

Derrick Rose (feat. Mel Love) (Prod. by All-Star)

Meek Mill

MMG in the building
It's Meek Milli you know what I do I get money bitch
Yeah... Philly...I'm ballin on these niggas like I'm Derrick Rose
If they ain't talkin money ohh hell no
If they ain't talkin pussy I don't hear them hoes
I'm a paper makin, pussy gettin, animal
More money... more problems
So every check I get I'm buying more choppers
More money... more problems
So every check I get I'm buying more choppers
A hundred stacks, that's feather weight
It's time to get this money and the record straight
Fuck a lot of hoes, I don't never hate
On the first night, I don't never wait
I bob and weave, them red bottoms
Before ya blink ya eyes, she got her head bobb'in
I be in the hood with a lamb popp'in
When ya'll was buyin circles, we was square copp'in
Thirty-six... pyrex... bakin soda... I make a nine stretch
Paper towel, let it dry it
Got'em lookin at my wrist like, "Is he signed yet?"
No nigga, you a hoe nigga
Rapper you an action figure, G.I. Joe nigga
Middle of the streets, I'm on a four wheeler
Same night I rocked the same stage as a sold nigga!
I'm ballin on these niggas like I'm Derrick Rose
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More money... more problems
So every check I get I'm buying more choppers
More money... more problems
So every check I get I'm buying more choppers I said, I be off in the kitchen, pitchin, aimin at a mitten
Tryina get it back, and a nigga tryina get it, hit it, hit it
Straight water whip it, tryina break it all down and bring it all back. When that shit done, it'll drop in the pot
For the right price I could make it straight drop, right price
Try, make a lot, lot. Stack em pots, ta ta fuck ya'll on
I don't like mine lookin like popcorn, yeah I like mine color buttered popcorn. Nigga, lil real G's lookin mean in
a drop

We ain't bought what we ain't never goin slide
Nigga, Omelly got the semi on line, don't get it twisted or get your shit popped, popped. Get ya shit hit, keep
fuckin round you gunna get your shit split, split
Bitches on my dick, make em bounce these dudes that I'm with cause they be gettin down like a muhfucka, like
the muhfuckin ground yeah lay a nigga down in tha muhfuckin ground it's a muhfucka, that's what muhfuckin
happen with my clip. uuuhhh! We really rollin, I said I'm really hoe'in
Nigga my chopper like a semicolon, it got a, dot on the top with a comma all up under it. Get hit with that nana
and get splattered where it's thundering. I'm ballin on these niggas like I'm Derrick Rose
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If they ain't talkin pussy I don't hear them hoes
I'm a paper makin, pussy gettin, animal
More money... more problems
So every check I get I'm buying more choppers
More money... more problems
So every check I get I'm buying more choppers I got a goon, he wild as shit
He got a tool, it's loud as shit
I call him up, like we got a vic
Dead people, dead man walkin
Coming out your mouth, you just a dead man talkin
That sucka's at your church, layin in a coffin
Hit him broad day, but ain't nobody saw it
M.I.A., I'm in the back, ask my nigga rickey I can tuck a mac
I'm spending dough, they comin back
Is that your hoe? Nigga... well I'm fuckin that
And he had the nerve to call my phone about her
Same time I was gettin domed up by her
He said he's sick and tired of going home without her, but it ain't my fault she got a hoe'in problem, nigga! I'm
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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