

The Trillest

Meek Mill

Was the money good? Was 'em bitches bad? Was they fuckin' good?
Did your hood show you love? Did the hoes say you fly?
If your friends say you're loyal, throw your rollies in the sky
For the trillest, for the trillest
As the champagne pours and the campaign roars
And the lights shine bright every night that plug, for the trillest
See my momma cry too many tears
And we been broke like too many years
It ain't too many kids, a couple homies, there ain't too many there
And they all gotta eat, they got too many kids
To many kids with no fathers, doing too many bids
Too many bids, just gave 'em kids too many years
As soon as you get that money, that's sooner they appear
Assuming you owe em something, they assuming you'll share
And yeah, I've been losin' touch with my family, it ain't the same
I should've gave my sister some money, but I made it rain
I should've hit the crib with my son and play a game
But instead I ended up at the jeweler to make a chain
It's saying saying when you make money it make you change
Like four quarters, the fourth quarter, I made a lane
Shit, I had to walk forward they talkin' 'bout takin' trains
And takin' planes, I put the work in and made a name
But the question is...
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I never wanted to be like Mike, I wanted to be like Mitch
Now all the lil' niggas wanna be like this
I wear my chain in any city, let you see my shit
Cause I earned that, it's on me, I'mma keep my shit
I got blood on my money, ether in my soul
Do you know the feeling durin' Easter with no clothes?
Now it's stars in the ceiling, bringing ether out the rose
With the curtains on the windows, I'm just peepin' at my ghost
Money made me iller, already was realer
Young kings killin', young kings over skrilla
That's why I ride around mac on me like I was Miller
Or Reggie when I shoot for that three
They drop fatty, that's good money

Come to my city, we talk heavy and die young
 When we get some paper, we cop Prezis and ride rim20 inch rims for the dope boy
 Sellin' that coke boy, trappin' on your note boy
 Got that buy it all money, fuck I need a note for!?
 In them school hallways, "fuck I need a note for!?"
 We ain't wanna go to class, we was sellin' coke raw
 The principal was coppin' too, hit him with a snowball Was the money good? Was em bitches
 bad? Was they fuckin' good?
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 And the lights shine bright every night that plug, for the trillest Lookin' for that intro I was at the
 dealer lookin' for another Benzo
 Matching kicks with my Kenzo, young nigga
 Heart of a lion, hungry as hippo
 When I was on my last, nobody ain't tell me shit though
 Flow slicker than Crisco, niggas talkin', I get low
 Do my thing, they jump back, know how that shit go
 And they still say I'm arrogant
 I'm still eatin' steak with the asparagus When I get that money like I married it
 1 milly, 2 milly, 3 milly, buried it
 Since they say I'm underground, I run that bitch like Harriet
 Rolls Royce pushin' real slow like a chariot
 Pull up on 'em niggas that got to me, shit, ebarassin'
 I'mma real nigga with money, never trash it
 You a fake nigga with money, it's no comparison
 Told me that I couldn't get signed when I was rappin' it
 And told me I couldn't do songs when I was battlin'
 They told me that I couldn't be trap, I started trappin' it
 Never listen to 'em, oh well, shit is immaculate
 I'mma just go sit up in this back again
 Smoke the weed and laugh at 'em
 Make a couple million by accident
 Shitted on 'em Nicky voice, did it on 'em Benjamins
 Plenty of 'em Benjamins, semi on 'em a many on a
 Whole 'nother level from before now
 Tell my niggas when I see a hundred mil its going down
 When I made my first mil, I was like "it's on now"
 Then I made my second mil, money on the floor now
 Then I made my third mil, I'm like "I need more now?"
 I got in my zone and that money started pourin' down
 Every time I hit the booth, microphone torn down
 We couldn't get a pair of Pumas, we up in the store now, bitches!
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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