

Connect the Dots (feat. Yo Gotti & Rick Ross)

Meek Mill

Yeah, gang
Chasers, Chasers, Chasers, Chasers, gang
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AyyBrand new Glock . with a ladder in that bitch (okay)
deep so it don't matter who you get (no way)
All my niggas hittin', it don't matter who you with (okay)
We gon' whack you if you tellin', it don't matter if you snitch
You done told on your homie, you a pussy (you a pussy)
In the kitchen with the Pyrex, baking cookies (cookin' work)
Every time you see me out, I got it with me (Know I got it)
Bending through that Bentley truck, they couldn't miss me
Bought his baby mama a Patek, now that nigga wanna kill me (oh man)
Yeah, bitch I'm talking fifty
If I stand up on my money they can't never overlook me
White come straight from cross the border, you can never overcook it
This that raw, this that raw, bitch I ball like Chris Paul
I switch it to Blake Griffin, they gon' blame that shit on y'all
Homie said that he a blood, we gon' paint that shit on dog
Told my bro to bring his hit, we gon' hang it on the wall
All my shooters trained to go, they've been waitin' on my call
They've been waitin' on that ring to pull that thing and chop it off
To knock you off, brrr
Connect the dots
Connect the dots
Link with the connect and we collect them blocks (that white perico)
Running to a pussy and collect his watch
When we catch him, headshot, disconnect his topLet's talk about the trap, let's talk about the
streets (What's up)
You looked up to Jordan we looked up to Meech (Meech)
Clean a nigga block, leave that bitch bleached (brrr)
Spend a half a quarter on a pair of sneaks (woah)
What type of boss is you, you gave your dawg a draco (draco, draco)
Real bosses put their dawgs on the payroll (payroll, payroll)
Drop Rolls Royce, that's a don nigga (don nigga)
I got pocket seats, them bitches orange, nigga (Hermes)
We CMG grizzly, we just sold out the forum
Yeah, hit a button on that new don and watch it transform (transform)
Yeah, you been misinformed
Think you can disrespect the king and hate don't come with harm
Quarter milly on the diamond chain, no charm
Milly Rockin' in the kitchen, tryna make it form (fuck it up, fuck it up)
My religion get this money, Christian or Islam

And my tradition send the money soon they said it's bond
And my lifestyle, don't leave your house without your fucking gun
The goal to leave the hood but not forget where you from
Connect the dots
Connect the dots

Link with the connect and we collect them blocks (that white perico)
Running to a pussy and collect his watch
When we catch him, headshot, disconnect his top All about the timing and I'm feeling so correct
Got all these diamonds, bitches say I seem possessed
You scared of violence so you gotta cut the check
We always styling so my niggas fresh to death
No need for wallets, ball that shit up in my fist
Get out the projects, that's the first one on the list (mama)
Pack up your bags, mama your lil son is shit (mama)
We impeaching niggas, then we hit them with the bliff
Speaking in silence, it's okay to talk in code
It's still lil' booty boys, and gotta shout the zoes
We one of one therefore I tailor-made the clothes
I got the don setted on D's and the lows
Still fly commercial but I don't do TV shows
Fucking a actress so she gotta play the role
You seein' money, what you know, you see the most
Versace diners at a Donatella toast
Black in a 'Vetty, got IG out, watchin' post
Renzel records, with your Tina Turner contracts
Still war ready, never run with rats
Once again, the dope boys running rap Connect the dots
Connect the dots
Link with the connect and we collect them blocks (that white perico)
Running to a pussy and collect his watch
When we catch him, headshot, disconnect his top, ho!

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>