

Meek Mill

"Actin' Up"

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[Intro]

Yeah, turn the lights on
Yeah, turn the lights on
Yeah, turn the lights on
Turn the lights on

[Hook]

These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
And these n*ggas be letting 'em

These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
And these n*ggas be letting 'em

[Verse 1: Meek Mill]

These hoes be acting up
And these n*ggas be letting 'em
I crushed them hoes, I never love them hoes
And these n*ggas be sweating 'em
Cause I run sh*t like Edgerrin
Or better yet, like Rev and them
And on the bottom of my sneaks they red, man
And I ain't talking 'bout no damn Meth and them
Stay Louboutin and I super grind
VS stones, they super shine
I pop the Perc, I get super high
And I drill your b*tch, root canal
I rock Tom Ford, Concords
And I shine on these dime whores
This b*tch done bought me a Rolex
And I still ain't got no time for her
These hoes be acting up
These n*ggas be acting tough
I'm in the Phantom, I'm backing up
And I'm bust down, but I'm strapped as f*ck
So hold your horses, Polo horses
Aston Martin, we roll in Royces
Real n*ggas up in the building

Them hoes choose us, ain't no more choices

[Hook]

These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
And these n*ggas be letting 'em

These n*ggas be letting 'em
These n*ggas be letting 'em
These n*ggas be letting 'em
And me, I don't be sweating 'em

These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
And these n*ggas be letting 'em

[Verse 2: Wale]

These hoes be acting up
See, me, I don't practice much
Gold albums from the word of mouth
Gold bottles in the back of us
These Jones be broke as f*ck
Too uptight, they won't open up
She got her arms folded even on the phone
I'm like, what the f*ck is she here fo'?
These hoes be acting up
These n*ggas keep wifing up
Please homie, got me cracking up
Never spent one more than a night with her
These hoes be a f*cking joke
They'll never say a n*ggas didn't warn you though
Cause you can hit my phone like four in the morning
And I be like, hah, told you so

[Hook]

[Verse 3: French Montana]

These hoes be acting up
Big bread we racking up
Straight to the bank, Cee-lo
Cancel that b*tch like Nino
Ratchet ass ho, don't play with me
Want to Kobe me, want to Humphrey me
Want to Michael me, Russell me
Take me to the bank and Tiger me
Now these hoes be acting up
These clothes ten stacks and up
These cars 100 racks and up
These drums 100 rounds and up

B*tch, blow me like a trumpet
Twenty thousand on it, hundreds
F*ck it, money, money, money
Money, money, money, ah!

[Hook]

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