

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
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