

Pull Up on a Kid

Young Thug

I know all my whips are foreign, I know all your bitches boring
I know I gained me some weight when I was tourin'
Fresh and clean like a new born, I wet that bitch and then wet yours
I ride that bitch with no insurance, what you tell 'em Thugger?

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You need to pull up a on kid, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

(YSL, Thugger, Thugger, baby)
Ooh she bad, damn she bad, yeah she bad, yeah
Michael Jackson, Freddy Jackson check my jacket, yeah
Balmain jeans, extended tee, that my swag, yeah
Bad bitch, know I'm loaded, so they taxing, yeah
Write it off, hold it, make her come back like she owe me
She know it, I tapped on that ass and she turn around and show it
Oh lord, moved out of Miami now she think she's Zoeing
They know it, they tall and they short
Fresh as a peppermint, threesome like sandwiches
Almost couldn't handle it, I don't establish it
Popping these Xannies and Percs, I'm drankin' that lean and I'm smoking that
good
Told that little bitch I want to see her topless just like a hood

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I'm back, where I motherfucking left that
Minor setback for a major fucking comeback
Wrap the fucking show, rock and roll this a death trap
Playing with my slimes, you won't make it out the exit
Mr. Brazy ho, Mr. Brazy ho
Anybody get it, enie-meenie-mo'
I'm the same nigga used to pull up on the mail truck
If you ask me, it feel good

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