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## Bill Cosby "Pull Up"

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You know I've been drinkin', smell like marijuana People pull me over, I'mma be a goner Every time we hook up, smell like california She said baby make it happen, I'm 'bout to pull up on ya

I pull up I said I pull up on you I pull up I said I pull up on you

You then talk my talk, you know cali code Two top three, you're still alone That 40 cal in that desert isle (I pull up I said I pull up on you) Sturdy engine, 6 straight My weed strong, my money long Them bad bitches, my safe up I tell 'em what I've been drinkin' on Keep fuckin' ride, with me you're on (I pull up I said I pull up on you)

I said I pull up like monkey boss, og and sweet cigars Might just bust they brain when I pull that whip thing out my garage Bought that shit for the boss, souped up and super charged You lame bitch a super freak, man you say that on my good cars My bank's stinkin' everywhere I go Danc eon it, in your head I know Nike boxers, my piggy bank I make a bitch faint with all the bread I blow Bend it over, girl head to toe Pulled it out and she trained to go Bitch trippin', get 8 to 60 She'll stop predictin' my 84 My eyes red and my mass black And that loud pack, the bitch passed that If you dumb niggas get jacked at

Then you ain't got the nuts to come blast that Look, I'm 2 thousand they two though Need dough low, straight juiced up You rap niggas might talk tough but they pulled off and we pulled up

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I got 20 2's in that coop, roof back on that rarri Them hoe too when I come through, if they with you then I'm sorry We pullin' up, hopin' out We pull 'em in just point 'em out We goin' hard, they goin' in We showin' up and they showin' out We throwin' out they loose change Got bank flows and roof lane I got big thousands and cedar mouse I'm still slangin' that cocaine On fire like propane Kick it hard like pro games Where the bitch? who get a bitch? Go ask a bitch what's your name My nigga jizzin' on them little freaky hoes I got the ones who with it but it's a secret though In the presidential sweet all broads Trade 'em like baseball cards Probly all broads we ball hard They pullin' up and they throwin' down They drinkin' out, they drunk the fuck I got blunts to pop, the cush goin around

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