

Meek Mill, Believe It (feat. Rick Ross)

All I talk about is money
Cause that's all I know

[Rick Ross:]

I got a a bad bitch in my Chevy
Selling Miley Cyrus in my brand new Monte Carlo
I got that Justin Bieber please believe it
A quarter million hangin' on my collar
A half a million in my duffle bag (duffle bag)
Now I'm riding in my Cadillac (Cadillac)
Hammers and the fucking vogues
I'm ridin' clean and I'm fuckin hoes (hah)

[Meek Mill:]

Okay I woke up this morning, tryna get this money
Ya'll niggas was yawning and I'd made about 20
I got young boys on that corner, I call what you got for me
He say I done moved the whole thing, couple rocks all I got on me
I say yeah nigga it's go, he say yeah nigga we on
I said I be on my way, break a brick down in our zones
And I got work, I got work
And I got pills, and I got purp
And I got goons that's on my team
And they gon' kill like I got murked
If I say so, and I say go
And they go ham, and I lay low
I drop that work off in that toaster
I let go of my eggo
And this for sale nigga
28 grams on my scale nigga
Come and get it all

[Rick Ross:]

I got a a bad bitch in my Chevy
Selling Miley Cyrus in my brand new Monte Carlo
I got that Justin Bieber please believe it
A quarter million hangin' on my collar
A half a million in my duffle bag (duffle bag)
Now I'm riding in my Cadillac (Cadillac)
Hammers and the fucking vogues
I'm ridin' clean and I'm fuckin hoes (hah)

[Rick Ross:]

Hold on wait a minute
You got the realest and the richest niggas in the building
Feel me?
Whole nigga won't knock you off
Hate the way a nigga love to ball
Art of war, common law
Straight killer thats mama fault
Dope boy in my DNA
Straight chips, Frito Lay
8 clips, ay Jose
Hector my amigo straight
Don't want no beef, I may crack your taco
I'm screaming rest in peace, Griselda Blanco
I got that Justin Bieber please believe it
I ate that pussy can you keep a secret
Benzo on 4's nigga, countin' all my hoes nigga
That's all I knows nigga, that's all y'all hosed nigga

[Rick Ross:]

I got a a bad bitch in my Chevy
Selling Miley Cyrus in my brand new Monte Carlo

I got that Justin Bieber please believe it
A quarter million hangin' on my collar
A half a million in my duffle bag (duffle bag)
Now I'm riding in my Cadillac (Cadillac)
Hammers and the fucking vogues
I'm ridin' clean and I'm fuckin hoes (hah)

[Meek Mill:]

I'm ridin' clean, I'm fucking hoes
I'm fuckin' hoes, I'm ridin' clean
Niggas sellin' that China white
Fuck around with that Yao Ming
Bad bitch and she talk dirty
Talk dirty, her mouth clean
I was sellin' that white shit
Ya'll niggas have boy scout dreams
Spend Iguodala on my Rolly
Young nigga ball like Kobe
Riding round me and Chino
And my young nigga Goldie
Hot whips you ain't seen no
Limo thats my Rolly
Two-eleven on yo bitch
Turn yo ass she stole it
My neck look like a light show
My pocket, they need lipo
I stand tall, no Eiffel
And them goons go wherever I go
Ya'll niggas pussy like dike hoes
All we know is get paid nigga
I ball hard like Lebron James
And Rozay D-wade nigga

[Rick Ross:]

I got a a bad bitch in my Chevy
Selling Miley Cyrus in my brand new Monte Carlo
I got that Justin Bieber please believe it
A quarter million hangin' on my collar
A half a million in my duffle bag (duffle bag)
Now I'm riding in my Cadillac (Cadillac)
Hammers and the fucking vogues
I'm ridin' clean and I'm fuckin hoes (hah)