

# Meek Millz, Do Dat Dere

(feat. Gillie & Oschino)

[Meek Mill:]

I said I'm cooler than a fan fresh like it's easter  
Pull up on that bitch and be like Osta Laviestah  
Heser thought that's what they all say geezers  
I just fucked her yesterday homie you can keep  
Her believe her I don't do noffin I 'ma ball I'm a stand  
Up nigga I jump up every time I fall (every time I lost ha)  
I came back like cooked crack got my head up in the  
Game and I ain't never look back (never) I said I'm good  
I'm a hood I wish a nigga would try to take me for a sucker  
He get hit up if be could can't shake up for noffin they  
Be hatin but for what cause I anit even get a deal but  
When I do they be like UHH! Sick ya bitch all up on my  
Dick, cause you a bust, you a flee and I'm a G, I ain't no  
Crip I ain't no blood but I don't benel I don't budge I keep  
That semi by my girl that nigga took me fire up I let that shit  
Blow write em up, I said I ain't got that henley, U know I got  
That good shit Niggas rolling on that dirt they be smokin that  
Reggie Bush Cause they always speak my name but when  
They see me they never look cause they know I keep that  
Flamers hold up that a nova book I said them shooters on deck  
Gooneys over there and that ain't even countin for tuder that I  
Wear, I said they BITCHES, PUSSY, COCHEY over there so  
Many pistol like we shootin for a movie over here  
GILLIE!

[Gillie:]

P.A they don't pop, lock, and drop it round here in North Philly  
They stop Cock and pop it put you on your diet bed you wanna  
Lay it diet bus ya head on out that bread that nigga be not dead  
Try it I'm a mother fuckin gangter spank you with that wangser  
Soak you with that toaster you niggas straight chocken pussy ass niggas  
For a hundred I'll soak ya leave ya wife gushey, I'm messin with rookies  
Ma drop top riddin and my flow cock ridin and I'm hangin out that window  
And I won't stop firen until a nigga on the ground and he twitchen I walk up on em  
Look em in his eyes stop bitchen his mama fillin reports da boy he missin these  
Niggas tellin lies they ain't never sold a pigeon, thwey got rto go to BET to se  
How I'm livin just got to NorthPhilly and ask for that boy Gillie they gonna tell you hes a gangster  
I'm a feeno you know I got them Keelo, You know I got that fish if you tryna find nemo  
My glock straight from clemseo, u can be pro u tryna burn meh