

The Pull Off

Lil Peep

Ice cold glass of dope (Ice cold glass of dope)
Fuck around and crash the boat (Fuck around and crash the boat)
I feel like I'm past it ho (I feel like I'm past it ho)
I just want the ass and go (I just want the ass and go)

Gimme that body, I'ma put it on mine
I got a 12 gauge shotty with my name on the side
When I pull up to the party all these bitches gon' run
I been going so retarded that I might lose my mind

Schemaposse in this ho and you can tell by the vibe
You don't want to find out that we got nothing to hide
I'm a mosh pit God, I got black on my eyes
Break a bad bitch spine cause my...
I'ma pull up on you tonight
I'ma let you know how I feel (How I feel)
Maybe we can have one last fight (Last fight)
I ain't trippin' I'm just keepin' it real
I'ma pull off in that Lamborghini Murcielago
I wasn't lying when I said
"They can't go to the place that I go"

She said, "Am I going to hell?"
One look in my eyes she could tell
She said, "Am I going to hell?"
One look in my eyes she could tell

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I got a 12 gauge shotty with my name on the side
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Cut 'em up thin, cut 'em up thick
Pullin' up to the dope that 9TD
Blood on my sink, blood on my feet
Throw my body bag to the bottom of the trash heap
I'm a creep so they don't believe me
Only thing I really wanna be is 6 feet deep
When I wake in the AM
All I can feel is a satire of the desire to breathe

They told me the sign of the sparkle a part of me accepted the sign t
he night
I bought you the biggest bottle of Bacardi
And laced it up with cyanide
Fucking with nothing but Mosh pits and rolling dope
Watch out while everyone dies
Schema the posse, a posse of demons
You'll see when you look in my eyes