

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 trillest See 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
Too 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 is Was 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 trillest I 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 snowball Was 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 trillest Lookin' 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
Plently 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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