch!)

Hah, funny as shit
A fifth of the tab, suck on her tits
Went back to the pad
Watched Dexter's Lab on the 'Flix

Speed it up, speed it up, speed it, up
Just in the track then I beat it up
Acne my jacket from Sweden (Huh?)
My chick don't exactly know English (What)
They ain't 'bout that action, no beefing, uh
I might as well go back to vegan (Uhhh)
My shit might go platinum first week (Uhhh)
Play that shit back and repeat it, uh
Word around, word of mouth, word around town
You the one doing all the murder 'round town
Pulling up, shoot 'em, leave the burner down town
Shoot 'em like the birdie, 'cause they all fly south
Whippin' the, whippin' the, whippin' the wrist
I'm fucking your bitch and I'm up in your fridge
I only tell stories to tuck in the kids
So how in the fuck can they fuck with the kid?

Hah, funny as shit
Was missing a bit, I'm back in my bag
Went back to the pad
Watched Dexter's Lab on the 'Flix