# Me OK

## Jeezy

First they tell ya "Motherfucker, trap or die", that me OK
Mister whip or not and get a half a pie, that me OK
Mister if I'm talkin' you should listen, game is free OK
Mister got two whole ones and two half ones, yeah that's three OK
Leave up out of here with two bad ones, yeah, that's me OK
Mister re-in' up with 'bout two phantoms, yeah, that's me OK
On that Avion to the head, hey, but me OK
Never put a bitch before my bread, hey, now me OKI'm a fool on that Avion, snow be on that liquor
Approach me if you want to, I will smoke ya like a Swisha
You know my game tizight you know that's all tizzop
Presidential day day, looking like two blocks
They ain't know 2Pac when he was on Death Row
All black glizzock, that 40 says leggo
All my niggas is 'bout it, all my bitches is with it
One call that's all, choppers pay him a visit
Real nigga fo' sho', got a fetish for dough
34 a unit, nine hundred, an O
Break 'em down into zips, that's a hell of a flip
Had 'em now they gone, guess I'm takin' a tripFirst they tell ya "Motherfucker, trap or die", that me OK
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If Jizzle ain't droppin', nigga, what the fuck is Def Jam?
I know you heard how your boy bossed up at Atlantic
Boss shit, might just drop my next album on Atlantic
I really hope you bitches ready, Vice-prezzy and his Presi
Got some shit up in my bezzy, So what ya sayin'? My wrist is heavy
All white, penthouse, yeah, like the one on Belly
With a brown skin thing swear to God she look like Kelly
Two door Rolls is how I'm rollin', plus you know a nigga totin'
Keep that street nigga paper, rubber band it, it ain't foldin'
First the XXL, read about me in the Forbes
That's a long way from trappin' in that 4-door Accord
WassupFirst they tell ya "Motherfucker, trap or die", that me OK

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I just want the mansions and the riches, yeah without the jail
You can call me postman, don't go no where without some mail
In and out in 20 minutes, you best believe I'm makin' bail
Put you on designer watches, put you on designer frames
Had you cashin' out, payin' for, you can't pronounce the name
Had that Murcielago, it was green like margaritas
Sold yayo, I sold albums, might as well sell some tequila
Dropped so many Lambos, thought I was a Lam ambassador
Dropped so many Rollies, niggas thought I owned the Rollie store
Snow it's been a while, yeah you know them streets missed you
I don't eat, sleep, or shit without my mothafuckin' pistolFirst they tell ya "Motherfucker, trap or die", that me OK
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