

# PICK IT UP (feat. A\$AP Rocky)

## Famous Dex

[Intro: Famous Dex]

Hey yo big bro you fucking with that?

Haaa okay cool

That's my fucking brother right there

It is

Dexter

Oh

Wait[Verse 1: Famous Dex]

Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up Groove

Baby girl watch how you move (What)

I got the reds on my shoes (I do)

I pop a pill and I lose (Wait)

Speed it up (Speed)

Look at them diamonds they eat it up (Eat)

Got me 2 bitches, I beat it up (You what?)

I'm thinking of wifing and deleting them (Yeah a wait oh)

Pints in call up Rocket (A what)

My brother plug like a socket (Oh)

Kick in this door, yeah I got it (Yeah)

Open the safe, you can't lock it (Oh what)

Sipping that Wok, yeah I go to the top

Buss on yo bitch like a Glock (Oh)

She like to suck on my clock (Yeah)

I get the money, don't stop

Ah Dexter!

[Interlude 1: Famous Dex]

Nah I'm saying

Like no no no

I know you like this beat 2

But you a fucking goofy tho (Fucking lame ass nigga)

Oh wait[Verse 2: Famous Dex]

Word around, word around, word around town (Bitch)

I heard this boy was a clown (Was a clown)

Swim in yo bitch once I drown (I do)

Calling my plug for the pound (Wait)

Odd Future, yeah it's right on my clothes

Bad bitch, yeah I watch her do coke (What)

Broke as hell I used to sleep on the floor

I never do it no more! (Ooh wait)

Tellin' you broke it's no joke (Ooh)

I used to kick in that door (Kick in that door)

Wait

Now I'm selling out them shows  
One on my wrist  
50 right on my clothes (Ooh what)  
Hold O  
Lil' mami you tweakin (You tweakin)  
A bad bitch, Puerto Rican (Puerto Rican)  
Get her off molly she geeking  
Call up your friends we'll be set for the weekend  
Dexter!  
[Interlude 2: Famous Dex]  
Y'know waht I'm sayin?  
Like, no no no  
We can only chill for a weekend  
Then you gotta go  
Tell your friend too  
(I'm one of the prettiest motherfuckers you've ever seen ...)  
Dexter[Verse 3: A\$AP Rocky]  
Order VLONE, color orange mango label  
Rotary phone (whew) in my old school Mercedes  
Smoke OG Grown (whew) when I'm Californicating  
I got 3 phones, business, conversation, and relation  
Hol' up, wait a sec', wait a min', wait a tic  
Jacob my wrist, othing was fake on my wrist  
Four finger ring on my hand  
Say what you say to my wrist  
Talk to the hand, don't wanna resort to the hands  
What the face say to the fist  
(I'm Rick James, bitch!)[Interlude 3: A\$AP Rocky]  
Ha, funny as shit  
A fifth of the tab  
Suck on her tits  
Go back to the pad  
Watched Dexter's Lab on the 'Flix[Verse 4: A\$AP Rocky]  
Speed it up, speed it up, speed it (Up)  
Just did this track and I beat it (Up)  
Acne my jacket from Sweden (Huh)  
My chicks don't exactly know English (Uhhh)  
They ain't about that action of no beefing (uh)  
I might as well go back to vegan (uh)  
My shit might go Platinum first week (uh)  
Play this shit back and repeat it (uh)  
Word around, word of mouth, word around town  
You the one doin' all the murder 'round town  
Pullin up, shootin, leave the burna Downtown  
Shoot it like the birdy cause they all fly South  
Whippin', whippin', whippin' the wrists  
I'm fucking your bitch and I'm up in your fridge  
I only tell stories of tuckin' in kids  
So how in the fuck can they fuck with the kid[Outro: A\$AP Rocky]

Ha, funny as shit  
I went missing a bit  
I'm back in my bag  
Back to the pad  
Watched Dexter's Lab on the 'Flix

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>