Pull Up

Ms Banks

Pull up I came with the army, all of your niggasas they on me
He wanna feel on my body, he wanna eat up the 'nani
I do not fear anybody, one for the dearly departed
I don't do half-hearted, I'ma finish what I started
Tell-tell me what really made you think that you could fuck with me?
Pretty but I can get ugly, trust me I be on some fuckery
Ya man thinks I'm a spice, I'm cool and I'm nice is that why you ain't think
ing twice?
Bitch I'm on my job, need to check out my CV, I ain't inna da hype
Man I used to live a different life, big trips plugin' bits of white
Niggas think it's sweet now I'm on the mic, I just like money, I ain't got a
type
No bark but I got bite
Tell me how you niggas sleep at night? (How you niggas do?)
Hating on a bitch who ain't never had shit but she got her money right
And tell me why these bitches on my dick?
Talking 'bout "big sis", "lil' sis", all you fake bitches make me sick
Cah I heard you been talking shit and I know you ain't on piss
Like Fivi' I got me some Big Drip
I'm in that, you can't afford this, I'm gonna be on the Forbes list

Pull up and let shit go, pull up and let shit go
Give me my dough
No, we ain't cool, we ain't bro
Don't know why you moving slow, you already know
Pull up and let shit go, pull up and let shit go (Okay, okay)
Pull up and let shit go, pull up and let shit go (Woo-woo, woo-woo)
Pull up and let shit go, pull up and let shit go (Go, go)
Pull up and let shit go, pull up and let shit go (Go, go)
Pull up and let shit go, pull up and let shit go (Woo-woo, woo-woo)
Pull up and let shit go, uh

Pull up let, shit go off (Baow)
Give me something black to throw on (Throw on)
Two hands on the ting I'll hold on
Come, I'll spray it, mind who you roll on (Mind, oh)
Told lil' bro don't step with randoms, mind you get told on (Orh)
Dior let me try that coat on
Name me a strip that I ain't put snow on
Need me a Rollie wetter (Wetter)
LV no stoney sweater (Sweater)
Get the drop, load Beretta (Beretta)
Young boy missed, told him hold his head up
Bankroll big, that's loads of cheddar
By that rock but the yola's better (Yola)
See me in the dance don't ask if I got it
You should know me better (Huh)
I ain't gotta brag or boast
And if they pay me the bag, I'll go (Comin')
She just wanna gag and choke
Might, might get her the bag at most (Huh)
Feds probably tapped my phone
Cah their not sure if it's rap or road (Road)
Know that it's real, no cap involved
You ain't done none, just rappin' loads (Chatty)
Let shawty lock this .50, now on the 'Gram she a different person (Person)
Gave-gave her a check now she in Louis different purses (Huh)

I just get packs and serve them
Snow from here but this Buj' is Turkish
I'm in the booth or flying them birds
Trapper, rapper, I'm working

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