Lay Up (feat. JAY Z, Rick Ross & Trey Songz)

Meek Mill

DC, unos, dos, tres, cuatro
Free El Chapo!Fuck your bitch, get a bag from her, then I never call her
Now she trippin', goin' crazy, nigga tell her let up off us
OGs see me comin' through and they say, "That's a baller"
That's that nigga really started from the bottom really in that order
Make a call, bring them plans down
Smokin' loud like surround sound
Niggas wanna come around now
Cause they know that Meek Milly got the crown now
Put my mask on, put the crown down
Tell 'em turn up
When it come to action, niggas ride with me
Screamin' murder
Niggas fallin' off, bitches fallin' through
Callin' plays like an audible
Get that money, what you oughta do
Need the plug, got them niggas callin' too
Put you on, nigga, put you on, I can put you on
What you doin', nigga, what you doin', nigga, what you doin'?Get the bag but don't write triller
You around cause you paid niggas
In the dark when we spray niggas
When we run into you, we ain't playin' with youMeek put a rapper on CNN
Niggas said I wouldn't eat againI just counted 5 mil' in cash
I'm a real nigga they won't see again
Pray to my God we don't go to the feds
We don't go to the feds
I pray all that money don't go to my head
Don't go to my headI pray on my Glock when I'm goin' to bed
When I'm goin' to bedNow pray for the suckas that wanted me dead
Cause all of 'em dead! Fuck 'emPeople locked me, put them chains on me
Wonder why I got these chains on me
Audemars, I got a range on me
Shit a hundred thousand ain't a thing to me
What's your range, homie? This another level
Flood the Rollie, get another bezel
She don't dig me, get another shovel
Go and get the money, we don't ever settle
Went to jail, came back home, then I got rich, damn
Went to jail again, then I came home then I got Nick, damn
Niggas prayin' that I go to jail again so they can pop shit, damn
Only trap nigga doin' real numbers spittin' hot shit
Niggas hatin' cause my numbers down, what'd you do, 50?

20 somethin', I did 250
MAC 11 hit you 20 times, now you Harlem Shaking like you Diddy
Pop niggas spittin' melodies when it's really nothin' they can do with me
Ballin' on 'em ain't new to me, fuckin' bitches ain't new to me
Summers, summers
10 summers I've been at my tempo like I'm MustardAt the Grammys with the hustlers
With the trappin', you a busta
Spillin' lean on the red carpet
Phone tapped, I hear the feds talkin'
Still trappin' out the bando
Moonwalkin' on that damn marbleBallin', ballin', ballin', ballin', ballin'
Ballin' on 'em like I'm James Harden
I don't drive it if it ain't foreign
I don't fuck it if it ain't foreign
Still eatin' and I ain't tourin', nigga gettin' it
Got that ladder with me with the 33, I'm Scottie Pippen itPray to my God we don't go to the feds
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