

Pick Yo Homie Up

Lil Zay Osama

(Aye Vibez run that back)

Pick yo homie up
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Its a dead nigga...
He a dead nigga!

Glock, Glock, Glock, Glock, Glock
Gang
Gang
Gang
Gang
Gang

Traffick up 111
His main bitch was lackin'
Big folk scoped her, the opp pulled over
We was finna walk in that bitch and slap her
Folks told me "Just follow the car,"
"Park on the side, don't be too far"
She pumped gas, got back in the car
I'm three cars behind when she pulled off
We tracked her all the way to the crib
She walked right in the crib
I was finna hop out and do dat bitch
Big folk say dont do dat shit
Now we on our way to the crib
Grabbin' the Glocks and cigs
Can't sleep 'less we smokin' they dead homies, and that's what we did!
Gang, now his homie head
He only got one L
Couple months before we clapped his homie
Yea I'm talm' bout L's
Uh
Now that he talkin' to feds
Shoulda' been prepared
He was gonna die from cancer anyway
Shoulda' been stopped smoking squares
Bitch we stand on business
Trigger finger itchin'
Dont get close to me cause I'll get nervous
I'll get to blickin'
June wimme itchin'
Toon wimme itchin'
Shordy woulda' been dead if we ain't catch em inside Planet Fitness, glaaa
Fonem on that car
Man that bitch too tinted
Naw he ain't worth nothin'
So we smoke em up out that dollar Swisher
Shordy ain't no factor;
When we catch em, smack em
Put it on Insta

They said they gon' get up wimme
But they never get up wimme

I'm on Roosevelt in Bentley's
Lil James grippin, you know he wimme
Ain't no rapper like me in the city
High speed after the 50 empty
Smokin' za till the bag empty
Bet a nigga won't remember them memories
Face shot him now he out of his misery
Ski mask on, won't know my identity

Hahahaha Uh
Bitch, now laugh at that
Bitch, now laugh at that
Bitch, now laugh at that
Yo homie dead, dead
Now you mad at that
Bitch, now laugh at that
Go pick yo homie up, gone laugh at that
Gang
Knocked em out of his misery
Bitch you wanna know my identity