

Dead Last

Meek Mill

Fuck love, I don't need to give you my heart, though I'm bleedin'
And that shit you pulled that time, we ain't gon' talk on, neither
I'm super loyal, niggas cross me, I go off on people
And you wonder why I don't call on people, nah, for real

Yeah, yeah
Over my dead body
Ain't just "Fuck you," it's "Fuck everybody"
Niggas talk behind my back, I feel a way about it
It hurt me worse when I act like I don't care about it
Pillow talkin' to them hoes, and I'm aware about it
Oh yeah
Say my piece and I got nothing left to say about it
Oh yeah

Niggas talk behind my back, I'm aware about it
Acting like I don't care about it
Never show my hand what they be saying 'bout us
Never show the 'Gram how we be playing 'cause I don't care about it
Choppa to the bully when we land, that choppa nearby us
Niggas be tryna stand by us, just to get they level up
He hit the baddest bitch he had in his life from standin' next to us
I can't even blame him, he get hype, he holdin' his camera up
'Cause I been really havin' it my way, this shit for regulars
She fuckin' niggas that's regular
I had to cut her off, my money ain't even regular
Can't even fuck her raw
And she know how I'm comin', she cum every time I fuck her hard
But every time I nut, it just be something I don't trust at all
Fuck niggas they'll try to treat me like the underdog
Till I pulled up on them in some shit like a 300 ball
Act like you don't fuck with us, you know that we don't fuck with y'all
And we can stand on that till when our mothers pull that cover off, pussy

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Uh, yes
Oh yeah
Teterboro, pretty girl, she want to see the world
Shed a tear, ready to kill, just give me the word
Read a lot, I say a prayer because it mean a lot
Killin' niggas by landslide and never even out
Homicides all in my eyes as long as I'm alive
Berkin bags still full of hundreds, now let's count 'em out
Movin' on, niggas, they will do you wrong
Wanna war? Lil' boy, you better move your mom
Head shot, please Lord, forgive me when I air it out
Pay the killers to stay quiet, really say a lot
Dead and gone, if we brothers then we better bond
If I never said, "I love you," I must've said it wrong

Selling dubs when we wasn't sellin' much
When we was, we gave each other Michael Rubin hugs
I may have let you beat me to a watch
But I never let you beat me to the top

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Sometimes I wake up like, "Fuck everybody"
Every thotty that you always see in every party
Every nigga sleeping on me, talkin' petty 'bout me
I'm your worst nightmare, you's a Freddy body
Little homie Serial, he on his seventh body
Be him on some shit, still like that new 7 body
I'ma ball till I fall, bitch can never guard me
Coming short, that ain't no joke, and you can't Kevin Hart me
Niggas think they ridin' dirty, but they movin' very sloppy
Got me out here on the north, this shit very oppy
Got me way up in the hills, signal very choppy
Pussy very wappy, got a nigga jewelry shopping
Scoop her in a sundae, in a cream whip, then she cherry top me
Then got right back to it, bitch could never stop me
I should not be taken lightly, I'm a heavy topic
And broke hoes always trippin', but its never tropic
The Spanish mami say, "I like you talkin' heavy, papi"
New Pharrell, Louie V with the leather floppy
Pull up to the valet with the engine revving, Papi
Tellin' them, "Be easy, this a foreign, not a Chevy, papi"
Middle finger up like a Tupac picture
Middle finger up, up for who not with you

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