

# 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 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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