

# Make It Work

Meek Mill

I used to want all that shit, now I got it  
I gotta think of some more shit to want, nigga  
Oh!

I used to want a quarter bird 'til I got me a brick  
I used to want that SRT until I hopped in the Benz  
I used to really want that hoe until she hopped on my dick  
You niggas said they wanted war, we started droppin' that shit  
Like oh Lord, oh Lord!  
She ridin' waves, I tell your bitch to surfboard  
Surfboard, surfboard  
She want the money, tell that hoe to work for it

I used to really want that hoe until I hit from the back  
I started trappin', no hands, tried to get me a pack  
I took my talents to South Philly, had to get me a sack  
You niggas know you fuck around, Meek Millly gettin' you whacked  
I used to want a pound of weed, I started flippin' that crack  
Sellin' that dope, I went through hell bein' broke  
A nigga called me, say he got it, I say front me in four  
And he ain't heard from me since and now he smellin' the smoke  
You fuckboy! Fuckboy!  
Niggas hatin', I'm like what the fuck for?  
I'm in the 6, I'm ridin' with a plus 4  
She a 10, I fuck her and all her friends, pussy nigga

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Nigga, so tired of these lame niggas  
Keep changin' on you like late winter  
Springin' on you for a hoe or somethin'  
My coat season and game different  
Self made, self made nigga  
Well dressed, well paid nigga  
I daredevil err'day, nigga  
Like Hell's Kitchen and faint vision, oh Lord!  
Tell them niggas I'm a need a minute  
Undefeated, young sneaker nigga  
Hundred deep, you never see a nigga  
Hennessy in moderation  
But my niggas drinkin' like them black ink niggas  
Hah, that's cheesy nigga  
Meanin' I cut and leave a nigga  
Get it? That's leavin', nigga  
Scissors, clippers, please forgive me  
Real nigga, hoes around me  
Take bitches, repeat offender  
Ho, ho, please don't let me  
No, no, Easter pinkin'  
I done prayed the rappers get the Actavis

So they can all go back to just sleepin' on me

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Niggas lookin' at me when I step into the party  
It's the 50 millionaire, mothafuckin' Don Dada  
All these niggas on coke, all these bitches on molly  
Half my niggas do both, you better get yourself some money  
Catchin' feelings when I pull up in it... rrrk!  
Bad bitch, she a stripper, now she gettin' spinach  
Now follow me, Balenciagas like they're Nikes, nigga  
Fine bitches in the club, all wifeys, nigga  
Now follow me, back to back, we in the Wraith, dog  
Parkin' lot, chicken wings, then we skatin' off  
Still headbussin' bitches, now I break you off  
And if a nigga step to me, I'll break the law  
Now follow me, front your boy and I'm a make you work  
If I got the bitch a purse, she had to make it twerk  
Nigga, ridin' through the city, I remain alert  
Cause these niggas full of envy and they tend to lurk

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