

# Pull Up

Migos

Pull up, hop out, shut up  
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Talkin' cheap, boy get yo bread up  
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Park the whip, park it  
Start the whip, start it  
Pop the shit, pop it  
Fuck on your bitch  
She lovin' the clique, I play with the clit (play with it)  
She pick up the bag, I make her go to work, and pay her in dick  
My cars are tint (tinted)  
Put the stars in vics  
No flaws, cars fit in my garage, about to ménage a bitch  
I got her number, got head from her, never gon call the bitch  
Double R ghost with the stars in the ceiling, foot out the window with the w  
rist, fuck em up  
No need to talk, they know what the deal is  
Don't fuck with the kid  
I pull up and shoot at your wig and your kids  
You fuck with the pigs  
Niggas know who, niggas know you  
You told them who, bringing the crew  
Boom Boom  
Kick down your door bo-boom

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Park the Bentley on the curb  
Diamonds came out the earth

Her pussy water when I'm kickin'  
Her pussy water wanna surf  
Auntie got a pack of percs  
Put a nigga on a shirt  
He pulled up, and he hopped out  
But I had to shoot the nigga first  
Took a bitch from the bottom  
Name a pack, I done bought em  
I met the plug at Ramada  
Put the packs in the columns  
Mac and cheese no collards  
Big mac, no whopper  
Macintosh no Apple  
Mac 11 for the hackers

Hop out the robotic, this how I go bout it  
Migos pulled up with Dracos I don't low ride em  
Yeah he a man but the stick bout to hole wide em  
Stick to the code, who got shot, I don't know bout it  
Who, huh we sellin' bombs, Saddam  
I smell more millions to come  
We spend a hundred for fun

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