

# Basic Bitch

Meek Mill

When I say weakass, you say bitch  
Weakass bitch, weakass bitch  
I don't want no basic bitches, basic bitches  
I don't want no basic bitches, wait a minute motherfucker

Rap niggas be talkin' hard  
Talkin' shit till we pull your card  
Take your chain, beat you up  
Fuck your bitch, clean you up  
My niggas wylin', we wylin', we wylin', wylin'  
My niggas wylin', we wylin', we wylin', wylin'  
My niggas wylin', we wylin', we wylin', wylin'

I don't want no basic bitches  
She ain't never fuck with a rich nigga  
She told me that her ex was a bitch nigga  
So I told her put me on the 'Gram though  
Just to flex on that nigga with some real killers  
And now he on my line talkin' reckless  
I'm thinkin', should I slide or should I check him?  
But I ain't goin' to war about no pussy though  
But if you tryna you get wet then  
Runnin' with my niggas on the low-low  
We in the south side, talkin' mafioso  
I be really outside, bustin' with my four-four  
Right there on the south side, watching for the po-po  
Sharper than a motherfucker  
We gettin' money like a motherfucker  
She suckin' dick for Red Bottoms  
You bet some bitches call 'em bloodsuckers  
Get it?

I know exactly what Meek talkin' bout  
I took your basic ass ho and then I nut on her mouth  
Broke niggas you can stand to the left  
Rich niggas to the right with their pistols out  
Playin' with a cat, got her whiskers out  
Got 'Rari's and Bentleys, and Fiskers out  
Hold up, what the fuck this nigga talkin' bout?  
Yo, Takeoff, pull the Mac-11 out  
Young niggas wylin', 12 o'clock on a Friday  
Pull up like Big Worm, I want my money Friday  
And you can have your basic bitches  
Because my hoes' siddity with fat ass and titties

Takeoff, I make the work disappear like a magician  
Take that envy then stand in the kitchen, whip me up a chicken  
I beat that pot like a chemist, money bat-bat like it's tennis  
And free my niggas in penitentiaries, they locked in the system  
I pray the Lord is my witness, nigga, I'm stackin' them benjis  
Ever since they killed Pistol Pete my nigga, I turned to a menace  
And all these diamonds around my neck, I put on two of them chinchillas  
Drop my top in the winter, cash out at the Beverly Center  
Go to my jeweler out in Cuba, get diamonds below temperature  
Double cup my muddy trouble, I'm an Actavis citizen

Bitches run around the lobby, boot 'em up, but no Timberlands  
Your bitch pull up to my trap with no car  
Like football she get penalties