

# Wait For You

Meek Mill

What you doin' over there  
What you doin', yo?  
You wanna call me and just look pretty over there, huh?  
You hear me?  
You wanna call me and just look pretty over there, huh?  
Give me the real one  
I'll call you when I get out the blueprint, yo  
(ATL Jacob, ATL Jacob)  
Yeah

She prayed for my demons, so I levelled her up  
I'm up in Neeman's, spendin' seventy up  
She a material girl, in love with money, so I was lettin' her nut  
And I ain't really even have nothin', but I was just lettin' her stunt  
You know, Prada me, I'll Prada her, she bottle me, I don't bottle her  
Only time I bottle, eat your pussy to make your body purr  
I'll fuck you 'til your body hurt  
Found out where your spot at, now it ain't a lot of work  
Told you come with me, we was out in Turks  
Nasty, travellin' and havin' it  
I'm keepin' it classy, forever appeal with all my baddies  
You see me in traffic, don't ever speak, 'cause we too cracky  
And I won't even peep, I had beef, drop the addy (Drop it)  
Pull up on me, if I was locked down, shit, would you pull up for me?  
Like really wait for me if I was low on money or low on lovin'?  
'Cause the way that they've been movin', I've been low on trustin'  
Pull that Lambo' through the lil' block, tell 'em to throw on somethin'  
'Cause my hood bitch motivate me and always gon' roll up somethin'  
She don't ever really be trippin', I made her my Goyard youngin  
I bought her some Goyard luggage  
When they don't even know y'all fuckin, it hit better  
Just knowin' I'll get any girl I want, it make her wetter  
And she won't go against me, it don't matter what you tell her  
This life can get risky, Lord, don't ever use them letters  
This nothin' ain't forever, uh  
You could've waited, but you faded when niggas hated  
Can't even save you, how you played in them situations?  
Know a couple niggas that hit and I'm gon' get that information  
But it come to me and them niggas, you ain't finna treat me like no basic  
I get real cash, rich bitches all in my DM, tryna fuck me real bad  
I bought this BM, a new BM, and now he real mad  
It's a competition, no competition, I'm startin' to feel bad  
I think I said that, uh  
I've been travellin' around the world for you  
I might pull up in your city, put it in you  
And might take you on the tour with us, 'til the gang sit on the floor with  
us  
She came and I had came, and know I'm cummin', I took her soul from her  
Yeah, still remember your voices from talkin' over my jail phone  
Every time I fuck you, fuck you like I just came home

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