

Intro (Hate on Me)

Meek Mill

Brrr

Every time I get back in the streets, this shit get darker
Yeah, woo

Niggas can't hate on me now (Hate on me)

We do it all, we changin' the laws, they thinkin' 'bout takin' me down (Yeah)

We done put bulletproof all on the cars, I told 'em bring eighty more rounds
(Brrr)

I put baguettes on all of my dawgs, they fall, they makin' a sound
I'm on a yacht with a bad thot, we got the streets in a headlock
Nigga tried to peep through the backyard, all he seen was the choppas and red dots (Brrr)

I got my mama a black card, yeah, I really put on for the head knock

This that 1AC, you ain't one of them rappers

And none of your steppers can step with my steppers

This chess, not checkers

I told my dawgs, "Don't stress, don't rush it," I really got off

It's seven on seven and I'm gettin' better and better and better, my nigga,
it's never no pressure (Let's get it)

Every time I hit up one of y'all niggas with smoke, it's never no pressure

Niggas is pussy, if I put a price on your head, shit, I get the special

You know I be hangin' wit' Jews

Get money wit' Russians, I'm makin' my moves

The hood behind me, I never could lose, I'm good, I'm solid

Can't play me like one of them dudes

You probably end up on the news

We mobbin' and wildin'

You know we ain't tuckin' them jewels, especially for none of you dudes

We slidin' wit' choppas

Rockin' Dior, I still remember me poor, I'm tryna get more (No cap)

Welcome to Philly where niggas get smoked for real tryna slide to the store

(Brrr)

Send 'em with the stick, ghost the minivan stoley, slide with the door (Yeah)

Nigga gon' die in the streets so we can't even beef, I'ma die on the fours

And the bitch-ass rat keep talkin' that shit like he can't get blitzed and die on the tour

Switchin' the lane up when I'm in that Wrangler and none of them boys can follow them boys

I got the game from the real OG's

And it's money over bitches, can't die 'bout a whore

I got the game from the real OG's

It's money over bitches, can't die 'bout a whore, yeah

Hate on me now, hate on me now, I tell 'em hate on me now

Caught all them bitches and all of them leeches, so ain't no more wearin' me down (Let's get it)

Fresh out the jewelers, I jump out the bitches, they know I ain't playin' around

I triple-

double whenever I bubble, these niggas in trouble, I'm sayin' it now, yeah

Hate on me now, hate on me now, I tell 'em hate on me now (Hate on me)

Caught all them bitches and all of them leeches, so ain't no more wearin' me down (Let's get it)

Hate on me now, hate on me now, niggas can hate on me now (Yeah)

We in the city, y'all tell me it's somethin' to say, you should say that shit now, yeah

Yeah, man

Dem dun kno di unruly boss (Boop, boop, boop)

Represent fi bumboclaat, dreamchasers, yeh

Real "El Chapo," Meek Milly (Boop, brr, boop, boop, boop)

A.K.A "Meek Killy"

I was out in UK, ballin' like 2K

All of my diamonds look duray

She say you only gon' do it when we go out the country, we havin' a three way (Get it)

I was gettin' head in the Rolls, start fuckin' her as soon as I got on the P J

You was tryna tuck her like PJ, I was tryna bust it and do it the free way (Do it the free way)

Yeah, I was at the bodega, rockin' Bottega (Rockin' that Bott')

Crib like four acres and ain't got no neighbors, yeah

And I ain't never gon' meet 'em (Yeah)

Once it's up there, nigga, it's stuck there, blow it whenever we see you

We gettin' them pussies off

We gon' sip it and pour

She gettin' 'em all depleted

Know shorty don't get involved

She gon' fuck on my dawg and all to get to the leader, I

Keep all my bitches in Bentleys and Beamers, and I put the demons in Demons

Keep all my bitches in Bentleys and Beamers, and I put them demons in Demons

Yow Meek

Yuh kno how di fucking ting guh man

Woy yoii

Outside