

## Meek Mill "The Motto"

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[Verse 1: Meek Mill]

Bottle after bottle, model after model  
Spending all this paper like I fucking hit the lotto  
All I know is YOLO, nigga, that's the motto  
Ricky told me, "Get em," and I told him that I got 'em  
And I got 'em every day, every day  
Bad bitch and she gon fuck me every way, never stay  
Once I hit it, then I'm dipping that-a-way, that-a-way  
Young nigga from the bottom and I never had a way  
I really went from whipping 62's to whipping 62's  
Ain't none of my niggas Crip, and we giving niggas the blues  
We buying they hoes bags, getting they bitches shoes  
You wondering why she ain't fucking, we winning,  
nigga you lose  
Yeah, I'm flexing  
I pull up in a Ghost, hundred on my necklace  
And all my diamonds clear, they VVS'ing  
I turn into a toilet on these niggas, they BS-ing  
Two fingers, did it on 'em  
Hold up, I really shitted on 'em  
I dropped Dreamchaser and I made a milli on 'em  
It don't matter what city I'm in, I'm going Philly in 'em  
With my red P hat, nigga you know we back  
I'm going to Houston, I heard that's where they cheap  
at  
I done put them Percs down, think I'm 'bout to relapse  
Just to give her dope dick and ask her for some  
feedback  
Like "Shorty, do you love this dick?  
You know who you fucking with?"  
Grab her by her weave, smack her ass like you fucking  
bitch  
Don't talk nasty, she don't know my  
government  
But she gon get this dick and chew me up just like  
some Double Mint  
Check me I be jumping out the coupe, swagger through  
the roof  
Bad bitches waving at me, real niggas salute  
I ain't gotta lie, they know the truth  
And I ain't gotta say I'm fly, this G5 with the

crew  
I'm in the air bitch, diamonds clear bitch  
Took off my Rollie and got on some Audemeer shit  
I hear these haters talking, but I don't hear shit  
Cause we get them bricks and stack them up just  
like a pyramid

Y'all niggas talk like bitches do  
Same niggas in the district giving interviews  
I got killers on my team that'll get at you  
For a brick or two, really put an end to you

[Verse 2: Wale]

(?)  
Black (?), sag jean sitting - low  
Effortless flow, a couple sum'n a show  
Youngin is 21, we playing (?)  
Probably fuck up your budget, yea, I'm playing with  
numbers  
Put that shit on whatever, we running another summer  
Liquor, lot of bottles, tab " you know I got it  
Spend a night up at Diamonds, ain't tricking it you  
got it  
Designer shit, though I'm modest, astonishing to  
be honest  
Obama shit on my arm, a presidential, you got it?  
Get your revenue popping before you ever do talk on  
them  
Niggas who work too hard to not show it off via flossing  
Double M G harder than anything that you part of  
This professional ball, the best you niggas is (?)  
Yea I'm on that ball shit, boy you with that soft shit  
Fore he hit the room, hear a "Vroom!" from  
the Porsche bitch  
"On that Yamaha, pardon me, that's Meek and  
them"  
She say she is not a groupie, "I just wanna speak to  
them!"  
You lying though, you trying to go  
Apply smoke and watch the motherfucking pride go  
These little bitches is little bitches, we never love  
em  
To all the sisters with ambition, I see your hustle  
I'm trying to go though, y'all already know  
though  
Stepping on em, they slept on us, (?)  
Whoever want it, they better note that I'm so  
focused  
A message to my opponent: they better off trying to  
clone us  
Keep her in Chanel while your bitch is like an L

When she out, you (?), all she need is like an L  
That's why I never trust a ho, no never me  
I just wanna get some head, maybe ass 'fore I leave  
Fuck a beef, keep it moving, she easily influenced  
You niggas keep sleeping, you gon' need to meet  
(Cuba?)  
I can't stand no motherfucking Hoover  
I'ma keep the reefer, you can have the hookah  
Versace, Medusa, I probably, abuse it  
Around me, my crew, your bitch probably throw two up  
Party with bitches that throw parties too much  
We skip right to fucking, they call you that (?)  
And what "deuce up  
Out

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