

Intro

Meek Mill

[Intro: Meek Mill & Phil Collins]

Yeah

We in the championship

We was down 3-1

Yeah

(I can feel it coming in the air tonight)

Feel it

Champions of the United States (Oh lord)

(And I've been waiting for this moment for all my life)

Yeah

Turn me up Cruz (Oh lord)

[Verse]

Bombin' on any of them niggas that want the smoke (Woo)

Nigga, this a big boy Phantom, this ain't a Ghost (It ain't)

Had to take the way from them niggas and now they toast (Fuck 'em)

They ain't have no sympathy for me when I was broke

Amen, amen

Lord forgive me (Lord forgive me) for all my sins (All my sins)

Took so many riches just to get a Benz (Get a Benz)

Pray for my niggas (All my niggas), all my friends (Yeah)

In the trenches, warring with killas, we been getting it in

32 shots in my new Glock (Yeah)

Niggas wanna hit me like I'm 2Pac (Yeah)

Bad bitch fuck me in my Gucci tube socks (Yeah)

'Member when I spent my re-up on a oowop, woah

Your favorite rapper a mumble rapper

Walk up in this bitch, a bunch of killers and humble trappers

I can go to Hollywood, to court in this jungle action

With niggas that'll smoke you go and murder your brother after

Whoa, big dog, nigga, I'm a big dog

Streets said they need that dope, they having withdrawals

I put on my yellow diamonds when I'm pissed off

I'm so rich that I can't even fuck a bitch raw, whoa

Do you know the feeling? (Do you?)

Being irritated 'cause you gotta count a million

All this fucking money, I ain't got no time for chilling

We too rich to look like this to all that killing and drug dealing

You my nigga, I fuck with you, we gon' thug it out

Say it's beef? We going to war, nigga, let's slug it out

Big Bad Wolf, we at your door, blood in your fucking house
I heard your daddy was a rat, so you a fucking mouse, nigga
Pouring champagne 'cause all my niggas dead
If they ain't in the graveyard, then they in the feds
I give a fuck if that crown heavy, put it on my head
Take it to the jeweler, bust it down before I wear it (Yeah)
Whew, 'cause I'm a king just Martin Luther (Martin Luther)
I ain't a hater, fuck my bitch, nigga, I salute ya (Salute)
I be flying jet and chopper like that shit was Uber
We finally made it out them trenches nigga, hallelujah, whoa
Balling like a hot boy
Diamonds dancing on me more than JB Blocboy
I'm a boss, I'm the one that call the shots, boy (Shots)
You a thottie, I won't cuff you like a cop whore, no way (Like a cop)
Ooh, I just cashed out
How the fuck you turn a bando to a glass house?
How the fuck you get a two to four and bail out?
Got your favorite Instagram bitch with her ass out, hey
Make her touch her toes, make her touch her toes (Touch it, touch it)
Run up like a milli' off a couple shows (Run it up)
Trappin' at the Waldorf, we just fuckin' hoes
And they lovin' that Chanel, they gon' sell they souls (Yeah)
Running through the gutter, I ain't never bowl (Running)
You would think this Wheel Of Fortune, how we selling O's (Yeah)
Plug just called, he got another load
He know I'ma get them sold
Leaning off that perc'
Young nigga still fucking all the baddest bitches on earth
When I'm off in them trenches, I'm a hot boy like Turk
Gun shot is itching in that Glock boy, that's work
You get popped pussy, no twerk, oh
Nigga, we trying to make that money machine break ('Chine break)
Shoot up out that van like it's teammate (Teammate)
Nigga, we used to trap up out that green gate (Gate)
80s baby, they cooked crack up in my DNA (Oh)
Ooh, scary hours
Walk outside the lear, they gon' let confetti shower
You knew what it was when they let me out it
Living like the plug, nigga, I ain't selling powder, now way
Big bag, talking Santa Claus
Got 3 hoes off that molly ripping panties off
Flying private to Dubai, we off the Xanny bars
Ooh, scary hours, turn the cameras off, please

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

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