

Pull It Out

Fat Nick

Benz fie, pull it out
Forgi rollin', whip it out
Pradas down, walk it out
Hot boy, broke boy
Boy, cut it out
Skrtrt, swerve, ballin' out
Perc, xan, wylin' out
VVS, glistenin' now
Hot boy, broke boy
Boy, cut it out

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Rookie got a couple plays and now his ego big as fuck
He bit the hand that fed him yet
Gon' put his ass in time out man
FLA we runnin' shit
Bet all of y'all can eat a dick
For you, and you, and you, and you
This dick bitch catch these hollows too
Bitch, when I walk, these thousand stumpers says it all
Who dem boys? We dem boys
Our profits big, the million noise
I can't talk to crumbs
The codeine made me fall asleep
Got a bitch, every day for every other week
Ran his mouth he ain't safe
Now he dug too deep
Your bestie mad
Cause I got his old bitch in my sheets
Your career will never pop
I might blink into that spot
All these racks up in my pocket
Diamonds drippin, clothes are flossin'
Bitch I keep ballin' so reckless
They payin' you shit for your presence
You're a crumb and pussy and guessin'
Your pockets be skinny
I know that these stressin'
Glo'd up, flexin' now
A hundred racks all over me
Should've sucked my dick
You had the chance to fuck on me

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