

Offended

Meek Mill

M-m-m-murda
Meek Milly, Jeffery, woah

Yeah, yeah
Fuck is you talking bout? Bitch you offended me
I just might go head and let this lil bitch suck my dick till it tickle me
I just might go head and mix me a Sprite with some lean like it's chemistry
God damn, I had four hoes at one time, they was drilling me
I heard the lil boy was plotting on killing me
Fuck round and lift up they soul like lil Chino be wheelin'
I usually don't beg but I don't want the ceiling please
Oxycontin fucking up my kidneys

Molly, my cup look like bath salt
And I'm too high horsed for asphalt
Therefore I'm in clouds from day to dark
They say that I changed, it's the cash fault
Pay everybody like a cash card
I switch through the lanes like a NASCAR
The Rollie stainless, stainless
We young and rich and we dangerous
I'm at Piccadilly's with your misses nigga
And the weed stinking like a chitlin nigga
Bend the money down like a Philly nigga
Make me catch you slipping then incrim nigga
The bulletproof can take a missile nigga
I got benji on me and he crippling nigga
I done wrapped the benji in the city ho
I done wrapped the Bentley in the bity nigga
Put a swimming pool in the living room
How I'm living nigga, I ain't swimming nigga
Only thing that me and Michael Phelps got in common that we winning nigga
Rock star lifestyle
Your hoe's going wild

Saint Laurent shorty and totting that .40 we move through the city like BMF
Rocks on the chain like the rocks that I slang, only difference them bitches
they VVS
I know these bitches gon' change, fuck on whoever, whenever they see a check
If you do not fuck with the gang don't act like you do when you see us, just
keep it down
Swing through your block better not sweep it back
Land on your spot where your peoples at
Smoke you where ever we see you at
You don't want no problem so keep at that
'Fore you get your man murdered
Hitters in the van lurking
I put bread on the beef
Turn it to a hamburger
Put that paper on the scale nigga
Little homies talking big money
When the wars on you'll tell nigga
Put a bag on your man hitta
When them things hit 'em that's an L nigga
So you should be home before mama got dinner for sale nigga
And that's all I'm a tell niggas in the zip

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Everywhere I go I keep a chopper with me, whoa
I ain't with that diss song shit, I been a shot a nigga, whoa
Hundred shotters with me, whoa
VVSS on me, whoa
VVSS on me, bling
Badaboom, badabing, 21
Mob shit send the hit shoot up your car shit
Put the blue tips in that cartridge, 21
We put them drums in them carbons, 21
We pull up on rappers and spark 'em, 21
I might take your chain if it sparkle, facts
Street nigga really came from nothing
Strip a nigga like Caine cousin
Kill a nigga then you saying something
You was talking, nigga I was hustling
We was shooting, nigga you was ducking
You was texting, nigga I was fucking
I was betting nigga, you was bluffing
Hide and seek nigga, I was hunching (facts)
Car foreign and my gun Russian
Sneak dissing get a concussion
21, 21, 21

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