

Jefe (feat. Meek Mill)

T.I.

[Intro]

(Oyy papi, Meek apurate, fuck!)
No more apologizing for being excellent
(No se me importa. ¿Puedes apurarte?)
From now on man, fuck it, I'm just gon' be dope
(Quiero la plata, nada más)
And no apologize for it
I'm sorry I'm dope, nigga (Dámelo todo, lo quiero ya)
Wrap your mind around it and embrace it, this is a fact of life
(Mmm, papi)
God, I'm so good

[Verse 1: Meek Mill]

Yeah, fuck up that money, then make it again (then make it again)
I fuck her twice, then I make her my friend (then I make her my friend)
Shit, look at these haters, they hatin' again (they hatin' again)
I know they don't like it, they takin' it in
Fuck up a check, then we makin' it back
She like Chanel, I'ma drape her in that
She want the D, I've been waitin' on that
I've been doing my thing, they've been hatin' on that
And I meant what I said, I ain't takin' it back
We get you chain, we ain't takin' it back
Reach for my chain, get [your fracture] for that
Only speak on my name when you statin' the facts, please
I know we ballin' too much and all of these pretty hoes fallin' for us
I say, "Ven aquí- mami," and call it to us
If I give you my number, don't call me too much, comprende?
City to city, bad bitches and tities, she jump on the jet with me, she on the tour
I'm in Balenci', Laurent and Givenchi, my pockets on Benji and she in Dior
Flex on the 'Gram just to look like you got it, but really you broke
(but really you broke)
Since suckas pop shit on their Twitter, like killers and really get smoked (really get smoked)
Know niggas that used to be trappers on Twitter just tellin' these jokes (tellin' these jokes)
While we gettin' money, just burnin' this bread, tryna turn it to toast, forreal
They say we talk about money too much, but maybe they ain't gettin' money enough
I say, "Dimelo, papi," he combo the truck, he gon' make a tab and I'm runnin' it up, gracias!

[Verse 2: T.I.]

Let me welcome you, get introduced to the king
Bentleys, Ferraris, brand new and they clean

So disappointed when niggas talk shit on their records, when you see 'em, don't do anything
Okay, killin' these niggas with more than before
Been stuntin' and shinin' since back in the nineties
I'm 'bout it, forgot the Glock in my pocket, remind you and plug the whole city behind me
Spent hundreds of thousands, no millions on diamonds
In Philly, they go ask Meek Milly about me
I'm solid and thorough, stand up as fuck
See these niggas, I just be like, 'What the fuck?'
Ain't no way in hell you can fuck with us
Like a bad bitch with no furniture, I can't do nothin' with her
Still hit her and them bad bitches who hung with her
That's how I do, ay, can't give you the formula
Don't stop me, I'm just warmin' up
Niggas be actin', the fuck they perfomin' for
Leave 'em right there for the coroner
Man, my bitch look so bad, she a foreigner
Aston Martin, the attire is formal
How we kick it, ain't shit 'bout us normal
We Grand Hustle, schemin' and chasin' our dream, stackin' that paper
Hearin' my raps, you see me, you see what I mean, drippin' that flavor
Fuck niggas hatin', don't try me, I split that potato, then go sit and eat with the mayor
Skiin' in Vail, David Chapelle told me you niggas is funny as hell
Run to the smoke and then runnin' and tell, open the vault, put you under the jail[Outro: Female voice & T.I.]
Como dice Pablo 'Plata O Plomo'?
AsÃ- es como es
Que te vaya bien, bitch!
Hey, que pase, mi amigo
You know that nigga?
Ay, tranquilo
What'd he do?
Hahahaha
Ask him if he got some weed
Yo quiero grande mota
Man, what'd you just say?
CÃ³mo se dice a lot of weed
(Yeah) Yeah yo quiero grande mota
Okay (huh?)
Cocaina? (Hell yeah)
Mucho (We want that)
Ahahahahaha
Ya dig?