

Actin Up (Feat. French Montana)

Wale & Meek Mill

Yeah, turn the lights on
Yeah, turn the lights on
Yeah, turn the lights on
Turn the lights on These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
And these niggas be letting 'em
These niggas be letting 'em
These niggas be letting 'em
These niggas be letting 'em
And me, I don't be sweating 'em
These hoes be acting up
And these niggas be letting 'em
I crushed them hoes, I never love them hoes
And these niggas be sweating 'em
Cause I run shit like Edgerrin
Or better yet, like Rev and them
And on the bottom of my sneaks they red, man
And I ain't talking 'bout no damn Meth and them
Stay Louboutin and I super grind
VS stones, they super shine
I pop the Perc, I get super high
And I drill your bitch, root canal
I rock Tom Ford, Concords
And I shine on these dime whores
This bitch done bought me a Rolex
And I still ain't got no time for her
These hoes be acting up
These niggas be acting tough
I'm in the Phantom, I'm backing up
And I'm bust down, but I'm strapped as fuck
So hold your horses, Polo horses
Aston Martin, we roll in Royces
Real niggas up in the building
Them hoes choose us, ain't no more choices
These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
And these niggas be letting 'em

These niggas be letting 'em
These niggas be letting 'em
These niggas be letting 'em
And me, I don't be sweating 'em These hoes be acting up
See, me, I don't practice much
Gold albums from the word of mouth
Gold bottles in the back of us
These Jones be broke as fuck
Too uptight, they won't open up
She got her arms folded even on the phone
I'm like, what the fuck is she here fo?
These hoes be acting up
These niggas keep wifing up
Please homie, got me cracking up
Never spent one more than a night with her
These hoes be a fucking joke
They'll never say a nigga didn't warn you though
Cause you can hit my phone like four in the morning
And I be like, hah, told you so These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
And these niggas be letting 'em
These niggas be letting 'em
These niggas be letting 'em
These niggas be letting 'em
And me, I don't be sweating 'em These hoes be acting up
Big bread we racking up
Straight to the bank, cee-lo
Cancel that bitch like Nino
Ratchet ass ho, don't play with me
Want to Kobe me, want to Humphrey me
Want to Michael me, Russell me
Take me to the bank and Tiger me
Now these hoes be acting up
These clothes ten stacks and up
These cars 100 racks and up
These drums 100 rounds and up
Bitch, blow me like a trumpet
Twenty thousand, all in hundreds
Fuck it, money, money, money
Money, money, money, ah! These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
These hoes be acting up
And these niggas be letting 'em
These niggas be letting 'em

These niggas be letting 'em
These niggas be letting 'em
And me, I don't be sweating 'em
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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