

# Meek Millz, Fuck Bitches, Get Money

[Meek Mill:]

I said I'm cooler than a fan fresh like it's easter  
Pull up a bitch she be like osta la vister  
Heser thought dats what they all say skeezers  
I just fucked her yesterday homie you can keep her  
Believe her  
I don't do nothin I'm a ball  
I'm a stand up nigga  
I jump up everytime I fall  
Everytime I lost  
I came back like cook crack  
Got my hand up in the game and I ain't never look back  
I said I'm good  
I'm hood  
I wish a nigga would  
Try to take me for a sucker he get hit up just because  
Can't shake em off for nothin  
Dey be hatin but for what  
Cause I ain't even get a deal but  
When I do they be like UHH!  
Sick ya bitch all up on my dick  
Cause you a bug  
You a flee and I'm a G  
I ain't no Crip I ain't no Blood  
But I don't bend no I don't budge  
I keep dat semi by my gut  
A nigga tempt me fire up  
I let that sig blow light em up  
I say I ain't got that hazy  
You know I got dat cush  
Niggas rolling on that dirt be smokin dat Reggie Bush  
Said dey always speak my name  
But when dey see me they never look  
Cause they know I keep that flame  
But hold up that's anotha book  
I said them shooters on deck  
Goonies over there  
And dat ain't even countin for tooly dat wear  
I said dey bitches, pussy, coochie over there  
So many clips it look like we shootin for a movie over here

[Gillie:]

E.A. dey don't pop, lock, and drop it  
Round here in North Philly  
Dey stop, cock, and pop it  
Put you on your dyin bed  
Leave you on dat lead dyin  
Bust ya head up out that bread  
A nigga bet not dare try it  
I'm a motherfuckin gangster  
Spank you with that banger  
Soak you with that toaster  
You niggaz straight cho-cha  
Pussy ass niggaz for tha hundred I'll soak ya  
Leave ya wet and gushy  
I'm messin with some rookies  
My drop top ridin  
And my glock cock ridin  
And I'm hangin out that window and I won't stop firen  
Til a nigga on the ground and he twitchin  
I walk down on em look em in his eyes stop bitchin  
His mama fillin reports da boy he missin  
These niggas tellin lies they ain't never sold a pigeon  
Ain't got to go to BET to see how I'm livin  
Just got to North Philly

And ask for that boy Gillie (dey gonna tell you he's a gangster)  
[Oschino:]  
I'm Oschino  
You know I got dem kilos  
You know I got dat fish if you tryna find nemo  
My glocks straight from consemos  
Six feet p low you get d pro  
If you try to burn me like dat bitch Yolanda do niggaz pee holes  
Gucci frames dey shade my vision  
Showin my dick like circumcision  
Niggaz mad at me cause dey pockets flat like plasma televisions  
Elevate mind he probably fucked her  
I ain't mad nigga dats what's up  
Fuck dat bitch let's get deez bucks  
I bout my green in God I trust  
And trust I grind and coupes I drop  
More hot on da block  
Like when a cop get popped  
Got it jumpin hoppin scotch  
Why you hit nigga where da choppaz chop  
Standin tall as city hall  
Get on his CD nigga naw  
Weirdos I can't fuck with ya'll  
Meek in his bag nigga I'm in da broad  
My young bulls clap like a applause  
Be on ya ass like polo draws  
Gettin dollaz go-go bars  
Why you think we go so hard  
Straight from da hood we don't kno no laws  
All we kno is cars, broads, bars  
Mounts o'z, hard, weed in jars  
Guns, vest  
Hustle, rest, projects  
Killin, shootin, lootin  
We a mess  
No rep I talk with a tec  
Burn it down nigga dey correct  
Go to war with da ATF