

Meek Mill

"Fuck Bitches Get Money"

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[Meek Mill:]

I said I'm cooler than a fan fresh like it's easter
Pull up a bitch she be like osta la vister
Heser thought dats what they all say skeezers
I just fucked her yesterday homie you can keep her
Believe her
I don't do nothin I'm a ball
I'm a stand up nigga
I jump up everytime I fall
Everytime I lost
I came back like cook crack
Got my hand up in the game and I ain't never look back
I said I'm good
I'm hood
I wish a nigga would
Try to take me for a sucker he get hit up just because
Can't shake em off for nothin
Dey be hatin but for what
Cause I ain't even get a deal but
When I do they be like UHH!
Sick ya bitch all up on my dick
Cause you a bug
You a flee and I'm a G
I ain't no Crip I ain't no Blood
But I don't bend no I don't budge
I keep dat semi by my gut
A nigga tempt me fire up
I let that sig blow light em up
I say I ain't got that hazy
You know I got dat cush
Niggas rolling on that dirt be smokin dat Reggie Bush
Said dey always speak my name
But when dey see me they never look
Cause they know I keep that flame
But hold up that's anotha book
I said them shooters on deck
Goonies over there
And dat ain't even countin for tooly dat wear
I said dey bitches, pussy, coochie over there
So many clips it look like we shootin for a movie over
here

[Gillie:]

E.A. dey don't pop, lock, and drop it
Round here in North Philly
Dey stop, cock, and pop it
Put you on your dyin bed
Leave you on dat lead dyin
Bust ya head up out that bread
A nigga bet not dare try it
I'm a motherfuckin gangster
Spank you with that banger
Soak you with that toaster
You niggaz straight cho-cha
Pussy ass niggaz for tha hundred I'll soak ya
Leave ya wet and gushy
I'm messin with some rookies
My drop top ridin
And my glock cock ridin
And I'm hangin out that window and I won't stop firen
Til a nigga on the ground and he twitchin
I walk down on em look em in his eyes stop bitchin
His mama fillin reports da boy he missin
These niggaz tellin lies they ain't never sold a pigeon
Ain't got to go to BET to see how I'm livin
Just got to North Philly
And ask for that boy Gillie (dey gonna tell you he's a
gangster)

[Oschino:]

I'm Oschino
You know I got dem kilos
You know I got dat fish if you tryna find nemo
My glocks straight from consemos
Six feet p low you get d pro
If you try to burn me like dat bitch Yolanda do niggaz
pee holes
Gucci frames dey shade my vision
Showin my dick like circumcision
Niggaz mad at me cause dey pockets flat like plasma
televisions
Elevate mind he probably fucked her
I ain't mad nigga dats what's up
Fuck dat bitch let's get deez bucks
I bout my green in God I trust
And trust I grind and coupes I drop
More hot on da block
Like when a cop get popped
Got it jumpin hoppin scotch
Why you hit nigga where da choppaz chop
Standin tall as city hall
Get on his CD nigga naw

Weirdos I can't fuck with ya'll
Meek in his bag nigga I'm in da broad
My young bulls clap like a applause
Be on ya ass like polo draws
Gettin dollaz go-go bars
Why you think we go so hard
Straight from da hood we don't kno no laws
All we kno is cars, broads, bars
Mounts o'z, hard, weed in jars
Guns, vest
Hustle, rest, projects
Killin, shootin, lootin
We a mess
No rep I talk with a tec
Burn it down nigga dey correct
Go to war with da ATF

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