

# Fa Sho (Feat. T-Dot)

## Meek Mill

I be getting money fucking hoes  
Hundred bands on me everywhere I go  
Lot of things on me everywhere I go  
If you on the other side then you got to go  
Bruce Lee Roy I got the glow  
Diamonds dancing in my chain it come from Joe  
Hundred bands on me everywhere I go  
Lot of niggas hating but they keep it on the low  
I keep my bitch in Celine that's fa sho  
I keep my bitch in Vera Wang that's fa sho  
I keep my hittas on the plane that's fa sho  
And the streets know my names that's fa sho, sho  
I've been getting money on the low  
Type of nigga buy a Birken for your hoe  
Hundred thousand on me everywhere I go  
Bought a Range just to drive it in the snow  
Fuck you niggas talking shit is lit  
Riding dirty got the chopper in the Bent  
Got your baby momma trying to get a flick  
Now nigga tell your baby momma fuck up off my dick  
I'm just cooling with my young niggas  
She in the VIP with all these drug dealers  
Acting like she never fucked with you  
And she told me that you a fuck nigga  
When you popping like we popping my nigga ain't no laying low  
Mixing that Givenchy with Valentino camo  
Fuck on the air mattress all in the bando  
Dabbing like I'm Cam tho  
Touchdown, yeah hoe  
I be getting money fucking hoes  
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Lot of things on me everywhere I go  
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I keep my hittas on the plane that's fa sho  
 And the streets know my name that's fa sho, shoYea, mobbing at the clear port  
 Richard Milli all plain like the air port  
 Therefore I am flyer than an air force  
 Looking devilish I pull up in that red Porsch  
 Now we got your bitch up on the money train  
 I heard she fucking what's his name and what's his name  
 I only pop the perc so I don't feel the pain  
 Feel the pain, feel the pain, make them feel the flame  
 All these corny niggas winning I don't know who to blame  
 But maybe its the internet, I've been busy counting money you should do the same  
 Every nigga round me got a body  
 Shorty with me trying to kick it like karate  
 In my DM acting thirsty word to Gotti  
 And it be going down when I pull up to the partyI be getting money fucking hoes  
 Hundred bands on me everywhere I go  
 Lot of things on me everywhere I go  
 If you on the other side then you got to go  
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 Lot of niggas hating but they keep it on the low  
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 I keep my bitch in Vera Wang that's fa sho  
 I keep my hittas on the plane that's fa sho  
 And the streets know my names that's fa sho, shoI'm still balling, money still calling  
 I'm on my eigth Rollie, niggas still talking  
 Flood the whole band, it look like real water  
 Ticket after ticket I feel like I'm will calling  
 Niggas hating on me I don't feel for 'em  
 Cause my South Philly niggas kill at will for 'em  
 And my North Philly niggas do the drill for 'em  
 The lawyers paid nigga made me spend a mil on 'em, pussy!  
 Blow the motherfucking money on these niggasI be getting money fucking hoes  
 Hundred bands on me everywhere I go  
 Lot of things on me everywhere I go  
 If you on the other side then you got to go  
 Bruce Lee Roy I got the glow  
 Diamonds dancing in my chain it come from Joe  
 Hundred bands on me everywhere I go  
 Lot of niggas hating but they keep it on the low  
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 I keep my bitch in Vera Wang that's fa sho  
 I keep my hittas on the plane that's fa sho  
 And the streets know my names that's fa sho, sho

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

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