

Levels

Meek Mill

See it's brackets nigga
Them hoes ain't fucking you cause you ain't in that bracket nigga
Learn life, it's levels to this shit young boy
Ay O you feel me

Lil nigga we don't rock the same clothes, fuck the same hoes
Cause it's levels to this shit
Lil nigga we don't drive the same whips, we don't fuck the same chicks
Cause it's levels to this shit
Lil nigga we don't get the same paper, you a motherfuckin' hater
Boy it's levels to this shit
Lil nigga cause it's levels to this shit
Lil nigga cause it's levels to this shit
Oh lord

Cause it's levels to this shit, levels to this shit
Can't fuck my ho cause it's levels to this bitch
And I be rocking prada like a devil in this bitch
And a Birkin bag like a gold medal to this bitch
And I'm heavy as it get
Shining like a motherfuckin' bezel on my wrist
All my niggas mobbing so we heavy in this bitch
30 grand for the Muller that's a Chevy on my wrist
Cocaine, most saying, young nigga blowing up - Kurt Cobain
Skating on them like I'm Lil Wayne
And this 458 don't do the lil lane - vroom
Swerve on 'em, niggas gotta nerve on 'em
Cause I heard the feds got 'em and he had them birds on 'em
But a nigga back home and now niggas roll with him
Caught a case what you think, nigga fucking told on 'em
I ain't get my shit snatched yet
You ain't get your bitch back yet
One call, niggas aim that tech
Blood drawn, headshot nigga brains on step
Hot shit if you pop shit
And I don't want your opinion if you ain't got shit
We young niggas, we winning I pull up, drop shit
Mob shit, with more keys than a locksmith

Damn Tommy you ain't got no job
DC, we the motherfuckin' mob
Young nigga getting straight to the money
In a range with your honey, I pull up like ahh
I make them power moves with Jay and them
Them boys shooting don't play with them
Maybach, Rozay and them
Rolling down Collins call Rugs hit the A with them
Compound niggas live now
If it's the finals I'm balling like I'm LeBron now
I call up Odyssey tell them bitches to calm down
I treat the jet like a taxi way the way I'm flying around
And I don't fuck with no niggas
If they don't fuck with my niggas
And I ain't fucking no bitches
If they fucking my niggas

One time for the real niggas

Two times for the bad bitches
Y'all suckas be cuffing hoes
Cause y'all suckas never had bitches
I hit the dealer bought another Rolls
That's the reason why you mad nigga
That's the reason why you hating on me
I love balling, my bad nigga
Cause it's levels to this shit
Levels to this shit
Can't fuck my ho cause it's levels to this bitch
Cause it's levels to this bitch
And a Birkin bag like a gold medal to this bitch
Lord, lord, lord, lord, hold up

[Hook: Meek Mill]