

# GTA

Meek Mill

Certain shit I don't even say  
Certain shit ain't no need to say  
Yeah, big chasers, big chasers  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, woo

Hood nigga, choppa to the jet, shit like GTA  
Fly them hoes out, send a caddy, what's the ETA?  
Fuckin' on this oiled lightskin bitch, look like Lisa Ray  
Niggas say it's up with me, it's stuck with me, shit, either way  
Watching all you weirdos on the 'Gram, it ain't no need to say  
Who the realest in this shit? I took a stance to lead the way  
I don't want no smoke with you, I see you, you 'gon plead your case  
'Cause my nigga 'gon go at you, and I'm 'gon tell him, "Blead the brakes"  
Yeah, brand new F&N, it ain't no checkin' in  
I told the promoter, "We can't bring them drums, then we ain't steppin' in"  
No rollin' over, we got lawyer money, don't do no questionin'  
Magnolia soldier, we gon' make it clap, shooters like Stephen and we Warriors  
s  
Comin' down Collins, 'bout to fuck Story up  
Wake up in Cali, bad bitch, Waldorf Astoria  
Fly her to Bali, she ain't tripping, she on the tour with us  
Poppin' that pussy, actin' different, she doin' more for us  
Big racks, we got that bitch tweakin', yeah  
Spin back, we 'bout to get even, yeah  
Niggas said it ain't no smoke with me, you better leave it there  
'Cause if I see y'all niggas be poppin' out, I put it even there  
Yeah, for real  
Ooh, I turned shorty up  
Sipping on that 1942, I got my .40 tucked  
Oh, you got your 42, nigga, I got 40 of 'em  
I rock Carties, you can't see my eyes 'cause I be pouring up  
RIP my young boy, that's Osama, hit my shawty up  
Told me never trust a stripper bitch 'cause that's what caught him up  
Every time you catch me in some shit, it caught like four and up  
Caught your homie lackin' at the light, so shit, we tore it up  
Feds came and grabbed you 'bout them bricks  
That's when he brought me up  
Feds came and grabbed him 'bout them bricks  
That's when he brought me up, aye

I been riding with choppas, aces, I'm glad you brought him up  
RIP my uncle, free my youngin, bitch we Audi'ed up  
I heard you fucked around, I'm fuckin' now, I like to pass shit  
I had sixty outta sixty-two, I'm talking bad bitches  
I talk cash shit, I like to crash shit, I'm vibin' on fast whips  
I might go Lamb truck, I'm blowing it out if I get jammed up  
Them niggas ran, what? Threw his shit back if he ran up  
Meek asked cause, I make it jump then get it gone, nigga ask Bud  
I got his bitch singing my songs and she half-Blood  
I'm half-rapper, whole trapper, I got bad luck  
Turned into Mamba when it's drama, I don't pass much  
I post dawg and get cutty, I'ma shack somethin'  
And every time we double back, my niggas whack somethin'  
I ain't been selling too much crack, bitch I got racks comin'  
Tell my bitch I love her  
And if you catch her cheating, nigga, tell that bitch it's fuck her

Boy and her are eating, nigga I can't wait to up it  
Bitch ass niggas  
Free them boys