

T-rock

"Pull Up to Da Light"

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[Chorus]

(3x) I'm a pull up to the light and let the top drop back
In my drop top lac with the glock in my lap
(4x) Now I'm pimpin on dem 4's boy Grillin on dem
hoes

[1st Verse]

Now you can catch me ridin 24's or better
sittin high as the sky makin cheddar
sittin on leather I'm a ride til I die
I'm too clever to be setup 45 on my side
do whatever never let up peep the size of my tires
Now you can tell that I'm gutter and high as a
motherfucker
fly as a motherfucker peelin out I burn rubber
got you lookin at a hustler with the caddy
flippin colors I'm crushin you suckers
boxed in on reefa bout to smother
See me cruising through the city lookin laid in the
shade
turnin corners on corona bout to blaze up the hay
every move I make I promise I get paid from the play
I supply the niggas sellin purple haze everyday
I go for broke chasing paper trying to pull a greater
caper
shippin keys from Marietta all the way to Decatur
with with the brain of a playa, got the game in my favor
pullin bitches from Asia back to the border of Jamaica

[2nd Verse]

Tuesday I'm ridin Monte Carlo Cutlass with the bang in
the back
Television in it symbolize the fame of a mack
I'm so high and trippin checkin out the dames on the
track
if you lames come attackin with the thang I react
I keep a glock with 17 in the chamber for you suckers
nothing but flammable lead and anger for you suckers
you in danger mothafucker when I aim I bust a busta
with everything in the clip and give him pain above no
other

Enough of that I'm bout to get off at the avenue
I creep hit 120 with a redbone passenger
with me I can't deny she hella freaky
I'm attracted to the freak I got her suckin me and
serving
all the passion I release
She said she was a virgin but she slurpin while I'm
purvin
lil mama a head surgeon takin all that I'm dispersin
when she do it I release all of the tension I'm
conserving
it's closed curtains I drop the hoe off and continue
swervin

[3rd Verse]

Right before I hit the exit I'm a ball at the light
peep the plot I'm goin shopping at the mall before the
night
check the way the rims turning fo dey crawl outta sight
your hoe amazed bet I'm strokin in her jaws fo tonight
A playa plugged for whatever I'm in love with my
cheddar
they fuckin my candy paint and makin love to my
leather
I'm a thug so whatever is above know I never leave
home
without chiefin on about a dub what a pleasure
15's in the trunk and after every drop it quake
you can hear a nigga beatin at the bottom of the state
since I'm beatin ridin big boy I'm watchin for the fake
I'm even peepin out the bad bitches plottin in my face
Cause even hoes wanna leech and I'm exposin the
secret
bitches can get it too a bullet hole in the cleavage
24's on the feet outta control it's the season
for hard workers to finally see the goal they achievin

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