

# FYM (feat. Boosie BadAzz)

## Meek Mill

Hold up wait a minute  
Y'all thought I was finished Fuck you mean boy  
I spent a thousand on these mahfucking jeans boy  
So much money got it busting out the seams boy  
You got my old bitch I took my new bitch out your dreams boy  
What the fuck you mean boy Fuck you mean boy  
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What the fuck you mean boy What the fuck you mean, what the fuck you mean  
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What the fuck you mean, what the fuck you mean  
Same hoes that said I couldn't get it trying to kick it  
Balmain denim spent a thousand on the ticket  
Trapping out the bando money knocking like who is it  
Think that Benji at the door, grab the chopper go and get it  
I sit back all leaning, ain't no rap star neither  
Let that mac off screaming, we cook that crack hard, cement  
I got your rent on my belt, talking your house on my wrist  
Your car note on my jeans, my sneaks bloody as shit  
That's murder sing bloody murder bloody murder  
I ask your bitch do all this money made her nervous  
She do it good and I'mma pay her for her service  
When bosses talking shut your mouth if you a worker  
Cause I've been working chasing money like I'm hurting  
Getting pussy in my Maybach think the driver heard us  
Roll the partition up  
All in the cut act like this broad give a fuck  
I know she down for whatever gon' do it all for a buck  
And now that Boosie back home know we gon' ball for a month  
Cause real niggas come first that's why we all in the front  
And suckas all in the back, and all of us strapped  
Why don't we fuck with you pussy niggas, cause all of them rats  
Fuck you mean boy  
I spent a thousand on these mahfucking jeans boy  
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 What the fuck you mean, what the fuck you mean  
 What the fuck you mean, what the fuck you mean I keep a hundred grand in these Robin jeans  
 What the fuck you mean  
 Bitches left me in prison they threw away their dreams  
 I'm the leader of the mad max murder team  
 Ice man conscious and my money is growing trees  
 Sicker than ever richer than ever call a Brinks truck  
 What the fuck you mean girl, its two words bitch fuck  
 I beat it up, holding my line you better get it up  
 Buzz strong money long street nigga real as fuck  
 What the fuck you mean, what the fuck you mean  
 Fuck you, fuck your momma, and fuck your team  
 The seems busting out my jeans I need HOV money  
 No 360 deal this shit real get all my show money  
 Hold up let me let my money talk  
 My rollie cost your house, my shows sold out  
 Got more thousand dollar jeans that there's stores up in the South  
 In my heart I'm a boss and this is this is this is what the fuck I'm mean  
 Boosie Badazz ball biggest bank rolls  
 You can have my old bitch cause I don't do the same hoes  
 The jeans in my closet add up to a Range Rover  
 What the fuck you mean I'm that nigga game over Fuck you mean boy  
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