

## Maybach Music Group

### "Fitted Cap"

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(performed by Wale, Meek Mill & Rick Ross)  
(feat. J. Cole)

Beat billionaire

[Rick Ross]

You know I stick to the script  
Twenty-million dollar nigga, but I do it like this

(M-M-M-Maybach Music, Maybach Music)

[Rick Ross - Chorus]

My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Wuh!)  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Wuh!)  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap  
The Rolls-Royce, it's all white  
Foamposites, the LeBrons, I'm fuckin' wit' the Spikes

My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)  
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)  
The Rolls-Royce, it's all white (How can I not talk big? I  
got to)  
Foamposites (Wale!), the LeBrons, I'm fuckin' wit' the  
Spikes  
Wale

[Wale - Verse 1]

Yeah, uh  
Ferrari mics, bitch, I'm on my car show  
My chick black and white, she ain't no dime, that bitch a  
Concorde  
I know I'm reppin' this, shoot and I don't ever miss  
The coupe I'm in is rented, I ain't wit' all that  
commitment shit  
P-R-Ps is proper, couple Gs when I'm shoppin'  
My girls and my SBs, got a thing for pink boxes  
Shout out Frankie the Butcher, shout out Mishka in  
Brooklyn  
That's some nigga from 10.deep ATL, I'm wit' the  
cooker

I ain't e'en tryin', fool, ho, I ball like private school  
You bammass like Hyperstrikes, your wifey sleep  
outside of you  
And Tito's my niggas, you know just we just need more  
shit and  
It's ironic how I drop some dough when I got them  
Homer Simpsons, look  
Pine-green Foams, they may never see the store  
Got LeBron Entourages like Maverick and Richie Paul  
Bitch, I ball, ho, you lame, look at my Laney's, switchin'  
lanes  
Look at my 9s, look at my Blazers, look at my 4s, cut  
wit' laser  
Look at my whore, that is your lady, look at my flo',  
makin' y'all crazy  
Makin' y'all sick, y'all cannot tame me, Lexus drive me,  
Maybach pay me  
Salute

[Rick Ross - Chorus]

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My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)  
The Rolls-Royce (Huh!), it's all white (Huh!)  
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Meek Mill

[Meek Mill]

Yo  
I said I'm swaggin' out in my Cool Greys, no LL, but  
these cool Js  
And my wrist froze, but I'm cool sha', like a bald head,  
I'm too paid  
I'm too blazed, and I'm too high, George Kush, the  
whole crew high  
Wrong move and that tool fly, better Kon that ass like  
Wu-sai  
It's MMG, MOB, young nigga, I been OG  
Walk around wit' like 10 on me, that 5-7, that fen' on  
me  
Don't grin on me wit' them long stares, you ain't God  
unless no fear  
Big money, all the hoes, HD, I came so clear  
We jeweled out and we racked up, Phantom big when it  
back up  
Big Boy, look like a Mack truck, shooters ride wit' that  
Mac tucked  
I'm a Bad Boy, bitch, ask Puff, Simpson-Rodgers, my  
last cup  
On this shit, I can't stand up, country Ks as I man up  
This Rozay, Wale, Gunplay, and that nigga Pill  
In Brazil, and this shit is real, got bad hoes and that

whippet pill

One week and we get the deal, one day and I fucked  
the bitch

My Levis, they 501, my snapback is hella bent

My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)

My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)

The Rolls-Royce (Huh!), it's all white (Huh!)

Foamposites, the LeBrons, I'm fuckin' wit' the Spikes

[J. Cole]

Fresh-ass nigga, no wonder why them hoes be open

That's that nigga, so what'd I say? They okey-dokin'

How you figga? You fuckin' wit' me? I hope he jokin'

I'm witcha girl, you home alone, bitch you Macauley

Culkin

I'm oviedosin', ay, homie, Kobe smokin'

Then put my ashes on you niggas, bet you gon' need  
lotion

I'm slowly roastin', heatin' up, so you know we toastin'

Fuck hoes wit' no emotion, fade away like Kobe postin'

Out in Sweden, like ain't shit that you can't tell us

Lord, forgive me, as a kid, I used to look at niggas

jealous

'Cause uh, they had them Js, and my mama wouldn't

cop 'em

Can you blame her? Hundred dollars for them bitches

wann't a option

Now we livin' much better, nigga, pay whatever

Rock them bitches once then forgot about 'em forever

My kicks like my chick, I don't need to know the

numbers

You just need to know I'm comin', I'll kill you niggas this

summer

Cole

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