

Classic

Meek Mill

Oh it's hot outside man
Meek Millys coming daddy

Hundred for the walkthrough Im not who you talk to
Drive by 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
Chopping up those benzos
Me 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

I got a fever bitch, hot outside I got a fever bitch
Feeling sick I gotta 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 and

The 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 get at 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 toupe
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 gotta 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 coupe and
All I talk is that real shit the truth and

Meek Milly
Mack Milly
Get smacked silly
Come to Philly
Come see it live in direct
You know it, God dammit