

## 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  
a  
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]