

Been That (feat. Rick Ross)

Meek Mill

I been that nigga before the money and the fame
I been that nigga before the diamonds and the chain
I been that nigga before the foams and the clothes
I ben that nigga on the corner with the most
I been that nigga I been that nigga
My dogs a shooter please don't make me send that nigga
I been that nigga I been that nigga
If they keep talking I'll make him pin that nigga
I been that nigga before the money and the fame
I been that nigga before the diamonds and the chain
I been that nigga before the foams and the clothes
I ben that nigga on the corner with the most
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I been that nigga I been that nigga
If they keep talking I'll make him pin that nigga
I been that nigga on the corner nappy braids and selling hard
Now I pull up on em bitches got them texting oh my god
I got bitches out in paris that be texting oh la la
I hear back like who this she hear back you forgot
Real niggas gone link up but my h town pouring drank up
Just me and [?] in the brinks truck
Doing all this shit we ain't think of
Trying to wild out so we draped up
I'm blue-dottin that pink stuff
[?] putting that pussy on me
Ten bands throw her mink up
I got money all up in my mind ho
What do you think think I grind for?
Condoms all in my condo
Pocket change [?]
My niggas my niggas
My niggas my hitters
We're gonna get richer
I'm talking about bigger and bigger
They stealing my swag [?]
I been that nigga before the money and the fame
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I been that nigga before the foams and the clothes
I ben that nigga on the corner with the most
I been that nigga I been that nigga
My dogs a shooter please don't make me send that nigga

I been that nigga I been that nigga
If they keep talking I'll make him pin that niggaBlew a half a kilo on my cuban link to watch it
swing

No short, baking soda standing at the sink
Swerving in my wraith I should just pull up at the church
Have these niggas playing on me devils wish it was a hearse
In my all black shades motherfucking Ray Charles
I used to mop the floors now who the motherfucking boss?
I been that nigga that could get em by the [?]
Snow white, no spikes, two stacks for my lubes
You a fool for your wifey and I passed her to my crew
Coke white, sour creme, butter all in my coupe
Put my dogs on celery see we all be blowing loud
Chopper still might judge a jury I could take this bitch to trialI been that nigga before the
money and the fame

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