

A1 Everything (Feat. Kendrick Lamar)

Meek Mill

See I'm an A1 type of guy
I crush A1 hoes (true)
Rock A1 clothes (true)
Drive A1 whips (true)
And still pour A1 sauce on my shit
I come from the bottomCrushing all these hoes, rocking all this ice
Selling all these O's, nigga, I done did that twice
So I'm just riding round in my Rolls, about to get on my bike
Just to touchdown in my hood and I put that on my life
I'm like yeah nigga, I'm there nigga, I ball hard all year, nigga
My diamonds all clear, smack my chain you dead nigga
I don't know what you heard, and I don't know what you thought
But all my dogs they murk, and all my dogs go hard, fuck that
My new young chick look exactly like Rihanna
Ass like Nicki, but she yellow like Madonna
I take her to the mall, buy her all types of designers
YSL, fly Chanel, all that Dolce & Gabbana
I jump right back like 36, lean hard when I turn the whip
If I ain't have my rap deal, then I still be serving bricks
So I kill a pussy, I murder shit, homicide on shorty
My gold Role cost 60 racks, my rose gold cost 40I get A1 money, I'm an A1 nigga
Got a A1 swagger, I'm getting A1 bitches
I just bought me a Rollie, you can skate on nigga
If they don't love it, they hate it, well get your hate on nigga
'Cause I got A1 everything, A1 everything
A1 everything, I get A1 everything
I got A1 credit, A1 hoes
I drive A1 whips, and I rock A1 clothesPray to God I washed my hand, but I be damned
2012, 100 racks to Uncle Sam
A 24 year old millionaire
Don't read the contract 'less a mill in there
A1 credit, park my car bowlegged
I got a bus full of bitches, I call it Jerome Bettis
I grab my dick in the picture, your ho be cropping the image
I let you scrape off the dishes, we eating nigga, I'll finish it
Then come right back, hope you insomniac
Sleep on me if you wanna take a dirt nap
Bitch I'm talking ca-ca-ca-ca then more ca-ca-ca-ca
Hit your roof until I pop your top up

Then more ca-ca-ca-ca, til I know I gotcha
Ballin like I'm baldin', then I see Jordan in the mirror
Nigga that's flawless VVS, CC text me what you wearing
Puttin my all inside your bitch, I grip her hips thats power steering
About to hydroplane when I board that plane and land inside the building

Songwriters

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