

Rich Porter

Meek Mill

Feelin' like I'm Richard Porter, I'm really ballin'
Bad bitches got 'em calling, they really calling
My Rollie flooded like New Orleans, just like New Orleans
Ain't talking money, what you talking? Nigga what you talking?
My bitch probably wouldn't speak if you ain't talkin' money
Don't even talk to me if you ain't talkin' money
Ain't shit in life for free so we were talkin' money
You hear that sound? I think it's Benji, he talkin' to me

They got me feeling like Rich Porter, I got them hoes
Selling work we got them bricks, and got the most
If he ain't test it I don't trust em', he prolly told
Dimed out your homies, seen them statements, he got exposed
These niggas ratting and you fucking with these pussy niggas
I put these hoes up on the jet and bring that pussy with us
I bring that new thing through yo block, I see you looking nigg
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36 up in the pot like what you cooking nigga?
Fish scale, I love the hustle, I'm 'bout my paper
And I'm fly as Alpo before he drop a statement
I knew I started getting money when I got them haters
Boy won't you go and kill yourself and just do God a favor

Don't you see a nigga ballin' like I'm Rayful Edmond? (No snitching)

My DC shooter Fat Trel hold up that Mac-Eleven (Dem Bitches)
Nail me to the cross I swear I'll never testify (Never)
Never will, that Maybach murder got em' petrified
I'm hard to kill, I'm counting cake up with my finest bitch
Take off her makeup and she still look like a finalist
Top models, pop bottles, catch you bitches slipping
Do em' dirty that top dollar make a major difference
I bought another Phantom, cash count that at the dealer
It took an hour, fast money for us young niggas
Can't run around, marble statues in the front and back (Boss)
With no regard for the law, cause all I want is stacks
So fuck em' all

[Hook]