

Stuck in My Ways

Meek Mill

I bury you niggas in money
And then make it rain at your funeral
You flexing them tens and them twenties
Can tell that this money shit new to you
You get my chain, I don't want it back
You wear that shit while they viewing you
I'm in the field like a running back
Jumping out that Benz like a hula hoop
Call me the GOAT, but I'm in a Lam'
I jumped out the Porsche, and got me some grams
Ran up a check, start popping them bands
These niggas upset, thank God for my fam
Lord forgive me for totin' these semis
And puttin' these bad bitches up in Fendi
I got a fetish for gettin' this cheddar
Ain't going out bad when I'm in the city

I ain't gotta front, I get what I want
If shawty a baddie, I hit from the front
She got a fatty, I hit from the back
They should have never let me get a sack
Oh yeah
I'm living legend, I swerve in that Lambo like I'm in the pack
Oh yeah
I'm going hard for this paper, they hating, ain't cuttin' no slack (Get it b
ack, get it back)
Stuck in my ways, chasing this paper, been up for some days
Fucking lil shawty, I let her hang with me, she fuckin' amazed
Crib so big, to get to my bedroom, it's fuckin' a maze
Cut her a check and tell her behave

I don't got time to be wasting my time
Too many bad bitches waiting in line
That pussy good, I'ma take her to Shyne
She lose a point, it'll make her a nine
She know I got some paper, I ain't gotta pay her
She just want me to pay her some mind
She wanna fuck a 'Chaser, I'ma fuck her later
But I really can't make up my mind
I want some money and I want some pussy (Some pussy)
No lyin' like Lucious or Cookie
I built a empire sellin' that fire
I stayed on the block in a hoodie (Check check)
I turn my Glock onto fully (Fully)
I let it wop on a bully
I'm gettin' top in the telly (Ha)
It sound like she moppin' spaghetti

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Ain't no finessing (No)
Niggas they say it's all love and it better be (Yuh)
Can't get ahead of me (Whoa)
Whole 'nother level, they ain't on my pedigree
I got the recipe (Recipe)
I had to mix up the song with the melody (Mix it up)
Fuck is you tellin' me? (Tellin' me)
Shawty be choosing to keep her from messing me (Yeah)
Sniper Gang with me like Kodak
Really got money and you know that (Know that)
Better pay the tab if you owe that (Yeah)
For a nigga start layin' where your ho at
I'm from the north side of Philly my niggas will really send shot where your
bro at (Shot)
I heard them niggas that's helpin' your hood got depressed when you hear you
can't go back (Whoo)

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Oh yeah
I'm going hard for this paper, they hating, they cuttin' no slack (Get it man,
get it man)
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