

Pull Up

Wiz Khalifa

When I'm in L.A., pedal to the floor, mane
Your bitch in my face, she must be a hoe, mane
Money in the way, I can't see my floor, mane
Pull up, 'Ventador, ayy, watch my doors, mane
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Your bitch on my line, she hit me every day
'Bout them dollar signs, always gettin' paid
Bad bitch in New York, bad bitch in L.A
Said I gotta go, she want me to stay
By the pound, bitch I blow it by the pound
'Specially when I'm outta town
Ain't my gang? You not allowed
Get the chicken, flock her down
Ain't hot, think we got it now
Your bitch in the lost and found
Started small, we bossin' now
Not a sound

She wan' smoke my dope, ayy
Let her smoke my dope, ayy
Fuck her in her ghost, ayy
Pull off in a Ghost, yeah
I don't know 'bout you, yeah
One thing that I know, ayy
That I got the dough, yeah
That I got the dough, ayy

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Money in the bank, money in the safe
Got my business straight, now I'm switchin' states
(Now I'm switchin' states)
Now I'm shinin' on 'em, now I win the race
Now these bitches chase, now these niggas hate
But these chips I chase
Gas in my joint, gas in my tank
Hit it once, hyperventilate
I do what I want, fuck what they say
What you think? Bitch it's Taylor Gang

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