

Fitted Cap (feat. J Cole)

Wale, Meek Mill & Rick Ross

You know I stick to the script
Twenty-million dollar nigga, but I do it like this
(M-M-M-Maybach Music, Maybach Music)
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Wuh!)
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My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap
The Rolls-Royce, it's all white
Foamposites, the LeBrons, I'm fuckin' wit' the Spikes
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)
The Rolls-Royce, it's all white (How can I not talk
big? I got to)
Foamposites (Wale!), the LeBrons, I'm fuckin' wit'
the Spikes
Wale
Yeah, uh
Ferrari mics, bitch, I'm on my car show
My chick black and white, she ain't no dime, that
bitch a Concorde
I know I'm reppin' this, shoot and I don't ever miss
The coupe I'm in is rented, I ain't wit' all that
commitment shit
P-R-Ps is proper, couple Gs when I'm shoppin'
My girls and my SBs, got a thing for pink boxes
Shout out Frankie the Butcher, shout out Mishka in
Brooklyn
That's some nigga from 10.deep ATL, I'm wit' the
cooker
I ain't e'en tryin', fool, ho, I ball like private school
You bammies like Hyperstrikes, your wifey sleep
outside of you
And Tito's my niggas, you know just we just need
more shit and
It's ironic how I drop some dough when I got them
Homer Simpsons, look
Pine-green Foams, they may never see the store
Got LeBron Entourages like Maverick and Richie Paul
Bitch, I ball, ho, you lame, look at my Laneys,

switchin' lanes
Look at my 9s, look at my Blazers, look at my 4s, cut
wit' laser
Look at my whore, that is your lady, look at my flo',
makin' y'all crazy
Makin' y'all sick, y'all cannot tame me, Lexus drive
me, Maybach pay me
Salute
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)
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Meek Mill
Yo
I said I'm swaggin' out in my Cool Greys, no LL, but
these cool Js
And my wrist froze, but I'm cool sha', like a bald
head, I'm too paid
I'm too blazed, and I'm too high, George Kush, the
whole crew high
Wrong move and that tool fly, better Kon that ass
like Wu-sai
It's MMG, MOB, young nigga, I been OG
Walk around wit' like 10 on me, that 5-7, that fen' on
me
Don't grin on me wit' them long stares, you ain't God
unless no fear
Big money, all the hoes, HD, I came so clear
We jeweled out and we racked up, Phantom big
when it back up
Big Boy, look like a Mack truck, shooters ride wit'
that Mac tucked
I'm a Bad Boy, bitch, ask Puff, Simpson-Rodgers, my
last cup
On this shit, I can't stand up, country Ks as I man up
This Rozay, Wale, Gunplay, and that nigga Pill
In Brazil, and this shit is real, got bad hoes and that
whippet pill
One week and we get the deal, one day and I fucked
the bitch
My Levis, they 501, my snapback is hell a bent
My Jordans high-top, snapback fitted cap (Woo!)
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The Rolls-Royce (Huh!), it's all white (Huh!)
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Fresh-ass nigga, no wonder why them hoes be open
That's that nigga, so what'd I say? They okey-dokin'
How you figga? You fuckin' wit' me? I hope he jokin'
I'm witcha girl, you home alone, bitch you Macauley
Culkin

I'm oviedosin', ay, homie, Kobe smokin'
Then put my ashes on you niggas, bet you gon' need
lotion

I'm slowly roastin', heatin' up, so you know we
toastin'

Fuck hoes wit' no emotion, fade away like Kobe
postin'

Out in Sweden, like ain't shit that you can't tell us
Lord, forgive me, as a kid, I used to look at niggas
jealous

'Cause uh, they had them Js, and my mama wouldn't
cop 'em

Can you blame her? Hundred dollars for them bitches
wann't a option

Now we livin' much better, nigga, pay whatever
Rock them bitches once then forgot about 'em
forever

My kicks like my chick, I don't need to know the
numbers

You just need to know I'm comin', I'll kill you niggas
this summer

Cole

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M-M-M-Maybach Music

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

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