

Miss Me

Meek Mill

Aye, Aye, I said tell me (k) what's really goin' on,
Philly back up in this bitch I'm ready, I'm in my bag,
Sound like I turned and hit dem bitches fast,
I wake up early in the morning and go get the cash,
Erry day on my birthday,
I be getting cake BITCH,
Niggas talk about me when they see me never say shit,
Shout (to) that nigga Puffy cause that Loco got me wasted,
Standin' on the top just blackin' out like I'm a racist,
Tip be gotta nigga on some fuck a mixtape shit,
Diddy gotta a nigga on some drink some Roc straight shit,
We at? King and Diamonds? throwin money by the case? (bitch)?
I just came back from jail, and I'm ballin' 'Bron James shit,
Same shit no different day,
Swagger blow ya bitch away,
I been gettin money like my block doin' a brick a day,
I know niggas dead broke,
But they jus' a lick away,
From runnin' in your crib, snatchin' yours, and bein' rich today, hey
Hockey team on my wrist bitch,
Tell that ho to grab my dick and treat it like a lipstick,
Stunt so fuckin' hard I make my hater have a hiss fit,
Nigga you don't feel me you gone (going) smell me like a in scent,
I been sick, swine flu,
Matter fact no chicken poc,
Wonder how he feel I'm fuckin' every single bitch he got,
I was at the bottom and I crept up on the tippy top,
Shinin' on these niggas like the diamonds in my wrist and watch,
I love Nicki Minaj,
I swear I admit it,
I hope one day I can fuck her just to say I fuckin' hit it,
And girl I'm fuckin' serious I lick it 'fore I stick it,
If you ever hear this verse I'm on your top jus' like a fitted UHHH,
And Philly want dat back,
You won't even have a show you be in Philly comin' back,
I make sure I save you verses and put you on every track,
I swear to god girl I ain't lying I would kill it from the back,
Because I'm gone,
Yeah I know I'm drawin',
If I can can get her now, then I jus' wait 'til I get on,
I don't want you to kiss me, I just wanted to bone, And you know I will take
you down though,
All the way to the ground though,
If you wanted to keep your bitch you better not bring her 'round though,
If I tell her to hit me,
Then you know that she gone (going),
She be screamin' she miss me,
'Stead of callin' my phone, (hahaha)
Oh shit,
Mother fucker god damn,
Mah is you fuckin' or not, like Cam,
I'm out Miami in the R A goin'? ham?
P my passenger,
? Remy? be stuntin' in the lamb',
My nigga? Cooner? in the lamb' too,
Up and down on Collins, bendin' corners like we bamboo,
Stuntin' on my old hos they see me be like damn boo,

Call me Jackie Turner all these hos that I done ran through,
I'm gone,
I tell them bitches that I'm GONE.