

She Likes It

Meek Mill

Aye! Aye! Aye!
And She Likes It
And She Likes It
And She Likes it
And She Likes it

You know Imma ball
When we in the mall
20 racks up in my pocket, baby Imma spend it all
She tell me she likes it
And she likes it
And she likes it
And she likes it

Throw it in the bag, swag everytime we ballin
Shoot we just hit the mall and you know Imma spend it all and
My homies say I'm trippin
Say shorty got me fallin
But I just say she different, man I can't even call it
We dip in somethin foreign
We shitin on em, toilet
We killin them in Louie
Rippin through Neiman Marcus
Don't need a key to start it
Valet pull up and park it
I left a rafa roarin more horses than a Ferrari
I'm good and she bad
And I'm hood and she glad
And her friends when they hate say I'm this and I'm that
And I'm fly and and I'm cool
Yeah I went on a loot
Got me thinkin bout cuffin like freeze don't move
Haha, and she likes it
I put her on twitter all the girls wanna like it
She got me in the jewlery store checkin and pricin
I just might ice it cuz shorty she likes it

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When we in the mall
20 racks up in my pocket, baby Imma spend it all
She tell me she likes it
And she likes it
And she likes it
And she likes it

You know what it do
When we comin through
In a Porsche Panamera through the city me and you
She tell me she likes it
She likes it, She likes it
She likes it