

# In My Bag

Meek Mill

She ain't neva seen it

She ain't neva seen a nigga so fly like me  
With a swagga so mean in a ride like me  
I'm fresh yea I'm a cool dude  
I be getting that money them bunnies like who are you

I'm in my bag (I'm in ma)  
I'm in my bag (oh ain't I)  
I'm in my bag (I'm in ma)  
I'm in my bag (oh ain't I)  
I'm in my bag (ah ah ah ah ah)

I'm like fresh out the prada bag  
Step up in the louie one  
Tering in rellin them  
We pull up in the gucci one  
First you get that money then them bunnies and them cucci come  
The Fans Make The Groupies come  
You lame prolly do for sum  
I come through your hood in that S5 pound  
BITches ain't used to see me like see me know me now  
Like sheba slow me down  
Like shorty slow your stroll  
I pop bars soon as I ball hot dog tell em roll  
Forty on my neck (neck)  
Forty on my Hip (Hip)  
Onmy way to forty-forty (shorty you the shit)  
Swagga so mean I be all up in the mix  
Nigga hatin on my style cause his shorty on my dick  
I don't get mad I just get paper  
Any nigga can nevr evr say I'm a hater  
Cause if he hit mine I'm a just hit your'n  
And if he loving the bitch I'm a just get more.

I say  
I be in my bag  
My niggas be in theirs we hear the party poppin  
We poppin like we in there  
We prada polo the gear the mommies know that we there  
My watch glow in the glear  
Prolli flow of the year  
I'm like step up in the buildin lookin like a million  
My neck kinda freezin so you know a nigga chillin  
Everytime you see me I be lookin liek a villain  
My pants sagg low so you can see the 9 milli  
I'm so hood it don't make no sense  
I hear her kick her out like she ain't paid no rent  
Patrone got me on that haze got me so bent  
I be high to the sky I glide like a rolex  
I'm cool (uh huh)  
I'm fresh (yes sir)  
Chickens like who do (oh that's omelly)  
And he next (ah ah ah ah)

I'm like shorty what you talking bout  
Go head and walk it out

We pull up in that 5 o'clock  
The crew done stole the parking spot  
460 elepent hating niggas ball the block  
If gettin bitches was a crime  
You Niggas prolly call the cops  
Cuase I'm killing them  
Fresh prince will and them  
I be on your block and I be balling like adrenalin  
Coppers share their watch time and I can swear I peel on them  
Haters keep that spill for them  
Cause coppers down like riddle em (riddle em)  
Put them in their place they try to jack us  
My man gone put that Cheese up on yo head just like a Packer  
Them goonies they get all up in yo shit liek a hacker  
They pop up at ya crib an dey be after (you)  
I be in my bag  
I share my swagga (1, 2)  
Man I don't even try I just be fly everytime I do it.  
Like I do I domt through  
Tell your bitch she coming too  
She hop up in that wheel that bitch be kickin kung-fu

[Hook]