

# Classic (feat. Swizz Beatz)

## Meek Mill

Woo! It's hot outside man  
Meek Millys coming daddyHundred for the walkthrough, I'm not who you talk to  
Drive by and 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  
I'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  
Jumpin' out them Benzos, meet 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  
It's hot outside, it's Meek Milly seasonI got a fever bitch  
Hot outside, I got a fever bitch  
Feeling sick, I got a fever bitch  
In these philly streets situations is  
Police ain'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 andThe 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 ain't believe me I was broke but I showed niggas  
And I told niggas that I would expose niggas  
Went to buy a pair of sneaks, landed at the Royce dealer  
Brand new paper tag, haters never made me mad  
You can ask your baby momma, I'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, Damon Dash  
Oh you think you fly with your lil' Dream Chasin' ass?  
We don't chase bitches, we chase money and that D'ussé  
Cause when you get money, the hoes do whatever you say  
Riding in a drop head, Phantom with the toupee  
And if you're just hearing this, then it's probably too late  
I got a fever bitch  
Hot outside, I got a fever bitch

Feeling sick, I got a fever bitch  
In these philly streets situations is  
Police ain'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 Get smacked silly, come to Philly  
Come see it live in direct  
You know it, God dammit  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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