

# Dope Dealer

Meek Mill

There's three types of niggas in life  
Niggas that make it happen  
Niggas that watch it happen  
And niggas that don't even know what the fuck is going on  
Choose one...

I got all these bad bitches twerkin'  
Waves on swim, shit surfin'  
I don't wanna yall niggas 'round me  
Broke niggas make me nervous  
? said she want that paper  
Pop pussy like she workin'  
Damn, a nigga finally famous  
Rari by the ?, I'm swervin' (SKR SKR!, SKR! SKR!)  
Fuck rap, I might sell swag  
She want me 'cause she know i got that Chanel tag  
She fuck me and she gone get that Chanel swag  
Her boyfriend like, "Where you get that Chanel bag?"  
55 hundo, pop green, and I ball  
Like Rondo  
Catch me, North-South, with a dime ho  
Turnt up, but I'm like keep calm ho  
I go, make a million here, million there  
All of my niggas, we really in here  
Got a bad bitch, and she straight from the hood  
But she look like a foreign, brazilian hair  
And I'm grabbin' her remi  
I bust like a semi, yo bitch (BA BA!)  
I get your girl pregnant  
You hatin' all on me, you sick (HA HA!)  
I ride in my hood in a Bently like it's a Crown Vic (SKR SKR!)  
These bitches is choosin'  
You niggas is losin'  
We rich.  
Whatchu expect?  
(Haah?)

Wanna fuck with a dope dealer?  
Or keep fuckin' them broke niggas?  
And I don't fuck with you ho niggas (NAH!)  
Rollie yellow like Homer Simpson  
That's dope, nigga!

I got all these dope dealers serving.  
Cut the work up, they surgeons.  
I don't want y'all bitches 'round me.  
Whack bitches make me curve 'em.  
Imported rug, that's Persian.  
One wheel up and we swervin'.  
Wetter than a lake, that's Ricki!  
Pop pussy like she Nicki.  
She want me cause she see me in that Aventador  
Pull up on the curb so crazy, I done bent the door.  
Bad bitch wanna borrow it, I lent it to her.  
Make her bust that pussy up in Singapore.  
30 million though, Forbes list.  
Out in Philly in a condo, boss shit.

Now they call me Young Oprah; Harpo.  
In the pool rockin' polo, Marco  
Millionaires, never do leers.  
No, they can't see me, they're never my peers.  
Fruits of my labor, go get me my pears,  
Cause you're outta your element; I am your fear.  
So go get off my testicle, pardon my decimal, bitch!  
Check up my resumé, I'm upper echelon rich.  
Them bikes is out and we throwing 'em up like we sick.  
My clothing line is out in them stores and I'm sipping the Myx.

DC, Double M  
Mastermind  
Say my name and bitch i gotta grant your wish (BOSS!)  
50 minions, 30 K  
You better drop that brick (drop that brick)  
Philly brothers, sometimes they call me Ahh! (call me Ahh!)  
I pray to God, everyday I drop my top (Thank you Lord!)  
Humble man with ?  
I'm the shit, coming down Broad Street  
? with a foul call  
Flamboyant dough boy, talkin' Al Capone (ROSAY!)  
From Monte Carlo to Los Muchachos  
My ?