

Trap Vibes

Meek Mill

Turn me up some Cruz
I told Barcelini if them niggas hating they gon suffer
I'm goin up a hundred every day
You know how I play!

Skinny nigga in the Benz truck
Swinging through like a nunchuck
Summertime bring them 30s out
Tell Cool put the sticks up
Wait hold up, hold up
How can niggas go against us?
Cold pussies wouldn't even shoot us
See us roll on em like a lint brush
Phil moving out them bandos
We ain't leaving til the brick's done
Couple hundred, we gon vac seal em
Just to ride with it like a Brinks truck
Wait, wait, Louboutins and the wrist bust
Bitch you claiming I done been fuck
You ain't even gotta trip, bruh
In the trenches in the Maybach
Fuck I even got the tint for?
I'm the only nigga got one
Who the fuck I gotta hide from?
Barcelini riding shotgun
Shooters with him, never mindnigga
Young niggas on Sigel Street
Word to Mack, they'll rock something
Wait, wait!
North side of Philly my side of town
Bulletproof whip when I ride around
Niggas talk shit when I'm not around
Wouldn't tell you that we run the city
But we moving, gotta say we jogging now
Hit the city and we running down
Ain't no running now, niggas out of bounds
Plug this, plug that
Niggas rapping, they ain't never sold nothing
Hold this hold that
I ain't letting these niggas hold nothing
Summertime, niggas copping foreign whips
You can tell the Lord coming
Put my name on the flyer
All the trappers, all the bad hoes coming
Niggas dickriding other niggas, that's a trend now
I'm still rocking with the same Chasers I've been round
Got so much work out we might slim down
I'm so popping all my haters turn friends now
Diamonds dancing like Mike Jackson
Shit shining like Mike's jacket
Moonwalking in a Rolls Royce
Through the rearview, see my life backwards
Percocets, popped two 10s on a 20, nigga now I ain't active
So wavy, nigga I ain't rapping
Can't tell me that I ain't swagging, no way

This summer right here, nigga

We going up
Litted, it's litted
Philly!

I'm with broads in Atlanta
Bunch of drugs and the Fanta
Bunch of guns in the Phantom
Spending money like a scammer
My young niggas in the kitchen whipping
Whipping, living large at the hammer
Ducking large and the scammers
Free my dawgs out the slammer
Black car, panther
Shorty call, never answer
20 foreigners in the mansion
Diamonds on me and they dancing
I don't really understand rappers
Niggas jumping on bandwagons
All these bands got my pants sagging
Six threes on the Benz wagon
62s on the Maybach
Bitch I'm coming for the payback
62s in the pot, nigga
Tryna whip it up and bring it way back
You in the club and spending your cop money
All on the Gram acting like that you got money
We looking at you like you need to stop money
You killing yourself with that lil half a block money
I got that go to the mall and get what I want paper
You the type hoping I fall, that's what you want, hater
Member back when I was broke? I only had one hater
These suckers gon hate you no matter you broke or you own paper
Hundred bands, added up
We getting money, they mad at us
At the jeweler buying more Rollies
I don't think these niggas man enough
Fuck them niggas, shit we stunting on em
Niggas, they ain't got nothing on us
Niggas that we never fuck with
Run and telling people that we fronted on em
Nigga made me put a hundred on you
Do you dirty, put the drummer on you
Shots never stopping, pop, pop, pop, pop
We'll run up on you
Dead bodies, homicide
Head shot, mama cry
Cops looking, got an alibi
Lawyer money, nigga, buying time
Hold! They hit my nigga Chino in his head
Hold! Took him to my nigga ain't dead
No! Ball in Miami on Sunday, we did
Ho! Blowing the racks, we evaded the Gram
All black Panamera
White bitch named Samantha
White and black, she a panda
White and black, she a panda
Whipping the... rock with the

I should have just run with the rest