

Classic (feat. Swizz Beatz)

Meek Mill

Oh itâ€™s hot outside man
Meek Millys coming daddy

Hundred for the walkthrough I'm not who you talk to
Drive by wet you up, nigga thats a carpool
Spitting all this hot shit, every single bar cool
Diamonds in the rollie face, animated cartoon
Call me Meek Milly I don't play that shit
Got me on my nappy braids before the Maybach clique
Riding in the wheels of fortune, Pat Sajak shit
And all I rock is Balmain like I made that shit
Iâ€™ve been, front row fashion week
Looking like I'm in the show
Sitting in the foreign leather, softer than a dinner roll
Make a movie on your bitch, tell her friend to get a role
You thought she was innocent
We laughing like she been a ho
Chopping up those benzos
Me yo bitch in the friend zone
She told you I was friendzoned, what?
I'm in the endzone
Touchdown with a 2 point conversion
Give her that dick long
She busting like the clip long
Uber to send your bitch home nigga

I got a fever bitch, hot outside I got a fever bitch
Feeling sick I gotta fever bitch
In these philly streets situations is
Police ainâ€™t respecting the youth and
The youth ain't respecting the truth and
The Glock 9 on me in the booth and
All I talk is that real shit the truth and

The money turned your bitch into a gold digger
The money got me feeling like the old Jigga
And Jigga even told me you a cold nigga
They ainâ€™t believe me I was broke
But I showed niggas and I told niggas

That I would dispose niggas
Went to buy a pair of sneaks
Landed at the rawest dealer
Brand new paper tag
Haters never made me mad
You get at your baby momma
Iâ€™m flyer than her baby dad
Looking at my neck
What that cost? Hundred-eighty cash
Looking at my bitch, she remind me of a Stacey Dash
We was selling rock before Kareem Biggs, Dame and Dash
Oh you think you fly with your lil' dream chasinâ€™ ass?
We donâ€™t chase bitches, we chase money and that (D'ussÃ©)
Cause when you get money, the hoes do whatever you say
Riding in a drop head, Phantom with the toupe
And if youâ€™re just hearing this, then itâ€™s probably too late

I got a fever bitch, hot outside I got a fever bitch
Feeling sick I gotta fever bitch
In these philly streets situations is
Police ainâ€™t respecting the youth and
The youth ain't respecting the truth and
The Glock 9 on me in the coupe and
All I talk is that real shit the truth and

Meek Milly
Mack Milly
Get smacked silly
Come to Philly
Come see it live in direct
You know it, God dammit

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