

# Monster

## Meek Mill

The money turned me into a monster  
The money turned my noodles into pasta  
The money turned my tuna into lobster  
They want to do me I'mma do it like a mobster4 A.M. I'm on the north side of Philly  
Riding around like these haters don't want to kill me  
It's a shame how they hate on me you gotta feel me  
I started out with a dollar and got a milli  
I'm like do it for the gram ho, do it for the gram ho  
She don't want to bust it I say do it for them bands yo  
I say do it for them bands fucking with that broke nigga you should do it for your  
man  
Lately I've been on the low with a ho that you probably know  
Took her to the crib and met momma right at the door  
Momma started smiling like momma I got to go  
I done took so many trophies that my momma my momma know  
I said a real nigga, I get that money pay them bills nigga  
My momma told me "you a real nigga"  
And I be hanging with them real killers  
Now what a feeling when you looking at the latest whipping knowing you can cop itOr looking  
at the baddest bitch and knowing you could pop itThe youngest nigga in my city doing it I got  
itOn another level with Benjamin and money is the topic lordThe money turned me into a  
monsterThe money turned my noodles into pasta  
The money turned my tuna into lobster  
They want to do me I'mma do it like a mobster  
I put my jeweler on his feet  
Hundred thou I used to do that every week  
Never sleep its funny how I never speak  
You see a foreign in my city that was me  
That was us, never sweet  
We went to war niggas riding down the street  
Popping that pistol they talking they never did  
Dropping the nickel with something that never cease  
I've been sitting on that money like a chair  
I've been getting to that money all year  
All year and my niggas all here  
But we started from the bottom we was selling hard squares  
Baddest bitch in the game wearing my chain I'm ready  
Switching lanes in that Mulsanne like I'm Andretti  
I do the Balmain, Balenciaga, no Giuseppe  
If they sleep on Meek Milly I kill these niggas like I was Freddy  
I eat that pussy like a monster  
She gon' ride this dick she gon' need a sponsor

You could tell I'm Philly from my posture  
And we be whipping coca like its pasta  
I be on money, 2 milly 4 milly no I need more money  
I get that "see a bad bitch and be like how you doing" money  
They like how you doing honey oh  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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