

# Dope Dealer (feat. Nicki Minaj & Rick Ross)

## 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]

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