

Murcielago (Doors Go Up) Ft. Birdman, Meek Mill

DJ Khaled

Birdman, what up?
Last time I seen bird, he said young nigga get this money
Fuck these niggas
And you know what I said
I said, fuck 'em! Uh, murcielago when the doors go up
And when the money fall you know the hoes turn up
But, when the money gone you know the hoes turn down
And I pray to God he don't Let my soul burn up! Born sinner nigga, I was born winnin'
Heart cold, but my soul warm in it
Glock 40 and, I go to war with it
Steady aim, shoota' with a form, with it
And I go on tour with it
If I see it, then you know I'm gon get it
Yeah nigga, for the love of that paper
I got hoes sipping, liquor, six in the morning with it
I'd die for this cream, die for my dreams
As I stay and I fight on the side of the ring
With my back to the rope
Hear the crowd as they scream
But I come out on top like Mohamed Ali, woooo!
These hoes fuck so good
Now Lil' nigga get money now!
Same bitches laughing at me I was dead broke
Gettin' head from 'em thinkin' how funny now!
Brand new Rolls Royce in the summer now
Big boy mink coats when they come around
And they wanna put a hole in my soul
Head shot for a hater now simmer down Uh, murcielago when the doors go up
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And I pray to God he don't Let my soul burn up! Eight million dollars on a brand new Lamb
Suicide like revolvers don't jam
Mountain top, nigga, high in this fame
Filthy rich, still doing my thing
Popped off, we had to pop that spot
Jewels flying, nigga, we so hot

Yachts, condos, living that life
I'll do it again and I'll pay that twice!Uh, murcielago when the doors go up
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Songwriters

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