

Bad Man

Meek Mill

I just call my homie and he say he got a lick
He said he know a pussy nigga with a hundred bricks
So we gon' ride up on em, slide up on em with them sticks
Feelin' to pop up at his crib like a fuckin' magic trick
Hocus-Pocus
To the safe like you ace nigga open focus
But this cab of niggas ridin' like a locomotive
Where the cash at? Show me where your stash at
Before I let the 40 in ya eye and leave that ass flat
Pussy ass niggas man it's tax season
Make a move and this muthafuckin mac squeezin'
Act decent, bet them hollows leave your back leakin'
Nigga searchin' for the coke like we crack feindin'
I got a hundred killas on my team
Young niggas gettin' greasier than Vaseline
Had a dream, momma chasin' with them mac machines
Put a nigga on the cover of a magazine
Home invasion, news paper got a man down
Hold his nigga legs, I'm a tie his hands down
Let em chase it, just to know we ain't playin' round
He ain't gotta get up on your knees, nigga head down
Bocka. You fuckin' with a shotta
I'm bangin' 2Pac, "My Ambitionz As A Ridah"
I got the oo-wop. tryna' get it for my momma
And we gon flush everything at them boys get behind us
Cause we ain't comin' home
I'm in another zone
Ridin' with my dogs we just want another bone
I got another lick, so I got another chrome
I ain't gettin' to the money nigga then there's something wrong