

# Going Bad

Meek Mill

Yeah

(Wheezy outta here)

G, G

Back home, smokin' legal (Legal)

I got more slaps than The Beatles (Beatles)

Foreign shit runnin' on diesel, dawg

Playin' with my name, that shit is lethal, dawg (Who you say you was?)

Don Corleone

Trust me, at the top it isn't lonely (Strapped)

Everybody actin' like they know me, dawg

Don't just say you're down, you gotta show me (What you gotta do?)

Bring the clip back empty (It's empty)

You asked to see the boss, so they sent me, dawg (Sent me, dawg)

I just broke her off with a 10-piece, dawg (10-piece, dawg)

That ain't nothin', I'm just bein' friendly, dawg

It's just a lil' 10-piece for her

Just to blow it in the mall, doesn't mean that we're involved

I just... what? I just... uh, put a Richard on the card

I ain't grow up playin' ball, but I'll show you how the fuck you gotta do it

If you really wanna ball 'til you fall

When your back against the wall

And a bunch of niggas need you to go away

Still goin' bad on 'em anyway

Saw you last night, but did it broad day

Yeah, lot of Murakami in the hallway (What?)

Got a sticky and I keep it at my dawg's place

Girl, I left your love at Magic, now it's all shade

Still goin' bad on you anyway

Whoa, whoa, ooh, whoa

Whoa, whoa, ah

I could fit like 80 racks in my Amiris (80 racks)

Me and Drizzy back-to-back, it's gettin' scary (Back-to-back)

If you fuckin' with my opps, it's don't come near me (Get outta my way)

Put some bands all on your head like Jason Terry (Brrt, brrt, ooh)

Richard Mille cost a Lambo (That's a Lambo)

Known to keep the baddest bitches on commando (Salute)

Every time I'm in my trap, I move like Rambo (Extended)

Ain't a neighborhood in Philly that I can't go (That's a Fendi)

For real

She said, "Oh, you rich rich?" ("You rich rich")

Bitch, I graduated, call me "Big Fish" (Ballin')

I got Laurie Harrier on my wish list (That's Laurie)

That's the only thing I want for Christmas (True story, uh)

I've been had my way out here, yeah, know that's facts (Facts)

You ain't livin' that shit you sell, yeah, we know that's cap (That's cap)

You ain't got to ask me when you see me, know I'm strapped (Brrt)

DC, OVO, we back again, we goin' plat' (Ooh, ooh)

It's just a lil' 10-piece for her

Just to blow it in the mall, doesn't mean that we're involved

I just... what? I just... uh, put a Richard on the card

I ain't grow up playin' ball, but I'll show you how the fuck you gotta do it

If you really wanna ball 'til you fall  
When your back against the wall  
And a bunch of niggas need you to go away  
Still goin' bad on 'em anyway  
Saw you last night, but did it broad day

Wheezy outta here