

# The Trillest

## Meek Mill

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Was the money good?, Was em bitches bad? Was them fuckin' good?

Did your hood show you love?, did the hoes say you fly?

If your friends say you're loyal, throw your rollies in the sky

For the trillest, for the trillest

As the champagne boils and the campaigns roar

And the lights shine bright every night that plug, for the trillestSee my momma cry too many tears

And we been broke like too many years

It ain't too many kids, a couple homies, there ain't too many there

And they all gotta eat, they got too many kids

To many kids with no fathers, doing too many bids

Too many bids, just gave 'em kids too many years

As soon as you get that money, that's sooner they appear

Some ? as soon as you share

And yeah, I've been losin' touch with my family, it ain't the same

I should've gave my sister some money, but I made it rain

I should've hit the crib with my son and play a game

But instead I ended up at the jeweler to make a chain

It's saying saying when you make money it make you change

Like four quarters, the fourth quarter, I made a lane

Shit, I had to walk forward they talkin' 'bout takin' trains

And takin' planes, I put the work in and made a name

But the question isWas the money good?, Was them bitches bad? was they fuckin' good?

Did your hood show you love?, did the hoes say you fly?

If your friends say you're loyal, throw your rollies in the sky

For the trillest, for the trillest

As the champagne boils and the campaigns roar

And the lights shine bright every night that plug, for the trillestI never wanted to be like Mike, I wanted to be like Mitch

Now all the lil' niggas wanna be like this

I wear my chain in any city, let you see my shit

Cause I earned that, it's on me, I'mma keep that shit

I got blood on my money, ether in my soul

Do you know the feeling durin' Easter with no clothes?  
Now it's stars in the ceiling, bringing ether out the rose  
With the curtains on the windows, I'm just peepin' at my ghost  
Money made me iller, already was realer  
Young kings killin', young kings over skrilla  
That's why I ride around mac on me like I was Miller  
Or Reggie when I shoot for that three  
They drop fetty, that's good money  
Come to my city, we talk heavy and die young  
When we get some paper, we cop Prezis ?  
20 inch rims for the dope boy  
Sellin' that coke boy, trappin' on your note boy  
Got that ? off money, fuck I need a note for!?  
In them school hallways like "fuck I need a note for!?"  
We ain't wanna go to class, was sellin' coke raw

The principal was coppa too, hit him with a snowballWas the money good?, Was them bitches bad? was they fuckin' good?

Did your hood show you love?, did the hoes say you fly?  
If your friends say you're loyal, throw your rollies in the sky  
For the trillest, for the trillest  
As the champagne boils and the campaigns roar

And the lights shine bright every night that plug, for the trillestLookin' for that intro I was at the dealer lookin'  
for another Benzo  
Match kicks with my Kenzo, young nigga  
Heart of a lion, hungry as hippo  
When I was on my last, nobody ain't tell me shit though  
Flow slicker than Crisco, niggas talkin', I get low  
Do my thing, they jump back, know how that shit go  
And they still say I'm arrogant  
I'm still eatin' steak with the asparagus  
When I get that money like I married it  
1 milly, 2 milly, 3 milly, buried it

Since they say I'm underground, I run that bitch like Harriet  
Rolls Royce pushin' real slow like a chariot  
Pull up on 'em niggas that got to me, shit, embarrassin'  
I'mma real nigga with money, never trash it  
You a fake niggas with money, it's no comparison  
Told me that I couldn't get signed when I was rappin' it  
And told me I couldn't do songs when I was battlin'  
They told me that I couldn't be trap, I started trappin' it  
Never listen to 'em, oh well, shit is immaculate  
I'mma just go sit up in this back again  
Smoke the weed and laugh at 'em  
Make a couple million by accident  
Couple niggas dropped on Twitter say they back again

Couple months later on Twitter they say us laxative  
Shitted on 'em Nicky voice, did it on 'em Benjamins  
Plenty of 'em Benjamins, semi on 'em a many on a-  
Whole 'nother level from before now  
Tell my niggas when I see a hundred mil its going down  
When I made my first mil, I was like "it's on now"  
Then I made my second mil, money on the floor now  
Then I made my third mil, I'm like "I need more now?"  
I got in my zone and that money started pourin' down  
Every time I hit the booth, microphone torn down  
We couldn't get a pair of Pumas, we up in the store now, bitches!

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