

Pull Up On It

Rob Stone

I hit ya bitch then pull up on it
I woke that bitch up in the morning, yeah
I start my whip up in the morning, God damn
So many [?] I look gorgeous, yeah
A different bitch when shit get boring, God damn
A pretty bitch up in my other pad
I get a grip and then I blow it
I think she miss me, well too fucking bad

So many [?] I look gorgeous, yeah
So many bricks, some being imported, then they going out
Ooh God damn, so many whips and each are foreign
Whip whip my wrist up like these motherfuckers orders
Ooh God damn, Ooh God damn, bitch I'm a quarterback
If any list come by my shit, they put me on it
I seen a bitch and think, "I want it"
Speak proper grammar for my bitch in California

Ooh watch out, ooh God damn, my money longer
If I ain't need it, then bitch why the fuck you calling back
Get with this shit or just get going
That ain't ya bitch, you can't control it, where she going
She right back, on my lap, look how she throw it back
I get that, I understand that she ain't going back
My conversations so explosive, she ignore ya tags
No complications when I want it, 'cause I own it now

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