## **Derrick Rose (feat. Mel Love)**

## Meek Mill

MMG in the building It's Meek Milli you know what I do I get money bitch Yeah... Philly...I'm ballin on these niggas like I'm Derrick Rose If they ain't talkin money ohh hell no If they ain't talkin pussy I don't hear them hoes I'm a paper makin, pussy gettin, animal More money... more problems So every check I get I'm buying more choppers More money... more problems So every check I get I'm buying more choppers A hundred stacks, that's feather weight It's time to get this money and the record straight Fuck a lot of hoes, I don't never hate On the first night, I don't never wait I bob and weave, them red bottoms Before ya blink ya eyes, she got her head bobb'in I be in the hood with a lamb popp'in When ya'll was buyin circles, we was square copp'in Thirty-six... pyrex... bakin soda... I make a nine stretch Paper towel, let it dry it Got'em lookin at my wrist like, "Is he signed yet?" No nigga, you a hoe nigga Rapper you an action figure, G.I. Joe nigga Middle of the streets, I'm on a four wheeler Same night I rocked the same stage as a sold nigga! I'm ballin on these niggas like I'm Derrick Rose If they ain't talkin money ohh hell no If they ain't talkin pussy I don't hear them hoes I'm a paper makin, pussy gettin, animal More money... more problems So every check I get I'm buying more choppers More money... more problems

So every check I get I'm buying more choppersI said, I be off in the kitchen, pitchen, aimin at a mitten

Tryina get it back, and a nigga tryina get it, hit it, hit it

Straight water whip it, tryina break it all down and bring it all back. When that shit done, it'll drop in the pot

For the right price I could make it straight drop, right price

Try, make a lot, lot. Stack em pots, ta ta fuck ya'll on

I don't like mine lookin like popcorn, yeah I like mine color buttered popcorn. Nigga, lil real G's lookin mean in

We ain't bought what we ain't never goin slide

Nigga, Omelly got the semi on line, don't get it twisted or get your shit popped, popped. Get ya shit hit, keep fuckin round you gunna get your shit split, split

Bitches on my dick, make em bounce these dudes that I'm with cause they be gettin down like a muhfucka, like the muhfuckin ground yeah lay a nigga down in tha muhfuckin ground it's a muhfucka, that's what muhfuckin happen with my clip. uuuhhh! We really rollin, I said I'm really hoe'in

Nigga my chopper like a semicolon, it got a, dot on the top with a comma all up under it. Get hit with that nana and get splattered where it's thundering. I'm ballin on these niggas like I'm Derrick Rose

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If they ain't talkin pussy I don't hear them hoes

I'm a paper makin, pussy gettin, animal

More money... more problems

So every check I get I'm buying more choppers

More money... more problems

So every check I get I'm buying more choppersI got a goon, he wild as shit

He got a tool, it's loud as shit

I call him up, like we got a vic

Dead people, dead man walkin

Coming out your mouth, you just a dead man talkin

That sucka's at your church, layin in a coffin

Hit him broad day, but ain't nobody saw it

M.I.A., I'm in the back, ask my nigga rickey I can tuck a mac

I'm spending dough, they comin back

Is that your hoe? Nigga... well I'm fuckin that

And he had the nerve to call my phone about her

Same time I was gettin domed up by her

He said he's sick and tired of going home without her, but it ain't my fault she got a hoe'in problem, nigga!I'm

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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