Meek Kill "Amen"

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[Meek Mill]

I just wanna thank God For all the pretty women he let into my life All the Benjamins he let me count Wealth and health, for my family And lettin' me BALL on these niggas

[Hook: Meek Mill]

Now it's a lot of bad bitches in the building (Ooh, Amen)

A couple real niggas in the building (Amen) I'm finna kill niggas in the building (Amen)

I tell the waiter fifty bottles and she tell me say when

And I say church (Preach)

We make it light up like a church (Preach) She wanna fuck and I say church (Preach)

Do Liv on Sunday like a church (Ahh, Preach)

[Verse 1: Meek Mill]

Bottle after bottle, drink until I overdose

Pull up in the Phantom watch them bitches catch the holy ghost

Everytime I step up in the dealer I be goin' broke

Shorty wanna fuck me I say get on top and rollercoast

And I lay back, she go cray

Fuck me good, but she no stay

Murder on that pussy let her boyfriend get that DOA

Get it? And all I get is Frito Lay

Plus I'm on probation, when they test me I just pee

Rozay

Cause last night, I went hard, Peach Ciroc, Patron and

Thirty racks on Magnum bottles, I think I was born to ball

Lookin' like a million plus, fresh I'm out that corner

Hater I be doin' me, you guys should be doin' y'all

I'm stackin' money to the ceiling

All this ice that's in my Rollie I be chillin'

And I just made a couple million

So I could take care of them children

[Hook]

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We make it light up like a church (Preach)

She wanna fuck and I say church (Preach)

Do Liv on Sunday like a church (Ahh, Preach)

[Verse 2: Drake]

Just bought my niggas some cane, so much it came with a plane

Bought my niggas some dope, so much it came with a boat

I just bought me a crib so big it came with a moat For niggas jumpin' the fence I hope you niggas can float

And I just hope that I'm forgiven for carin' 'bout how they livin'

And loanin' a little money and keepin' 'em out of prison I ain't lyin' in my verses I'm just telling you the basics Of growin' up with your friends and becoming the one that made it, Yes lord!

All gold, man I got these bitches soul

Talkin' bout these other rappers getting old is even getting old

Worry 'bout your followers, you need to get your dollars up

Me and Meek, young niggas poppin' like our collars up And good ain't good enough, and your hood ain't hood enough

Spend my whole life putting on, you spend your whole life putting up

Ain't no telling when I go, so there ain't shit that I'mma wait for

I'm the type to say a prayer, then go get what I just prayed for

Nigga, church

[Hook]

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[Verse 3: Meek Mill]

Lord forgive me for my sins, I'm just tryna win And she a devil in that dress but if she knock I let her in And if she knock I let her in I had her up by 12 o clock, then 3 o clock she wet again I'm screamin' "Oh Lord"

That pussy good, that pussy good

I'm tryin to hold on

I wish I could, you think I should?

She got that million dollar body

Shawty my Bugatti

And she said she got a man

We keep it secret illuminati

(Got Patron On deck)

And Ciroc all in my bottle

(Push it all on here)

She was on that Repressitol

(She take it all off)

And I take her off

And this bitch spinnin' like I hit the lotto

[Hook]

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