

Preach

Meek Mill

Countless money
Countless money, countless money, countless money
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I don't fuck with these bitches cause they sheisty
I think she fucking, she could never be my wifey
It be the brokest bitches acting like they pricey
I talk that money these broke niggas never liked me
Look at the flick of the wrist, I put the dick in your bitch
Whipping and cooking bricks, thought we was cooking the girls
Selling the fish and bending them corners
I do whatever I wanna
I fuck whatever I wanna
Remember them times they never was on us
I got bodies, I got bodies
She ain't down, I bet I fuck
Legend to these basic bitches, basic hoes I never touch
Tell them bitches back back out the VIP don't let them know
It don't matter if it's Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday bet I crush
You be liking all her pictures, I hit that ain't never bust
Used to pray get that pussy, I got that and never cuffed
She got mad I hit her friend
I don't argue, let her fuss
It ain't shit to cut that bitch off and move on to better stuff
I got different color Balenciagas
I switch kicks like Mr. Rogers
Bitch better have my money, don't give a fuck if it was 50 dollars
Hit the club
With 50 cowards
I hit the club, we all strapped
Just four niggas that get them dollars like hey

Keep it real with your dawg no matter what... Preach
Same bitch that claim she love you she'll set you up... Preach
Out here in these streets it ain't no such thing as love... Preach
The only thing I trust is this pistol and these slugs... Preach
Real nigga shit, only what I do and speak, if that nigga don't work, he a fu
cking leech... Preach
I ain't got shit for a nigga, ain't nothing in this muthafucking world free.
.. Preach

Zay got the muthafucking bass thumping, Dolph got the muthafucking trap jump
ing
Doors to the trap open, I'll sell you something
Hell nah, don't ask, I ain't frontin nothing
I fucked yo bitch then told her, I'll see you around
Dolph just skipped town with 2 hunnit thou
Dolph just poured an 8 in a two liter pop
They say Dolph addicted to these streets just like his pops
Addicted to hustling, I can't stop, can't stop
Won't stop won't stop, can't stop
Never hear me complaining bout what I ain't got
Cause if I want it, I'm a go get it
Free my nigga Yo Diddy
Got Paper Route tatted on yo ho titty

Same nigga you getting high with he really yo enemy
Everyday niggas cross they patnas out for Benjamins