

Eleven Thirty "Pull Ya Card"

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* 2003 Fat Beats Records version

[VERSE 1: Lord Finesse]

I wonder how brothers' heads are screwed on
When they frontin around town with the next man
jewels on
Talkin 'bout they could've been a star
Sportin turned off beepers, drivin around in rented
cars
That only happens in America
When you catch a brother frontin with a turned off
cellular
Out there tryin to jingle
Like he's the muthafuckin man and got a knot full of
singles
And always half-steppin
Cause even at a dice game niggas gotta start ass-
bettin
They have the whole plan plotted
Till you say, "Celo, everybody pay up," they yell: ("My
man gotta")
Kickin game at random
His favorite line is: ("Don't worry, I'ma hit you off when
my man come")
And how claim he got power
When he doesn't have a pot to piss in or a window to
throw it out of
And always frontin like the other kids
Not a dime to his name and still livin in his mother's
crib
So why you're frontin like you're large?
Don't front on me, nigga, I pull your muthafuckin card

[CHORUS (4X)]

Pull they cards, yo, tell em how you feel
I gotta it lay it on down (on the real to real) --> Large
Professor

[VERSE 2: Lord Finesse]

Nowadays hoes is ahead of ya
(Why you say that?) Cause bitches be frontin on the

regular
For instance, take the neighborhood freak
Let her get a outfit and her hair done and the bitch
won't speak
Frontin and actin all fly
But pull up in a 535 and homegirl'll be like: ("Hi...")
Girls kick the same old song
(As long as he got money everything is alright) Wrong
Yo, she's all out of order
When she barely keeps a quarter lookin for a brother to
support her
Hangin out and she stay frontin
Wear the tightest shit and get mad when a muthafucka
say somethin
Catch homegirl walkin through
And be like: ("What's up shorty?") She be like: ("Who
you think you talkin to?")
Me, I'm quick to say, "Walk, hoe"
And save that conversation for a talk show
You wanna know what Finesse think?
I don't give sluts enough to make they muthafuckin
breath stink
Especially when they frontin like stars
I shout ya out, bitch, and pull your muthafuckin card

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Lord Finesse]
Nowadays you got jerks frontin
The softest niggas talkin 'bout they wanna hurt
somethin
Matter of fact, I know plenty of frauds
The way brothers act, they deserve muthafuckin Emmy
Awards
Nowadays brothers ruin rap
With all this murder and the killin when them niggas
don't be doin that
You startin to bore me, fellas
Y'all ain't murderers, but yo, y'all great fuckin
storytellers
I speak what I feel
And if niggas ain't real, then keep they fuckin lip
sealed
Because they front like vandals
Runnin all them scandals when they softer than Tevin
Campbell
("I kill a nigga") That's what most say
When they wouldn't shoot a fly off the wall if they had a
can of roach spray
So why you're frontin like you're hard?
Don't front on me, nigga, I pull your muthafuckin card

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