

I'm Rollin'

Meek Mill

Yo whattup it's your boy Meek Milly right here
kickin it with the L.A. Leakers
Deez motherfuckers leakin everything man
Where y'all gettin all this exclusive from man?
I need to know
It's your boy Meek Millie, let's get it
{JUSTIN CREDIBLE!} {"Mustard on the beat"}

Okay I walk up in this bitch, fresher than a muh'fucker
Pocket full of money and my sneakers got blood on 'em
And bitches I ain't got no love for them
Just a bunch of swagger and a little bit of drugs for them
Hey hater you can pull the plug on 'em
Cause my neck be lightin up just like a bulb on 'em
Bling bling, pockets on ching ching
You wifin everything you come across, ring king
Damn nigga, you going HAM nigga
I fuck your bitch and kick her out just like she Pam nigga
Oh that's your main hoe? Well what you sayin nigga?
She said she love this dick, you wasn't in the plan nigga
Pockets on bank roll, chain froze
Nigga we don't even fuck the same hoes
Watching for the coppers in the plain clothes
cause I'm ridin with a chopper in a Range Rove'

I'm rollin, I'm rollin, I'm rollin, I'm rollin
With my nigga Takbar, I'm rollin
Bitch I'm rollin, I'm rollin, I'm rollin, I'm rollin
With this motherfuckin 'Rari like it's stolen
and still I'm gon' walk up in this bitch fresher than a muh'fucker
Walk up in this bitch fresher than a motherfucker
Pocket full of money and my sneakers got blood on them
And bitches I ain't got no love for them

White girls, goin wild
I murder that pussy now I'm on a trial
So wet, I need four towels
She suckin dick like she got four mouths
Old hoe, got whore miles
And y'all niggaz hatin got four fouls
Probably foul out, I probably wild out
And pull the seat out on you niggaz you a dime out
Racks, pause on the pork
I be going HAM, nigga I don't need a fork
Ball so hard, nigga I don't need a court
Purple label everything, nigga I don't need a horse
I'm swagged out, maxed out
Bad bitch with me and her ass out
Rack up, rack out
And every time I'm in the building I'ma cash, out

I got a bitch in the Bay, I got a bitch in the A
I got a bitch down in Philly that do whatever I say
I got a bitch in New York, I got a bitch MIA
I got a bitch down in Houston she wanna fuck e'ryday
And I be rollin, and she be rollin
She be fuckin with the mollies really rollin

And I ain't fuckin with them pills but I be rollin
It's ya nigga Meek Mill in this bitch and I'm rollin