

Go To Hell

Meek Mill

These are the things I can do without, come on
I'm talking to you, come on
Dope boy excellence
They gave you life-
Elevation
Uh (Cool & Dre)
And in return, you gave them-

Big blunts, dope boys wanna smoke with me (Uh)
Now we ride double M's through the whole city (Huh)
Niggas talkin' down, but they hoes feel me
A nine figure nigga, all I wanna talk is business (Facts)
I seen a big mouth get a closed casket
Self made, took over the whole racket
A kilo after kilo, see who move the most
Two hundred foot yacht, she wanna see the coast (Woo)
You can't be chasin' money with the wrong approach (No)
Commas only comin' once you got a coach (Huh)
I'm the Walt Frazier, that's for all ages (Ha)
The Don Shula, shooter nigga, tall lasers (Brrt)
Bitch boys run to social media (Woo)
Rich nigga, name in Wikipedia (Boss)
If I fuck her once, she wanna fuck me twice (Huh)
All the real niggas clique up, let's get rich tonight (Uh)

Only the real recognize real
Give me somethin' I can feel, so I know that it's real
This bandemic infectious, bloody diamonds on this necklace
This bandemic infectious, bloody diamonds on this necklace

Uh
I put fifty on her wrist to make her nastier
I'm doin' numbers on these niggas, it ain't no passin' us
Bad bitch suckin' it out me, Count Dracula
Whole gang with me on a twenty passenger
Kraft with us, at the table eatin' crabs with us
Labels callin' everyday to get some cash to us
'Member when they thought I wasn't smart, they tried to laugh at us
But I still catch 'em at the door, like "Give them Pateks up" (Give that shit up)
Laugh now, cry later, play it cool, slide later, I know I'm gon' die later
On a corner, a four pound, two dollars, some Now and Laters
I'm a real life survivor, them people was tryna fade us
Lil' shorty with me fine, she look like Sanaa Lathan
I don't get her what she want, and she turn into a cry baby
Bye baby, I be out of time, baby
If they catch us on a date, you blowin' up like a bomb, baby
I made twenty mill' last month, you better make up yo' mind, baby
You can do anything you want, just don't get out of line, baby
I'm doin' anything I want, I'm havin' lunch with Tom Brady
Talkin' 'bout his girl problems, I can't lie, I related, only real recognize the real
I was so deep up in the field, I know how he feel
I ain't make it to the NFL, but shit, I'm Meek Mill
And every time they see me fail, shit, I prevail
Every time I rap, it sound like I'm talkin' in gold, and I'll never sell my soul

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Uh, yes

My niggas got indicted, couple made it back (Uh)
Once you seen a hundred, then you made a stack (Yes)
I'm coppin' real estate like I'm still slangin' crack
I left Def Jam once I made the max (Woo)
Look at how I'm livin', jugglin' the raps
I told the record labels "You can keep the plaques" (Huh)
Choppers in the car, it ain't no need for masks (Brrt)
I do it how I do it with my evil ass

M-M-Maybach Music

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