

# Pull Out

Tech N9ne

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

This knife's so big off in my pocket, make it hard to pull out  
Different foreigners in my garages, which one I'ma pull out?  
Baby tryna hit the lottery, tellin' me, "Don't pull out"  
I know they plottin', but they dyin' if I ever pull out  
They hatin' and you got 'em pissy, I say, "Fuck it, pull out"  
They gon' try you, don't be slippin', yeah, you gotta pull out  
Don't let that little thotty get you, you gon' have to pull out  
Stack your papers till it's too silly for you to pull out

La, la  
Blunt in my hand is dwamn  
Ain't got no plans, illicit brand got me slammed in the land of  
La, la  
Hate and you scam, I can't understand whatchu sayin'  
La, la, la, la  
They said, "Tech N9na washed up," I gotta tell 'em, "Pull out the facts"  
Lot of 'em stuck on planet rock like I can't pull out some plaques  
What I scripted make me tickets, now I pull out the stacks  
'Cause I brought Independence, Overland Park and every hood out for rap  
Ain't no enemies touch us, so it ain't finna be ruckus  
They just scaldin' 'cause we ballin' like the Flenory brothers  
Listening  
To the classic tunes of  
This Ring  
In my brand new Benz, I pulled out and believe it's still  
Pristine  
But I ain't bootsy or lame, try and juke me, I aim  
Flyin' screw is fryin' food like I am Lutfi, I flame  
If you fakin', this surely gonna get you hatin'  
Wish you Nathan, but goodness when I pull out of your situation right?

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If you ain't bangin' this  
You deaf  
You pullin' out on Tech, in other words  
You left  
I ain't lose no sleep 'cause they still on me like I'm  
Hugh Hef  
'Cause Goodro pulled this one out, and it's slow enough to  
Two step  
Devil accusations, constant hatin' 'cause I stood out  
My darkness taken round the nation made the hood doubt  
With the conversation, they not basing, or chasin' music that I'm making  
Negatin', I'm ahead of the race, I still ain't pulled out  
But niggas pull out the grief when a hood got released  
Talkin' all that crazy mess when you just could mouth ya peace  
If indeed we did some dirt our way, they would route the beef

All of that fake news you put in the city, all we gotta do is pull out receipts  
So just let bygones be bygones, got them lies gone  
So why moan? Like a pie slide on my bone  
Pulled out the truth you can rely on  
No fly zone, you suckas can pull out, but KC is my home

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