

Pull Dat Cash Out / December (feat. Lil 1)

Trouble & Mike WiLL Made-It

30, you a fool for this one
Young nigga ballin' like Curry, bitch keep stalkin' my jewelry
Sixes all on the curb and know a young nigga swervin'
All my young niggas lurkin', bitch get messy on purpose
With my bitch she still flirtin', what's a dick? That's a thirty
I ain't fuckin' wit no crab bitch, baby pull that cash out huh
Pull that cash out, baby this your last shot
I ain't fuckin' wit no pussy nigga, who gon' be tearin' out?
You gon' be tearin' out, you ain't gon' bust nann shot
I can't believe these pussy nigga tryna beef about this hoe
This a freak, this ain't ya hoe, you ain't street boy, you's a hoe
I was tryna find out how fuck that he came through the hole
How the fuck da spot got hot, found a leak went through ya hole
You been pillow talkin' woe, real killa talkin' cold
Real nigga talkin' codes, I say jigga, that's a low
Got a jugga in DC, got fight that jigga off in court
So many jugg, I need a bankroll just like Hov
Send a bankroll, not these hoes (bankroll)
Rest easy Bankroll, still my bro (rest easy Bankroll)
Gotta stay on tippy toe (tip), goin this way way up on you hoes
Damn right off in this bitch, I'll put this K up on her bro
I was just tryna get money, you tryna fade the draco
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You gon' be tearin' out, you ain't gon' bust nann shot
Pussy nigga thought that he was mob, he
just a mascot
Young Vito way, rookie of the year like Prescott
I got young killas, just like Curry, they don't miss a shot
They don't miss a shot, I send 'em straight up through ya spot
Nigga had da nerve to ask Lil' 1 'bout a pussy ass bitch
That hoe don't belong to me or you, that hoe belong straight to dick
These hoes belong straight to dick,
I'ma young nigga from the bricks (from the bricks)
Ain't got feelings for a bitch (no,
no) unless she tryna get me rich (for real)
Money, power, respect though, pullin' up by the bankroll
Want some problems? Ain't think so, want some smoke? Ain't think so
Hangin' out with them dracos, walkin' up with them dracos

Mob for life that's the way it goes, cross ya out that's the way it go Young nigga ballin' like

Curry, bitch keep stalkin' my jewelry

Sixes all on the curb and know a young nigga swervin'

All my young niggas lurkin', bitch get messy on purpose

With my bitch she still flirtin', what's a dick? That's a thirty

I ain't fuckin' wit no crab bitch, baby pull that cash out huh

Pull that cash out, baby this your last shot

I ain't fuckin' wit no pussy nigga, who gon' be tearin' out?

You gon' be tearin' out, you ain't gon' bust nann shot, pussy "December"

Ayo Troub, get at me bruh, it's Mike WiLL, I'm at the yo.

It was me callin' from that 404 number man like.

This my new number bruh, get at me, I'm at the yo

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>