

Pullin' (feat. Lil Wayne)

Fat Joe & Dre

Pullin out garages, broads, and credit cards
Dodgin' all charges, clout chasers, and frauds
We are not the same, I am a Martian, Marvin Bitches like, "Ayy, let's get it on"
Let's get it on, ow baby

Coca

Let's get it Joe Crack been slippin' the feds since the 80's
Movin' that white boy, yeah, that's Slim Shady
Pushin' that D like Terry Flannery
Uncle Drew with the rock, they couldn't handle me
You niggas buyin' Dapper Dan out the Gucci store
I was in Harlem drippin' dap, servin' Pookie raw
Cold case unit want smoke, they tryna find leakers
Only cold case I know holdin' time pieces
Now that's a milli on a wrist

The only chains that matter is the rock piece and this
TS logo diamonds drippin' on the Fashion Nova
They like, "Fuck, these niggas ain't going never be over"
Pullin' out garages, broads, and credit cards
Dodgin' all charges, clout chasers, and frauds
We are not the same, I am a Martian, Marvin
Bitches like "Ayy, let's get it on" Let's get it on, ow baby

Woo

This is, yeah

Let's get it Look, I'm still bumpin' Mike Jack Thriller (Still)
I put that on the gang and the man in my mirror (Talk to 'em)
I would never land of the side of foul niggas
Where I'm from if they think that you rattin', they might kill ya
Rappers do time, come home, then sound different
When them feds be them niggas ghostwritin' they life sentence
It's D-R-E, I fuck models and roll with mobsters
And I cook up beats like a Doc, straight outta Compton, nig
Pullin' out garages, broads, and credit cards
Crushin' bottle bitches, divas, and ghetto stars
We are not the same, I am a Martian, Marvin
Bitches like, "Ayy, let's get it on"

Let's get it on, ow baby

Let's get it on

Let's love, baby

Let's get it I'm with several incredible bitches that's ready to do what I tell them to do and that
includes even beheading you

I never knew how much you never knew of what you never knew
I'm from the jungle not the pettin' zoo and you look edible

Silence on the Glock, 'cause I'm just tryna to hold the noise
You can hear a pin drop without hearin' the bowling balls
And the truth is hard to swallow, but not for my hoe at all
Oh my gosh, she bought me flowers, I'm about to smoke 'em all (Woo)
Never had a white girl fetish, like my bitch kinda reddish
With that white girl credit
White sand by a kilo like a white pearl desert
Y-M T-S's all white pearl letters, motherfucker Pullin' out garages, broads, and credit cards
Dodgin' all charges, clout chasers, and frauds
We are not the same, I am a Martian, Marvin
Bitches like, "Ayy, let's get it on"

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