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Big Sant "Pull Up"

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[Featuring: Big Sant & Bun B]

When I pull up, it's over I pull up, it's over When I pull up, it's over I pull up, it's over When I pull up, it's over I pull up, it's over I pull up, it's over

Then uncuff your chick (cuff your chick)
She here legit, bitch (it's legit)

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5 in the morning, ridin', yawn and take her my beat up On the way to Obaco with a crib that I can kick my feet up

See the panties was shinin', freshly primin' first time I seen 'er

Now she wanna ride high with her head in the sky, look down on all her people

Ain't it crazy panty be crackin' when I'm slappin' them bones

I was told to jump in and camp fire the Amazon my dogs

So what's twerkin' and broken in here? I shouldn't thought of Po

From them strippers that love the suckin' fuckin', get get down on the flo'

Transformers can't fuck with this, that the way my dough flip

Skyscraper tall when I creepy crawl, they crip on solar clipse

Rise to the apes in my trunk and my terriers swang dine Make the pope cast votes when the rapture approach, my old school come around

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Said bitch I pulled up on your turk
Straight pilled off with yo girl
Said she wanna ride with it
Just wanna get that dick cause she deserve it
And my backseat softer than a pillow top
Pants so wet that it hit the spot
And I'm a quench your thirst
Man that nigga should've did it first
You was holdin' hands and I was in a perse

I'm gettin' dough dup on the city lights
She right side, she can lift steel
Tryna make show that her titties right
We in the parkin' lot with the trunk open and sippin'
Sittin' outside the whip with the world grand wheel like it's 19-96

Yea chick, I'm ridin' dirty

Kicks up bitch, I know you heard me tryna get the leg with the 84's

Tank just don't say beg for mecy I just want the swangin' bangin'

The work of the whole wide, leave you hangin'

Gotta let 'em know I'm forever whole and kickin' doors open

Pay what you owe me I told 'em

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See pimpin' is what pimpin' is and Mac can do what he feel like

Trip the tray where that duck is stichin' and fold the boll so I peel right

Candy paintin' on that Friday man, turn the grill on that woman

Them fancy bucks that flipped wheel of the truck, you hear me not when I'm comin'

That face so hard that it's numbin', that chrome so shinny it's blindin'

Them seats so soft that I'm sinkin' in and so it's no need to recline 'em

I drop the top and you see me, got different shit on this TV

That one with Sopranos, the one with the wire The one that finally score up that aisle Woodrow Wilson goddamn knew that step come out when I grip it

I represent for that D A T and ace the whole, I feel tippin'

I chunk the dudes when I'm flippin', for my city I pull on R I P to the pimp, it's U G K for life and I'm gone

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