

# Off the Corner (feat. Rick Ross)

## Meek Mill

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro: Meek Mill]

M-m-m-m-a

No, no, no, no, no, no

These hoes, they like niggas that spend money, not talk about it

If you ain't gonna get the money then watcha gonna do?

Hey! [Hook: Meek Mill]

I graduated from the streets, no diploma

I made a million on that corner

I mixed pedico with baking soda

I made a million on that corner

Going Donald Trump numbers on the corner

I made a million on that corner

Graduated from the streets, no diploma

I made a million on that corner

I made a million on that, I made a million on that

I made a million on that corner [Verse 1: Meek Mill]

Young rich nigga, I flex, look at my neck

Look at my bitch, look at my wrist, got these niggas upset

Who you know blow a mill? Don't even think twice, no sweat

And these hoes around me?

You don't fuck, you don't give them no check

Cause ya'll niggas lame as fuck, none of these chumps can't hang with us

All these chains getting tangled up

And my clique armed and dangerous, and we'll flame you up

You get smoked mothafucker like angel dust

Start the Rolls Royce with the angel up

All these niggas on angels bruh, but I got stripes like a bengal does

And my wrist look like the flash on

Come that ho and bring that ass on

So I can beat it up like you stole something

Might pop a purple, go mad long like skrrt

Been through your hood in a wraith, niggas is jealous, just look at your face

3-57 get put in your place, follow my lead all you niggas is late  
Like hold up, hold up, I done made a million on that corner  
I bought some coke but couldn't deal with Arizona  
Them yellow diamonds looking clearer than Corona  
And if they act like they ain't with it[Hook][Verse 2: Rick Ross]  
I'm on the corner gettin' cake  
I'm talkin' like it's 88  
Givenchy all I really play  
Kingpin status when I swerve up on the block  
A nigga like you, you wouldn't even get the cock  
Get my money dolo, I just need some help to count it  
I'm the richest nigga outta Dayton-Broward County  
Feds know my game, they keep it raw, we all at odds  
Repossess my Lambo cause they wanna build a charge  
When they got my Chevy, got it runnin' like it's 'sposed to  
Hit up on my niggas, let 'em know my shop reopened  
We rockin' everything, till I'm right back on the top  
Nasdaq hustle bitch, come get your ass in stocks[Hook][Outro: Rick Ross]  
Ugh, Double M, bang!

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