

## Blue Notes 2

Meek Mill

Yo, Nick Papz, make it slap  
Yeah (Brrrt)  
You gotta turn me up in the headphones some more, a lil' bit more  
Just a teeny bit  
Turn me up, Cruz  
It's so many motherfuckin' hundreds, you gotta make a part two

I'm not in competition with my homies  
I'm whippin' the competition and the Rollie  
I knew my opposition never knew me  
They wouldn't be opposition if they know me  
I made a proposition to my hitters  
I told them to knock 'em down if he owe me  
I just be slidin' 'round, hittin' the building  
We movin' with Glock, pounds, and them .40s  
Them niggas got shot down, we was whorin'  
My homie a opp now, so we on him  
I was like sixteen with the MAC on me  
Deep in the field like it's Pop Warner  
Weathered the shit, seen niggas cracked on me  
When it got real, tried to slide on him  
I made some M's, split the guys on it  
We keepin' it real, niggas not  
And my homie a savage, got put in a casket, and I'm mad at him 'cause he died on us  
Just left his viewing and I told his momma, every time that she cry, "We gon' slide on 'em"  
I look you niggas right dead in the eye and I ain't surprised you ain't ride for us  
How would you feel if you bust some mill' with some niggas and they switch the side on you?  
How would you feel?  
When you so lit that you can't tell if the love real  
If I can't tell you nothin', I'll tell you how a thug feel  
And you ain't rich, nigga, your stash can't pay my drug bill  
Pussy (Pussy)  
Nigga, this expensive pain, pullin' an expensive Range

Neck got expensive chain  
He got drug money (Yeah), that's an expensive game (Yeah)  
I got an expensive shooter (Yeah), he got expensive aim (Yeah)  
You know it's Lil Uzi (Yeah), that's an expensive name (Yeah)

I'm goin' hard and my back to the wall (Wall)  
I was like JH, just pumpin' and fakin' us, no way they matchin' me off (Matchin' me off)  
Who really gon' stick me if we gettin' busy and we seein' rap when it's bought? (Bought)  
I won't even practice, I go triple platinum and they sayin' that was a wash, ayy  
I switch my Rollie up to a Richard Mille  
In the trenches with some young nigga  
Tryna tell him how this rich shit really feel  
You ain't never been in the field with them late nights, off Benadryl With them great whites, locked in a cell  
Like Shawshank, no redemption  
I was the richest nigga in the prison

I was strappin' up when niggas wasn't ridin'  
I was the richest nigga on a mission  
I was motivated, I was watchin' moves  
Yeah, I was the brokest nigga, in the kitchen  
I was chasin' million when they said I couldn't  
I was hard-headed, I ain't listen  
Kinda glad that I never did  
Now we all made it out the trenches, yeah  
All of my money is new  
All of my money is blue, riddle me this?  
I'm supposed to go get money, and keep doin' favors, and give all my money t  
o who?  
You keep tellin' me niggas keep tellin' you what?  
Why they be runnin' to you?  
And why every time niggas talk about me and it's bad, they keep comin' to yo  
u?

I never got that part  
Nigga, know you my man  
But every time you wanna talk bad 'bout me  
They come to you and you come to me like a ho ass nigga  
I'll slap the shit out you, fuck it  
Woo

Hundreds on hundreds on hundreds on hundreds  
My homie a opp, but he know how I rock  
So you know that I'm ready, however he comin'  
We done went up on these niggas like seventy-nothin'  
They talkin' 'bout bodies, we talkin' 'bout millions  
We talkin' bout money, they talkin' 'bout killin'  
I gotta go to the bathroom as soon as I walk in the building  
You know how I'm livin'  
Walkin', I'm tuckin' and passin' the glizzy  
Don't look all sensitive, you know I ain't slippin'  
Come to your trenches, it's just me and one of my savages, nigga, you know I  
ain't trippin'  
I can't get extorted, I'm ballin' like Jordan  
We slidin with torches, we totin' and pimpin'  
It's fuck what niggas think  
I just be laughin' to the bank

I done pulled up with the presidential on my wrist and this bitch hit like H  
illary  
I was just in the kitchen, whippin' Hannah Montana like my name was Billy Ra  
y  
And I bet that I have me a hundred million dollars on these niggas 'fore I b  
e twenty-eight  
Love her back, when bitches wasn't lovin' me  
Twenty-thousand at best, she ain't dubbin' me  
I'm on point, ain't no bitch out here runnin' me  
Lamborghini, the same color Bumblebee  
Pull up Cullinan, same color, butter seats  
In the game, ain't no young nigga touchin' me  
Yeah, she know that I'm the shit and she know that I'm rich  
Every time that I fuck, she say, "Nut in me" (Ayy, Lil Uzi)