

Dope Dealer (Feat. Rick Ross & Nicki Minaj)

Meek Mill

[Intro: Meek Mill]

There's three types of niggas in life
Niggas that make it happen
Niggas that watch it happen
And niggas that don't even know what the fuck is going on
Choose one...

[Verse 1: Meek Mill]

I got all these bad bitches twerkin'
Waves on swim, shit surfin'
I don't wanna yall niggas 'round me
Broke niggas make me nervous
Shawty said she want that paper
Pop pussy like she workin'
Damn, a nigga finally famous
Rari by the Benz, I'm swervin' (SKR SKR!, SKR! SKR!)
Fuck rap, I might sell swag
She want me 'cause she know i got that Chanel tag
She fuck me and she gone get that Chanel swag
Her boyfriend like, "Where you get that Chanel bag?"
55 hundo, pop green, and I ball
Like Rondo
Catch me, North-South, with a dime ho
Turnt up, but I'm like keep calm ho
I go, make a million here, million there
All of my niggas, we really in here
Got a bad bitch, and she straight from the hood
But she look like a foreign, brazilian hair
And I'm grabbin' her remi
I bust like a semi, yo bitch (BA BA!)
I get your girl pregnant
You hatin' all on me, you sick (HA HA!)
I ride in my hood in a Bently like it's a Crown Vic (SKR SKR!)
These bitches is choosin'
You niggas is losin'
We rich
Whatchu expect?
(Haah?)
[Hook: Meek Mill]
Wanna fuck with a dope dealer?

Or keep fuckin' them broke niggas?
And I don't fuck with you ho niggas (NAH!)
Rollie yellow like Homer Simpson
That's dope, nigga!

[Verse 2: Nicki Minaj]

I got all these dope dealers serving
Cut the work up, they surgeons
I don't want y'all bitches 'round me
Whack bitches make me curve 'em
Imported rug, that's Persian
One wheel up and we swervin'
Wetter than a lake, that's Ricki!
Pop pussy like she Nicki
She want me cause she see me in that Aventador
Pull up on the curb so crazy, I done bent the door
Bad bitch wanna borrow it, I lent it to her
Make her bust that pussy open in Singapore
30 million though, Forbes list
Out in Philly in a condo, boss shit
Now they call me Young Oprah; Harpo
In the pool rockin' polo, Marco
Millionaires, never do leers
No, they can't see me, they're never my peers
Fruits of my labor, go get me my pears
Cause you're outta your element; I am your fear
So go get off my testicle, pardon my decimal, bitch!
Check up my resumÃ©, I'm upper echelon rich
Them bikes is out and we throwing 'em up like we sick
My clothing line is out in them stores and I'm sipping a Myx, bitch!

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Rick Ross]

DC, Double M
Mastermind
Say my name and bitch I gotta grant your wish (BOSS!)
Sticky fingers, 30 K
You better drop that brick (drop that brick)
Philly brothers, sometimes they call me Ock! (call me Ock!)
I pray to God, everyday I drop my top (Thank you Lord!)
Humble man, with me and the Lord Meek
I'm the shit, coming down Broad Street
"Sal" Magluta, "Willy" Falcon
Flamboyant dough boy, talkin' Al Capone (ROZAY!)
From Monte Carlo to Los Muchachos
My Mexicanos not talking tacos
This jewelry tampered once, a nigga push that button

On the corner Pac-Man Jones, these niggas don't want nothin'
You wanna fuck wit a dope dealer? Or keep fuckin' them broke niggas?
My sneaker deal like A.I.'s
We drink Belaire like St. Ides
[Hook]

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