

# Believe It (feat. Rick Ross)

Meek Mill

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

All I talk about is money  
`Cause that's all I know I gotta a bad bitch in my Chevy  
Sellin Miley Cyrus in my brand new Monte Carlo  
I got that Justin Bieber please believe it  
A quarter million hangin' on my collar  
A half a million in my duffle bag (Duffle bag)  
Now I'm riding in my Cadillac (Cadillac)  
Hammers and the fucking vogues  
I'm ridin' clean and I'm fuckin hoes (Ha) Okay I woke up this morning, tryna get this money  
Y'all niggas was yawning and I'd made it by 20  
I got young boys on that corner, I call what you got for me  
He say I done moved the whole thing, couple rocks all I got on me  
I say yeah nigga it's go, he say yeah nigga we on  
I said I be on my way, break a brick down in our zones  
And I got work, I got work  
And I got pills, and I got purp  
And I got goons that's on my team  
And they gon' kill like I got murked  
If I say so, and I say go  
And they go ham, and I lay low  
I drop that work off in that toaster  
I let go of my ego  
And this for sale nigga  
28 grams on my scale nigga  
Come and get it all I gotta a bad bitch in my Chevy  
Sellin` Miley Cyrus in my brand new Monte Carlo  
I got that Justin Bieber please believe it  
A quarter million hangin' on my collar  
A half a million in my duffle bag (Duffle bag)  
Now I'm riding in my Cadillac (Cadillac)  
Hammers and the fucking vogues  
I'm ridin' clean and I'm fuckin` hoes (Ha) Hold on wait a minute

You got the realest and the richest niggas in the building  
Feel me?  
Whole nigga won't knock you off  
Hate the way a nigga love to ball  
Art of war, common law  
Straight killer that's mama fault  
Dope boy in my DNA  
Straight chips, Frito Lay  
8 clips, ay Jose  
Hector my amigo straight  
Don't want no beef, I may crack your taco  
I'm screaming rest in peace, Griselda Blanco  
I got that Justin Bieber please believe it  
I ate that pussy can you keep a secret  
Benzo on 4's nigga, countin' all my hoes nigga  
That's all I knows nigga, that's all y'all hosed nigga I gotta a bad bitch in my Chevy  
Sellin Miley Cyrus in my brand new Monte Carlo  
I got that Justin Bieber please believe it  
A quarter million hangin' on my collar  
A half a million in my duffle bag (duffle bag)  
Now I'm riding in my Cadillac (Cadillac)  
Hammers and the fucking vogues  
I'm ridin' clean and I'm fuckin hoes (Ha) I'm ridin' clean, I'm fucking hoes  
I'm fuckin' hoes, I'm ridin' clean  
Niggas sellin' that China white  
Fuck around with that Yao Ming  
Bad bitch and she talk dirty  
Talk dirty, her mouth clean  
I was sellin' that white shit  
Y'all niggas have boy scout dreams  
Spend eighty-thou on my Rolly  
Young nigga ball like Kobe  
Riding round me and Chino  
And my young nigga Goldie  
Hot whips you ain't seen though  
Limo that's my roadie  
Two-eleven on yo bitch  
Turn yo ass she stole it  
My neck look like a light show  
My pocket, they need lipo  
I stand tall, no Eiffel  
And them goons go wherever I go  
Y'all niggas pussy like dyke hoes  
All we know is get paid nigga  
I ball hard like 'Bron James

And Rozay D-wade niggaI gotta a bad bitch in my Chevy  
Sellin Miley Cyrus in my brand new Monte Carlo  
I got that Justin Bieber please believe it  
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