

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
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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
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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
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Lot of things on me everywhere I go
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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