

\$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 foreigns 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 Mill 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 swi
ndle 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