

## Meek Mill

### "Levels"

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[Intro: Meek Mill]

See it's brackets, nigga  
Them hoes ain't fucking you  
'Cause you ain't in that bracket, nigga  
Learn life, it's levels to this shit, young boy  
Aye yo, you feel me?

[Hook: Meek Mill]

Lil' nigga, we don't rock the same clothes  
Fuck the same hoes  
'Cause it's levels to this shit  
Lil' nigga, we don't drive the same whips  
We don't fuck the same chicks  
'Cause it's levels to this shit  
Lil' nigga, we don't get the same paper  
You a motherfuckin' hater  
Boy, it's levels to this shit  
Lil' nigga, 'cause it's levels to this shit  
Lil' nigga 'cause it's levels to this shit  
Oh lordâ€¦!

[Verse 1: Meek Mill]

'Cause it's levels to this shit, levels to this shit  
Can't fuck my hoe 'cause its levels to this bitch  
And I be rockin' Prada like a devil in this bitch  
And a Birkin bag like a gold medal to this bitch  
And I'm heavy as it get  
Shinin' like a motherfuckin' bezel on my wrist  
All my niggas mobbin' so we heavy in this bitch  
30 grand for the Muller that's a Chevy on my wrist  
Cocaine, most saying, young nigga blowin' up - Kurt  
Cobain  
Skatin' on 'em like I'm Lil' Wayne  
And this 458 don't do the lil' lane - "vroom!"  
Swerve on 'em, niggas got a nerve on 'em  
'Cause I heard the Feds got him and he had them birds  
on him  
But a nigga back home and now niggas roll with him  
Caught a case, what you think? Nigga fuckin' told on  
'em  
I ain't get my shit snatched yet

You ain't get your bitch back yet  
One call, niggas aim that TEK  
Blood drawn, headshot, nigga, brains on step  
Hot shit if you pop shit  
And I don't want your opinion if you ain't got shit  
We young niggas, we winning, I pull up, drop shit  
Mob shit, with more keys than a locksmith

[Hook: Meek Mill]

[Verse 2: Meek Mill]

Damn, Tommy, you ain't got no job  
DC, we the motherfuckin' mob  
Young nigga gettin' straight to the money  
In a Range with your honey, I pull up like "ah!"  
I make them power moves with Jay and 'em  
Them boys shootin', don't play with 'em  
Maybach, Rozay and 'em  
Rollin' down Collins, call Rugs, hit the A with 'em  
Compound niggas live now  
If it's the Finals I'm ballin' like I'm LeBron now  
I call up Auda tell them bitches to calm down  
I treat the jet like a taxi way the way I'm flyin' around  
And I don't fuck with no niggas  
If they don't fuck with my niggas  
And I ain't fuckin' no bitches  
If they fuckin' my niggas

[Hook: Meek Mill]

[Verse 3: Meek Mill]

One time for the real niggas  
Two times for the bad bitches  
Y'all suckas be cuffin' hoes  
'Cause y'all suckas never had bitches  
I hit the dealer bought another Rolls  
That's the reason why you mad, nigga  
That's the reason why you hatin' on me  
I love ballin', my bad, nigga  
'Cause its levels to this shit  
Levels to this shit  
Can't fuck my hoe 'cause it's levels to this bitch  
'Cause it's levels to this bitch  
And a Birkin bag like a gold medal to this bitch  
Lord, lord, lord, lord, hold up!

[Hook: Meek Mill]

