# Niggas In Paris (freestyle)

## Meek Mill

Ball so hard, muthaf-ckas wanna fine me
These niggas can't find me
Cause I'm probably in the air
Cuttin' through the clouds in a Lear G-5in
Bitch nigga, we mobbin'
Rich nigga, we buyin', any bitch we wanna
And it go 'room when I hit that corner in a batmobile
Trap for real, bullets hit ya head
Make ya head go still
Niggas always ask why you rap so real
Cause I be in the trap sellin' crack pills?
Got them racks on I'll, money so sick
I don't give a fuck who you run and go get
Ross with a boat cause I wanna go fish
With his all yellow rolli got these niggas so pissed
Shittin' on these niggas where my toilet
Jordan's, you ain't never seen 'em cause I'm ballin'
Board as shit, I spent be so retarded
Cause I don't even write
I'm just recording
Got an AP, Rolex, Cartier to the Hublot
I ain't even have to hit the bank
I bought this shit from a few shows
With a new hoe in my view so... beautiful, I see a few hoes
Anchorman, that forecast
I say it's coming and they move the snow
Ha, got a young bitch look like Nicki tho (Nicki tho)
I said could ya keep a secret just like Vicki tho
I let her sip Ciroc and hit the sticky tho
Told her she can kiss my neck but just don't give me no hickies ho
Cause my baby momma be trippin'
All these ones I be whippin'
All this paper I be gettin'
I be dunkin on 'em: Blake Griffin
Nigga, I got now, you got no!
No W's for the loser's tho
All this ice like jewelry show
Riding so slow like a funeral
Look at my neck, take a look at my wrist

Look at my pockets, take a look at my bitch
Let me take 'em way back
Finna like '86, all eyes on me
When I step up in the club
I feelin' like Rich
Porter that is, I slaughter that bitch
Don't touch that work, I order that shit
I wouldn't give a damn, what corner that is
If they cop that work, I goin' at that bitch
With' a whole sack, no rap, weed, pills, dope, crack
Droppin' right on 'em like hold that
Feds takin' pictures like Kodak
Tappin' my phone, watching my home
They watchin' me and I'm watching the throne?
See suckin' me and I'm watching the dome
Perc in my system and I'm in the zone, yeah, I'm gettin' gone
Phantom, Ghost, like 'em, chase 'em, Pacman
All this money on my mind, you see it on my catscan
Nigga

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