

Pop Out, Up

LUCKI

Aye, I just need pressure, little more pressure
Doing what I want, bitch I'm built for that
Aye I just need pressure, little more pressure
Stay chasing sacks, I don't give a shit
Aye I just need pressure, little more pressure
Doing what I want, bitch I'm built for that
Aye I just need pressure, little more pressure
Still chasing sacks, I on even follow that

Parking lot pimping, I was too young to get in
They don't want the old me, they don't want the old me
It ain't nothing different, I just hide my sinning
I'm not praying on no knees
Act like he don't know me
18 with a Rollie until my chest stop
Ain't had enough I OT, I need 5 more please
Kick her out, he say that bitch she Warren Chestnut
Save that role for BET, won't nobody sensor me
It's getting darker, still plottin'
I seen em' across the street, I'm Ms. Parker
I got my Glock tucked, right where my knot tucked
A nigga feeling froggy, left him in the swamp bruh
Thought I'm one of these fashion niggas, designer ass whoopin
I don't think they get it, I don't think they get it
I miss gettin' suspended, I miss gettin' skip detention
Loved her all night, and I don't got limits

Pop out, pop up
Pop out, pop up
As long as facetime
I'm still here for you
LA, Florida, New York, then Georgia
We can't race time
Gotta kill you boo
Let her kill you boo, let her kill you boo
You call yourself the one, but you know there's still a few
And that'll kill ya boo, that'll kill you boo
You call yourself the one, but you know there's still a few

I'm on, I'm on fucking ooh
I'm on two more, I'm trying to get to you
Tryna go by through Miami so they can
But she can't touch it in Miami
Freewave, you know how I'm boming
Yeah pop out, pop up
LA, Florida, Georgia, Georgia