

## Classic

## Meek Mill

Oh it's hot outside man  
Meek Millys coming daddy

Hundred for the walkthrough Im not who you talk to  
Drive by wet you up, nigga thats a carpool  
Spitting all this hot shit, every single bar cool  
Diamonds in the rollie face, animated cartoon  
Call me Meek Milly I don't play that shit  
Got me on my nappy braids before the Maybach clique  
Riding in the wheels of fortune, Pat Sajak shit  
And all I rock is Balmain like I made that shit  
I've been, front row fashion week  
Looking like I'm in the show  
Sitting in the foreign leather, softer than a dinner roll  
Make a movie on your bitch, tell her friend to get a role  
You thought she was innocent  
We laughing like she been a ho  
Chopping up those benzos  
Me yo bitch in the friend zone  
She told you I was friendzoned, what?  
I'm in the endzone  
Touchdown with a 2 point conversion  
Give her that dick long  
She busting like the clip long  
Uber to send your bitch home nigga

I got a fever bitch, hot outside I got a fever bitch  
Feeling sick I gotta fever bitch  
In these philly streets situations is  
Police ain't respecting the youth and  
The youth ain't respecting the truth and  
The Glock 9 on me in the booth and  
All I talk is that real shit the truth and

The money turned your bitch into a gold digger  
The money got me feeling like the old Jigga  
And Jigga even told me you a cold nigga  
They ain't believe me I was broke  
But I showed niggas and I told niggas  
That I would expose niggas  
Went to buy a pair of sneaks  
Landed at the Royce dealer  
Brand new paper tag  
Haters never made me mad  
You get at your baby momma  
I'm flyer than her baby dad  
Looking at my neck  
What that cost? Hundred-eighty cash  
Looking at my bitch, she remind me of a Stacey Dash  
We was selling rock before Kareem Biggs, Damon Dash  
Oh you think you fly with your lil' Dream Chasin' ass?  
We don't chase bitches, we chase money and that D'ussé  
Cause when you get money, the hoes do whatever you say  
Riding in a drop head, Phantom with the toupe  
And if you're just hearing this, then it's probably too late

I got a fever bitch, hot outside I got a fever bitch

Feeling sick I gotta fever bitch  
In these philly streets situations is  
Police ain't respecting the youth and  
The youth ain't respecting the truth and  
The Glock 9 on me in the coupe and  
All I talk is that real shit the truth and

Meek Milly  
Mack Milly  
Get smacked silly  
Come to Philly  
Come see it live in direct  
You know it, God dammit