

Massaging Me

Meek Mill

We turn Miami to Sky-ami
We do this without any shenani'
She ready, spaghetti (Yeah, yeah)
I'm throwin' them baguettes (Yeah, yeah)
I'm cuttin' shit up like machete (Uh)
More hundo, the solo, I'm ripped
The king, I'm the GOAT, I'm your daddy
Put my finger in her pussy, VVS'

Hit her like a porn star, I came heavy
She can tell my persona, that's the difference
Put it down in her tonsils
I'm responsible, bitch, I'm doin' my numbers
No matter what I done conquered
I'm goin' back in and goin' bonkers
Bad bitch, she wearin' a different bag in all her pics
As long as she listenin', ain't doing nothin' suspicious, know that bitch be
glistenin'

Bitch inspire me, get more money and I go out to get it
Bitch massaging me 'cause she know I'm gettin' these mills consistent
Bitch massaging me 'cause she know I'm gettin' this money consistent
Bitch massaging me 'cause she know I'm gettin' these racks consistent
Bitch massaging me 'cause she know I'm gettin' these racks consistent

Tell me you proud of me
Every time I come through and I hit it, no one fly as me
I been like this since-since I was an infant

Gang, we 'bout to go to Miami (Let's go)
She tryna jump out her panties (Oh, shit)
I'm gettin' harder to handle, I'm pullin' up, foreign AR with the Phantom (Brrt)
I don't fucked some of my favorite famous bitches backstage at the Grammys (Okay)
I done fucked some of my favorite Instagram bitches back seat of the Phantom
And we in the center, I'ma get her some sandals
It's lit like a candle, I'm lightin' her up
Last ten years been walkin' it, lit, they be droppin' confetti, we pipin' it up
Came in Aventador, coupe too small, I swapped for the Urus, get right in truck
Came with the nigga, but left with the boss
Every time I call, she wipe me up
Hit, nigga, you ain't never had shit
Stick some fine bad bitches on the couch, like, "Pick one" (Which one?)
They off the pills, I'm off the skril, but still gon' fuck like six times
Trophies, I'm livin' life, you know me
I'm a real sniper, I put on my scopey
She spend a night, got a Rollie (Shh)
I told a bitch, "Be quiet," yeah
Treat me like a Rolls Royce Ghosty (Player)
I'm in my hood, I'm a pioneer
But, I'm keepin' that Glock on me closely (Right here)
Niggas, they talk on the 'net, but, we ballin' for real
I'm like, "Fuck out my face" (Fuck out of here)
Know the bitch jet, we goin' to Miami

But, she poppin' up MIA (She out of there)
I'm poppin' out when it's poppin', I pop up and everything go out my way (I'm poppin')
Bitch sayin', "PPA," this track we plottin' goin' away, yeah

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