Classic (feat. Swizz Beatz)

Meek Mill

Woo! It's hot outside man
Meek Millys coming daddyHundred for the walkthrough, I'm not who you talk to
Drive by and wet you up, nigga thats a carpool
Spitting all this hot shit, every single bar cool
Diamonds in the rollie face, animated cartoon
Call me Meek Milly, I don't play that shit
Got me on my nappy braids before the Maybach clique
Riding in the wheels of fortune, Pat Sajak shit
And all I rock is Balmain like I made that shit
I've been, front row fashion week looking like I'm in the show
Sitting in the foreign leather, softer than a dinner roll
Make a movie on your bitch, tell her friend to get a role
You thought she was innocent, we laughing like she been a ho
Jumpin' out them Benzos, meet yo bitch in the friend zone
She told you I was friendzoned, what? I'm in the endzone
Touchdown with a 2 point conversion, give her that dick long
She busting like the clip long, uber to send your bitch home nigga
It's hot outside, it's Meek Milly seasonI got a fever bitch
Hot outside, I got a fever bitch
Feeling sick, I got a fever bitch
In these philly streets situations is
Police ain't respecting the youth and
The youth ain't respecting the truth and
The Glock 9 on me in the booth and
All I talk is that real shit the truth andThe money turned your bitch into a gold digger
The money got me feeling like the old Jigga
And Jigga even told me you a cold nigga
They ain't believe me I was broke but I showed niggas
And I told niggas that I would expose niggas
Went to buy a pair of sneaks, landed at the Royce dealer
Brand new paper tag, haters never made me mad
You can ask your baby momma, I'm flyer than her baby dad
Looking at my neck, what that cost? Hundred-eighty cash
Looking at my bitch, she remind me of a Stacey Dash
We was selling rock before Kareem Biggs, Damon Dash
Oh you think you fly with your lil' Dream Chasin' ass?
We don't chase bitches, we chase money and that D'ussé
Cause when you get money, the hoes do whatever you say
Riding in a drop head, Phantom with the toupee
And if you're just hearing this, then it's probably too late
I got a fever bitch
Hot outside, I got a fever bitch

Feeling sick, I got a fever bitch
In these philly streets situations is
Police ain't respecting the youth and
The youth ain't respecting the truth and
The Glock 9 on me in the booth and
All I talk is that real shit the truth andGet smacked silly, come to Philly
Come see it live in direct
You know it, God dammit
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/