

**\$lay**

**Meek Mill**

Yeah  
Chasing  
Chasing that bag, chasing that bag  
Chasing  
Whoo  
Aye  
Lil fish

Woke up this morning I had a ménage  
Loaded the foreigners I packed the garage  
We do it big like we back in the sky  
Maybe I'll sell if I rap and I lie  
Maybe I'll sell if I let niggas write it  
These niggas swagger jacking and they bitin'  
This for my niggas trappin' out them Hondas  
Tryna get designer Gucci they attire  
Walk in this bitch and it's quiet  
I break a heart then I buy it  
I probably get her a Birkin  
I take that back, shit I'm lying  
I'm on the jet when I'm flying  
I'm in the Bentley, I'm wheelin'  
I'm in the trench with my niggas and I know the feeling to see 20 million  
Funny money niggas counterfeit  
I could tell you ain't been around the shit  
Like a swiper, when I got the black card  
80 of them burners if they counterfeit  
Seen the money, and I know the sound of it  
It go (vrrrt vrrrt!)  
That's a lot of it  
Know that language that money machine clicking  
They been rap dissing, I ain't seen, niggas  
Know Omelly ready, I got Dean with us  
7 on me, I got Leem with us  
Like that dirty dirty, how I lean niggas  
My wrist so subzero like freeze niggas  
Finish them niggas, I put an end to them niggas  
I'm on the roof with that scope  
When I hit them little bitches like Remy my nigga

You save 'em, we slay 'em  
Girl I ball

Whip whip whip, whip it  
Me and your bitch in a Bentley  
Making it rain when she strippin'  
Hold up the umbrella like Bentley  
Fuck with a nigga that's righteous  
Call me Mr. East Coast I'm the tightest  
I remember when bedbugs was biting  
God bless me like a nigga got sinus  
Ooh  
Holy Ghost, I'm a baptist  
Fucking on ratchets  
Might get a Met Gala actress  
Who give me the top when I slap it  
Feeling like DJ Khaled

She grabbin' on my dick getting careless  
Man I had to kill this beat, I'm a savage  
Meek Milly drop 20 on the atlas

Back in this bitch and you know we reloaded  
Look at the credits and tell you who wrote it  
I had that bitch on my dick and she rode it  
And she wouldn't speak to you niggas and you know it  
I'm out in Cali I'm looking for Khloe  
Kylie, Kourtney or maybe Kendall, finesse with that swagger You know ima swindle you niggas don't getting the shit that I'm mental  
Shit that I'm saying will prolly offend you  
You acting rowdy like Bobby was with you  
You only talk when that molly up in you  
Man, you'll figure out when that tommy'll hit you  
Got bad bitches in the A down in MIA talking in the bay  
When I'm on the west we ain't giving fades  
Cause I got the cake, draco with the lazer on it  
I hit her page, I'm on it  
I like her pictures for warning  
DM that bitch for the kill  
She answer back, I'mma swarm it  
Probably all be in Florida  
I put your bitch in that cool water  
Say I remind her of 2Pac  
32 shots in my oowop  
She fuck me good, get a new bitch  
She keep it tricking a new shop  
Went to Miami on Monday  
By Tuesday I heard that them dudes shot  
I do not know about situations  
Said that I ever saw two cops  
I will not sleep if you made a statement  
Sorry the dudes and the dudes not

You save 'em, we slay 'em  
Girl I ball (Ball, ball, ball, ball)

Look at the ride it's filthy  
Look at that shit man  
Earlier I was just standing there looking at this shit  
Like God damn  
There's really a Wraith, a Bentley, a Bentley, a Maybach and a bullet proof car  
This the shit I really be on you know what I'm saying  
It's the life  
I'm really happy around like  
This is real shit