

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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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
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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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