

B Boy (feat. Big Sean & A\$AP Ferg)

Meek Mill

All that ass, Lord have mercy
All that champagne, these bitches thirsty
rchy, no hold up, I meant Versace
I prolly pull up Roberto over Cavalli
Puffin' on Cali, prolly out in the valley
Sippin' on something drowsey
Bitches twerkin' like Miley
Twerk, twerk for a real nigga sellin' work
Promise I won't tell a word
I been on that trill shit, way back
North Philly nigga, but I'm laid back
Get shot in your head drivin' your Maybach
Homey D Clown know I don't play that
Sippin' dirty, riding dirty, I say hi to thirty
Call your dog, I call my dawg and he'll buy a birdy
Try to school me, I'm getting out here early
Dope dealer, Puma life, back of this soccer jersey
Mink draggin', tell PETA I'm swaggin
All these karats like I'm tryna lure in a rabbit
Just to put it, on my jacket
What you doin'? Doin' fashion
Okay, I walk with a limp and I talk with a slur
I might wear every single chain and mix it up with my fur
I might get every single drink and mix it up til I blur
I tell the bitch get on my lap, but don't you get on my nerves
I need that bag full of green like I lawnmow it
John Doe and all Sean Doe it
And I keep it G, yeah, I ground floor it
And I'm pound blowin'
If her pussy good then I might one, two, three, round four it
Got her down for it
Yeah, nigga overthink, never under stress
Yeah, I understand, your girl over, I'm so unimpressed
Yeah, and she tryna fuck me raw, unprotect
But if I don't have that rubber on it I feel under dressed
Yeah, and I got money bags under my eyes, ho, cause I ain't sleep
They all Goyard too cause I ain't cheap
Finally Famous, Aura Gold is my I-N-C
And I put everything in motion like I-N-G
And when we flyin' private you could bring the gun on with us
I got this freak to 3rd base, she tryna run home with us
And I got comma on comma on comma on comma... on comma

And I ain't talking about no run on sentence
 Yeah, nigga hot headed so I need that Chings Chili
 Put my P up on her head like that bitch is reppin' Philly
 And I wheelie in that pussy like my nigga Meek Milly
 On my way to meet millis
 Lawyer drafting up the deep deep dealies
 I got rich decided that ain't rich enough
 When I did it big, bitch, I decided that ain't big enough
 Dead Pres, who you diggin up?
 Who that nigga that you hating on, but just can't get enough?
 Fuck, the jig is up, little bitch
 I'm like Madoff when I made off, scheming on niggas' payoff
 I never take a day off, your stash is short like Adolf, Hitler
 You should lay off on the gangsta talk cause you're fake, dog
 You never pushed no yay, dawg, ain't see no keys like Ray Charles
 Me and Meek in the Maybach, we get Wale and take off
 We got your bitch in a big house, she walk in hype like "Hey, Ross"
 Come get with the dreamchasers, we ballin' hard like the Lakers
 You ballin'? Nah, you a faker, you prolly catchin' a fader
 I'm at your house on the hill, I fucked your girl and your neighbor
 You thinkin' Khloe don't know me, I'm in the car dashin' haters
 I'm in the Kardashians, get it? I'm lyin', can't I pretend?
 They say fake it 'til you make it, well, let the fakin' begin
 I got a bitch with fake titties, fake ass, she all in the Benz
 Them titties'll prolly fall like a ball when she bends
 My niggas from Harlem and Philly all get it in
 Your bitch come around and we fuckin' her and her friends
 Come get with the dreamchasers, we ballin' hard like the Lakers
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 I'm at your house on the hill, I fucked your girl and your neighbor
 What she do? She, just, put
 heart eyes under my pic nigga
 That's my bitch nigga
 Bought her a first class ticket to put the dick in her
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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