

Young & Gettin' It

Meek Mill

Young and Iâ€™m getting it, young and Iâ€™m getting it
Young and Iâ€™m getting it, young and Iâ€™m getting it
Iâ€™m just young and I donâ€™t give a shit
I just want the money, yâ€™all can keep them bitches
'Cause Iâ€™m young and Iâ€™m getting it, Iâ€™m young and Iâ€™m getting it

[Chorus]

Okay, I wake up in the morning and I see dollar signs
Said shawty wanna rolling, Iâ€™m like oh man she fine
I got money all in my pocket and my Audermar on shine
So why you hating on me, huh, Iâ€™m just living my life
Iâ€™m just young and Iâ€™m getting it, young and Iâ€™m getting it
Young and Iâ€™m getting it, young and Iâ€™m getting it
Iâ€™m just young and I donâ€™t give a shit
I just want the money, yâ€™all can keep them bitches
'Cause Iâ€™m young and Iâ€™m getting it, Iâ€™m young and Iâ€™m getting it

Yeah, young nigga I get money and fuck hoes on my spare time
She donâ€™t fuck on the first night, then she donâ€™t meet my dead line
Niggas smoking that Bob Marley, that Bob Marley like yeah molly
Iâ€™m sipping on the whole A for that purp shit, bed time
I cop fours like yours, yâ€™all niggas ainâ€™t important
Shawty want that molly, and Iâ€™ma get what she order
Tats all in my body, strapped up like a war
Eat the pussy I prolly, if it smell like water
Her neck talk say fuck me, my wrist talk say suck me
The niggas claiming they balling, I take your bitch Chris Humphrey
And make them buy me a whip nigga
Nothing less than the 6 nigga,
Yâ€™all ray Iâ€™m up like hoes, all you are some bitch niggas

[Chorus]

Okay, your baby mama, I ball that, side chick I ball that
Main chick, I ball that, and your dream girl just called back
Iâ€™m still repping that north side with that big P on my ballcap
These broke niggas donâ€™t like me, cause they say I think Iâ€™m all that
Now come cop that â€˜rari, I donâ€™t need to feel sorry
Niggas claiming my flows, I took pretty niggas on mar
And I ainâ€™t claming these hoes, have these haters looking all sorry

When I pulled up in that Rollâ€™s, swag was surfing on â€™em like narley
Like three hoes like Santa Clause, saying Iâ€™m the boss, yaâ€™ll interrupt
Hit you girl by mistake nigga, wasnâ€™t even in my plan at all
I told homie I hit it there, these niggas wanna be planned all
Knowing that girl is main thang, that shit donâ€™t like nigga, bang, bang

[Chorus]

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