

# 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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