

Poppin'

Meek Mill

You got a motherfuckin' cheque in your pocket
Pull it out right now and contribute

Uh, yeah, I'm standin' at a table full of trappers
I pop a Perc and take off like it's NASA
My niggas, they don't rap, but look like rappers
Cause when we get that work, we flip it backwards, Lord

If you ain't got no paper, you ain't poppin'
If you ain't got no paper, you ain't poppin' it
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If you don't got no paper, you ain't poppin' it

I met a bitch from uptown, I'm like, "Woah"
Patrón shots, a couple of rounds, she like, "Woah"
My niggas ain't fuckin' around, they gon' go
Think I'm a spend a cheque on that pussy, I'm like, "No"
I put your bitch in a Phantom, that shit big as a planet
Got some bitches in Paris that speakin' French like Montana
Got a bitch in the projects, she be holdin' her hammer
Landed in California, 'bout to go to Atlanta
To meet my bitch from Miami, she want beef on the table
I moonwalk in that pussy, she thinkin' Billie Jean
I got a TEC sittin' on the step and that's on the set
Here I go, ring a nigga neck all about a cheque, yeah, I know

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You ran up on my set and tried to knock us
They heard I'm wit' the killers and the robbers
If I don't fire hammers and the choppers
I be ridin' 'til they free Wavie Crockett
Khaki sippin' dirty at the house
My niggas, you don't rap cause you can't stop us
Blood, he poppin' me and J. Lo in the projects
Nigga, you couldn't see us wit' binoculars
Hook game like coppers, brick squad like Flocka
Let the birds fly like it's falcons, ball like [?]
This that vintage Chanel, drinkin', twistin' cigars
Mixin' Cris in the dark, cryin', grippin' the odds
Hit my man up, I had to go
Bulletproof sprinter, I be ridin' like the Pope, Montana

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