

# The Trillest

## Meek Mill

Was the money good? Was 'em bitches bad? Was they fuckin' good?  
Did your hood show you love? Did the hoes say you fly?  
If your friends say you're loyal, throw your rollies in the sky  
For the trillest, for the trillest  
As the champagne pours and the campaign roars  
And the lights shine bright every night that plug, for the trillest  
See my momma cry too many tears  
And we been broke like too many years  
It ain't too many kids, a couple homies, there ain't too many there  
And they all gotta eat, they got too many kids  
To many kids with no fathers, doing too many bids  
Too many bids, just gave 'em kids too many years  
As soon as you get that money, that's sooner they appear  
Assuming you owe em something, they assuming you'll share  
And yeah, I've been losin' touch with my family, it ain't the same  
I should've gave my sister some money, but I made it rain  
I should've hit the crib with my son and play a game  
But instead I ended up at the jeweler to make a chain  
It's saying saying when you make money it make you change  
Like four quarters, the fourth quarter, I made a lane  
Shit, I had to walk forward they talkin' 'bout takin' trains  
And takin' planes, I put the work in and made a name  
But the question is...  
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I never wanted to be like Mike, I wanted to be like Mitch  
Now all the lil' niggas wanna be like this  
I wear my chain in any city, let you see my shit  
Cause I earned that, it's on me, I'mma keep my shit  
I got blood on my money, ether in my soul  
Do you know the feeling durin' Easter with no clothes?  
Now it's stars in the ceiling, bringing ether out the rose  
With the curtains on the windows, I'm just peepin' at my ghost  
Money made me iller, already was realer  
Young kings killin', young kings over skrilla  
That's why I ride around mac on me like I was Miller  
Or Reggie when I shoot for that three  
They drop fetty, that's good money

Come to my city, we talk heavy and die young  
When we get some paper, we cop Prezis and ride rim20 inch rims for the dope boy  
Sellin' that coke boy, trappin' on your note boy  
Got that buy it all money, fuck I need a note for!?  
In them school hallways, "fuck I need a note for!?"  
We ain't wanna go to class, we was sellin' coke raw  
The principal was coppin' too, hit him with a snowball Was the money good? Was em bitches  
bad? Was they fuckin' good?  
Did your hood show you love? Did the hoes say you fly?  
If your friends say you're loyal, throw your rollies in the sky  
For the trillest, for the trillest  
As the champagne pours and the campaign roars  
And the lights shine bright every night that plug, for the trillest Lookin' for that intro I was at the  
dealer lookin' for another Benzo  
Matching kicks with my Kenzo, young nigga  
Heart of a lion, hungry as hippo  
When I was on my last, nobody ain't tell me shit though  
Flow slicker than Crisco, niggas talkin', I get low  
Do my thing, they jump back, know how that shit go  
And they still say I'm arrogant  
I'm still eatin' steak with the asparagus When I get that money like I married it  
1 milly, 2 milly, 3 milly, buried it  
Since they say I'm underground, I run that bitch like Harriet  
Rolls Royce pushin' real slow like a chariot  
Pull up on 'em niggas that got to me, shit, ebarassin'  
I'mma real nigga with money, never trash it  
You a fake nigga with money, it's no comparison  
Told me that I couldn't get signed when I was rappin' it  
And told me I couldn't do songs when I was battlin'  
They told me that I couldn't be trap, I started trappin' it  
Never listen to 'em, oh well, shit is immaculate  
I'mma just go sit up in this back again  
Smoke the weed and laugh at 'em  
Make a couple million by accident  
Shitted on 'em Nicky voice, did it on 'em Benjamins  
Plenty of 'em Benjamins, semi on 'em a many on a  
Whole 'nother level from before now  
Tell my niggas when I see a hundred mil its going down  
When I made my first mil, I was like "it's on now"  
Then I made my second mil, money on the floor now  
Then I made my third mil, I'm like "I need more now?"  
I got in my zone and that money started pourin' down  
Every time I hit the booth, microphone torn down  
We couldn't get a pair of Pumas, we up in the store now, bitches!  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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