

Meek Mill

"Lay Up"

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[Verse 1 – Meek Mill]

Shorty bad as my son is, pretty face and no stomach
Was the city's most wanted 'til I said gimme yo
number

Youngest nigga I'm stuntin', no more Civics from
Honda

Money comin' in bundles, that's the reason she
wanna

[Bridge – Trey Songz]

Lay up, lay up

Lay up, lay up

[Verse 1 Continued – Meek Mill]

I keep a vest on my chest, to cover my heart
I'd rather fuck in the light, 'fore I make love in the
dark

Cuz she was fuckin' me right, it felt like love from the
start

Was gettin' money on tour, so we was lovin' for fall
But first we go together then break up, tears drip on
her makeup

Fuck all night 'til we wake up, and like George Gervin
we lay up

Cuz all them lies I made up, it's big checks no pay cut
Floor seats in Florida, Heat game vs Lakers

Shorty on my team now, it was us versus them haters
And everybody they talk bad, when they talk that she
take up

She Hermes all flavors, young boy get paper

And all I know is go hard, and every time I touch that
ball I go swish

[Hook – Trey Songz]

She know it's gametime when I do it like that

When I pass it to her baby throw it right back

She can get the lay up, all night

She be tryna lay up, all right

And when I shoot I don't miss (don't miss), I don't
miss (don't miss)

I don't miss when I do it now

She could get the lay up, all night

She be tryna lay up, all right

[Verse 2 – Rick Ross]

Sittin' back with this paper fallin' in my lap
Feelin' isolated nothin' but them hundred stacks
When your money up tell me who you're supposed to
trust
Every night a different woman, fuck your money up
My bank account in shape, I could run with Puff
I came to put you down shorty so what the fuck is up
Since I met her she can't keep that pussy off me
On the pill, I'mma kill that pussy softly
Back to back time to show you how a gangster move
Keys to the pad, talkin' infinity pools
V12's ain't a thang, time to change your name
Paper stuffed in her purse can't hear her phone ring

[Hook]

[Verse 3 – Wale]

Homie picture me rollin', all them bitches be on me
They be fishin' for compliments, I'm just fishin' off
Boca
Made a grip off them vocals, got a gift with the vocals
So much over these? should have been on a poster
Infatuated to say the least
He lay it weak, I lay you once you lay a week
Wale a freak, he know it doe, no go with hoes
When it come to showin', I am working with totem pole
That's head on head, she give me head, I give her
glow
I'm in her body, I'm in her head like quote unquote
The coldest flow, the flyest combination was voila
Au revoir to my rivals, double M genius shotta

[Hook]

[Verse 4 – Trey Songz]

From the night to the morn', yeah she tryna lay
Got a freaky, freaky game and she tryna play
Couple more shots baby can you make it stay, stay up
Lay up, lay up
Might just slap the backboard, give you what you ask
for
Lay up

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