

# Fall Thru

## Meek Mill

Yeah

Sad to say it but I love you  
Don't take no offense but you're my bitch  
Yeah, you gone fall through every time a nigga call you  
That's why I ball how I ball when I spoil you  
We was in Miami, first time I saw you  
I was in a Phantom when I pulled up on you  
It was late nights, late nights in the bando  
Fucking on you good got you bustin' like you Rambo  
If you keep it hood so you really understand though  
You was there through my ups and downs like a camel  
Ass all fat say she get it from her mama  
She just want the money, she ain't fuckin' with no bloggers  
Fuck you on a PJ the whole way to the Bahamas  
Gucci, Valentino, baby, I can be your stylist  
Fuck me with your friend, yeah yeah, you was wildin'  
1942 shots turn you to a monster  
Thuggin' like you 2Pac, you know that I got you  
Love the way you ride it, move them hips like you Rihanna  
I was supposed to hit, I was never s'pose to cuff you  
Put you on my homie 'cause he say he wanna fuck you  
When he asked me 'bout you, I just told him that I want you  
But now its quiet for you, 'cause I told him that I loved you  
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You was there through my ups and downs like a camel  
I was locked up, I remember when I hit you  
Used to write me back every letter that I sent you  
You wasn't my girl but you used to pretend to  
When I came home, let me beat it instrumental  
Lame left you scarred so I had to reinvent you  
If you was car, shit, you ride it like a Benz do  
Wraith it with the stars, every time I come and get you  
We be goin' hard every time you on that Hen' too  
I was in the mix, actin' like a savage  
Got another bitch and you told me I could have it  
I know you was sick so I doubled back to grab you

So anything you wish, yeah yeah, you can have it  
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I was in a Phantom when I pulled up on you  
It was late nights, late nights in the bando  
Fucking on you good got you bustin' like you Rambo  
If you keep it hood so you really understand though  
You was there through my ups and downs like a camel  
Whoa, she just want a ride with a shotta, though  
I'm an original don dada, though  
Knock them all down like dominoes  
Make me tell them other bitches, vamonos  
Whoa, good gal, bad gal, small city, mad world  
She just wanna shine, whoa

And last night was mad real, sunshades, advils, fuck you all the time

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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