

Dope Dealer (feat. Rick Ross & Nicki Minaj)

Meek Mill

[Intro: Meek Mill]

There's three types of niggas in life
Niggas that make it happen
Niggas that watch it happen
And niggas that don't even know what the fuck is going on
Choose one...

[Verse 1: Meek Mill]

I got all these bad bitches twerkin'
Waves on swim, shit surfin'
I don't wanna yall niggas 'round me
Broke niggas make me nervous
Shawty said she want that paper
Pop pussy like she workin'
Damn, a nigga finally famous
Rari by the Benz, I'm swervin' (SKR SKR!, SKR! SKR!)
Fuck rap, I might sell swag
She want me 'cause she know i got that Chanel tag
She fuck me and she gone get that Chanel swag
Her boyfriend like, "Where you get that Chanel bag?"
55 hundo, pop green, and I ball
Like Rondo
Catch me, North-South, with a dime ho
Turnt up, but I'm like keep calm ho
I go, make a million here, million there
All of my niggas, we really in here
Got a bad bitch, and she straight from the hood
But she look like a foreign, brazilian hair
And I'm grabbin' her remi
I bust like a semi, yo bitch (BA BA!)
I get your girl pregnant
You hatin' all on me, you sick (HA HA!)
I ride in my hood in a Bently like it's a Crown Vic (SKR SKR!)
These bitches is choosin'
You niggas is losin'
We rich
Whatchu expect?
(Haah?)
[Hook: Meek Mill]
Wanna fuck with a dope dealer?

Or keep fuckin' them broke niggas?
 And I don't fuck with you ho niggas (NAH!)
 Rollie yellow like Homer Simpson
 That's dope, nigga!
 [Verse 2: Nicki Minaj]
 I got all these dope dealers serving
 Cut the work up, they surgeons
 I don't want y'all bitches 'round me
 Whack bitches make me curve 'em
 Imported rug, that's Persian
 One wheel up and we swervin'
 Wetter than a lake, that's Ricki!
 Pop pussy like she Nicki
 She want me cause she see me in that Aventador
 Pull up on the curb so crazy, I done bent the door
 Bad bitch wanna borrow it, I lent it to her
 Make her bust that pussy open in Singapore
 30 million though, Forbes list
 Out in Philly in a condo, boss shit
 Now they call me Young Oprah; Harpo
 In the pool rockin' polo, Marco
 Millionaires, never do leers
 No, they can't see me, they're never my peers
 Fruits of my labor, go get me my pears
 Cause you're outta your element; I am your fear
 So go get off my testicle, pardon my decimal, bitch!
 Check up my resumÃ©, I'm upper echelon rich
 Them bikes is out and we throwing 'em up like we sick
 My clothing line is out in them stores and I'm sipping a Myx, bitch!
 [Hook]
 [Verse 3: Rick Ross]
 DC, Double M
 Mastermind
 Say my name and bitch I gotta grant your wish (BOSS!)
 Sticky fingers, 30 K
 You better drop that brick (drop that brick)
 Philly brothers, sometimes they call me Ock! (call me Ock!)
 I pray to God, everyday I drop my top (Thank you Lord!)
 Humble man, with me and the Lord Meek
 I'm the shit, coming down Broad Street
 "Sal" Magluta, "Willy" Falcon
 Flamboyant dough boy, talkin' Al Capone (ROZAY!)
 From Monte Carlo to Los Muchachos
 My Mexicanos not talking tacos
 This jewelry tampered once, a nigga push that button

On the corner Pac-Man Jones, these niggas don't want nothin'
You wanna fuck wit a dope dealer? Or keep fuckin' them broke niggas?
My sneaker deal like A.I.'s
We drink Belaire like St. Ides
[Hook]

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

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