

# Actin' Up (feat. French Montana)

## Wale & Meek Mill

Yeah, turn the lights on  
Yeah, turn the lights on  
Yeah, turn the lights on  
Turn the lights on These hoes be acting up  
These hoes be acting up  
These hoes be acting up  
And these niggas be letting 'em  
These niggas be letting 'em  
These niggas be letting 'em  
These niggas be letting 'em  
And me, I don't be sweating 'em  
These hoes be acting up  
And these niggas be letting 'em  
I crushed them hoes, I never love them hoes  
And these niggas be sweating 'em  
Cause I run shit like Edgerrin  
Or better yet, like Rev and them  
And on the bottom of my sneaks they red, man  
And I ain't talking 'bout no damn Meth and them  
Stay Louboutin and I super grind  
VS stones, they super shine  
I pop the Perc, I get super high  
And I drill your bitch, root canal  
I rock Tom Ford, Concorde  
And I shine on these dime whores  
This bitch done bought me a Rolex  
And I still ain't got no time for her  
These hoes be acting up  
These niggas be acting tough  
I'm in the Phantom, I'm backing up  
And I'm bust down, but I'm strapped as fuck  
So hold your horses, Polo horses  
Aston Martin, we roll in Royces  
Real niggas up in the building  
Them hoes choose us, ain't no more choices  
These hoes be acting up  
These hoes be acting up  
These hoes be acting up  
And these niggas be letting 'em  
These niggas be letting 'em  
These niggas be letting 'em  
These niggas be letting 'em

And me, I don't be sweating 'em These hoes be acting up  
See, me, I don't practice much  
Gold albums from the word of mouth  
Gold bottles in the back of us  
These Jones be broke as fuck  
Too uptight, they won't open up  
She got her arms folded even on the phone  
I'm like, what the fuck is she here fo?  
These hoes be acting up  
These niggas keep wifing up  
Please homie, got me cracking up  
Never spent one more than a night with her  
These hoes be a fucking joke  
They'll never say a nigga didn't warn you though  
Cause you can hit my phone like four in the morning  
And I be like, hah, told you so These hoes be acting up  
These hoes be acting up  
These hoes be acting up  
And these niggas be letting 'em  
These niggas be letting 'em  
These niggas be letting 'em  
These niggas be letting 'em  
And me, I don't be sweating 'em These hoes be acting up  
Big bread we racking up  
Straight to the bank, cee-lo  
Cancel that bitch like Nino  
Ratchet ass ho, don't play with me  
Want to Kobe me, want to Humphrey me  
Want to Michael me, Russell me  
Take me to the bank and Tiger me  
Now these hoes be acting up  
These clothes ten stacks and up  
These cars 100 racks and up  
These drums 100 rounds and up  
Bitch, blow me like a trumpet  
Twenty thousand, all in hundreds  
Fuck it, money, money, money  
Money, money, money, ah! These hoes be acting up  
These hoes be acting up  
These hoes be acting up  
And these niggas be letting 'em  
These niggas be letting 'em  
These niggas be letting 'em  
These niggas be letting 'em  
And me, I don't be sweating 'em

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

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