

OOOUUU

Meek Mill

Pussy

You's a bitch ass nigga, nigga
Never did nothing in your fucking life
What's your resume, you's a male stripper nigga
None of the real niggas in Cali fuck with you nigga
You know I'm plugged in and you know who this is talking pussy
You always showed me the utmost respect nigga
You's a bitch nigga
Never did nothing in your life how dare you play with niggas like us
What the fuck is your resume?

It's Osama Twin Llamas and I'ma fuck around
Why you worried about Meek? Sit your gay ass down
Actin' like you that nigga when you a fuckin' clown
You wanna rumble? I got the 30 on me right now
Swing a punch, bop, bop, you goin' right down
Barkin' up the wrong tree, it's time to bite now
Ain't no more coppin' pleas, it's on sight now
Trigger finger itchin', fuck the wait, strike now

Nigga, you was a stripper, nigga
You copped a plea in every beef you been in nigga
You can't be fuckin' serious
You bumped your fuckin' head, you joke
Nigga you's a fu-, I can't believe this nigga, man
That'll push up like this

Murder, murder, murder that be the case
Man this nigga outta pocket, man he softer than Drake
Drum on my lap, I'm strapped when I hop out the Wraith
Swing a punch on cuz, I knock a chunk out your face
Had a glass pot Pyrex, cookin' the flour
You had a thong up you ass, male hooker for dollars
I got enough clips, bitch, we can shoot up for hours
Get it jumpin', hit the switch like a '64 Impala
Clip fully auto whole strip'll get showered

One phone call I'm in LA in three hours
The bully, please don't bring me out of retirement
Aye Mac chill let me do my thing I got him
Ooouuu, ooouuu
Ooouuu
(You was a stripper)
Philly shit
(Nigga you trippin'
You was a stripper)
B Mac in the building, Omelly in the building
Deuce in the building
DC in the building, Yay in the building

I can never lose, chess or checkers make a move
Drippin' in them jewels like I just got out the pool
Skinny nigga sittin' on that money like the jews
Only time we make it to the TV if it's the news
We was tryna make it out them trenches, you dig?
Young niggas trappin' out them benches, you dig?
You gon' be a felon or a witness, you dig?

All this money, murderin' is senseless, it is
Fuck 'em and tell 'em if I ain't gon' feed 'em
All this money I'm gettin', prolly ain't gon' need 'em
Niggas said that we beefin', prolly ain't gon' see 'em
I'm just pushin' them buttons on 'em and they gon' leave him
Durk checked you (what else?), Thug sonned you (what else?)
Fif dropped you (what else?), Mac oned you (what else?)
Strippers turned rappers look what we come to
You a faggot, my lady'll never fuck you
G-A-M-E, please don't tempt me
Four pound with the lemon squeeze like simply
Ridin' dirty sippin' on the eighth like Pimp C
Land at the Clearport, truck my Bentley
Comin' down Sunset, I'm not done yet
I've been to Brompton, you don't run that
Shout out to YG, where my bloods at?
Call my eses, where them guns at?
I'm with them 40 niggas, I'm never with 40 niggas
Promo your album they got you making up stories, nigga
Stripper to rapper, rapper to stripper you corny, nigga
A sucka

That's what you do to sell you album
You only gon' sell like 15 thousand the first week
I put a mil' on it
DC4 on the way
Heh, y'all niggas is crazy talk to the D's I got lawyer money

You was signed to a rat, you a mouse nigga
I'm sittin' on that money like a couch, nigga
Make me crumble you cookie, you Girl Scout nigga
Make me move to Calabassas, buy a house, nigga
Calabassas, Mac 10 the masks
Waiting on that red Bentley just to fly past us
Hollow tips ripple through the window, shatter glasses
Mac just landed at the port he want some action
Catch you at the drive-through, hit 'em and wax 'em
Desert eagle Sigel hit your body, slide you backwards
Make a nigga moonwalk, talkin' Michael Jackson
I don't let my goons talk, they be only clappin'
Menace to society, got guns by varieties
Teardrops on your face, you ain't got no bodies
Son you like you Ray Ray, nigga you ain't Bobby
Treat you like you Day Day, Deebo on a Friday, pussy
Somebody touch me then somebody die
Beat the body, throw a party like its Mardi Gras
I'm from Philly, nigga, all we know is homicide
Throwing millis tryna make a nigga momma cry
Brace yourself double barrel pipe
Do him like Caine's cousin Harold at the light
Weigh like 170, nigga, I don't fight
Do it with the guns or we can do it with the knife
Do this shit for fun, we could do this shit tonight
Cause we was never cool, nigga, you was just 'aight
New Jack City me and Chino on the bike
I'm sittin' back with the uzi that's your life
I'm gone

Pussy
This ain't about East or West neither nigga
Its about niggas and bitches, power and money
Riders and punks
Nigga you been a bitch nigga

You don't do nothing that we do nigga
You don't get down like we do
We applying pressure on you bitch ass nigga
You know what I'm saying
Niggas already know man Tak, Bossilini, a underboss