Going Bad (feat. Drake)

Meek Mill

Yeah
(Wheezy outta here)
G, GBack home, smokin' legal (Legal)
I got more slaps than The Beatles (Beatles)
Foreign shit runnin' on diesel, dawg
Playin' with my name, that shit is lethal, dawg
(Who you see, what?)
Don Corleone
Trust me, at the top it isn't lonely (Strapped)
Everybody actin' like they know me, dawg
Don't just say you're down, you gotta show me
(What you gotta do?)
Bring the clip back empty (It's empty)
You asked to see the boss, so they sent me, dawg
(Sent me, dawg)
I just broke her off with a 10-piece, dawg
(10-piece, dawg)
That ain't nothin', I'm just bein' friendly, dawg
It's just a lil' 10-piece for her
Just to blow it in the mall
Doesn't mean that we're involved
I just... what? I just... uh, put a Richard on the card
I ain't grow up playin' ball
But I'll show you how the fuck you gotta do it
If you really wanna ball 'til you fall
When your back against the wall
And a bunch of niggas need you to go away
Still goin' bad on 'em anyway
Saw you last night, but did it broad dayYeah, lot of Murakami in the hallway (What?)
Got a sticky and I keep it at my dawg's place
Girl, I left your love at Magic, now it's all shade
Still goin' bad on you anywayWoah, woah, ooh, woah
Woah, woah, ah
I could fit like 80 racks in my Amiris (80 racks)
Me and Drizzy back-to-back, it's gettin' scary
(Back-to-back)
If you fuckin' with my odds,
it's don't come near me (Get outta my way)
Put some bands all on your head like Jason Terry
(Brrt, brrt, ooh)
Richard Mille cost a Lambo (That's a Lambo)
Known to keep the baddest

Bitches on commando (Salute)
Every time I'm in my trap
I move like Rambo (Extended)
Ain't a neighborhood in
Philly that I can't go (That's a Fendi)
For real
She said, "Oh, you rich rich?" ("You rich rich")
Bitch, I graduated, call me "Big Fish" (Ballin')
I got Laurie Harrier on my wish list (That's Laurie)
That's the only thing I want for Christmas
(True story, uh)
I've been had my way out here, yeah
Know that's facts (Facts)
You ain't livin' that shit you sell,
Yeah, we know that's cap (That's cap)
You ain't got to ask me when you see me
Know I'm strapped (Brrt)
DC, OVO, we back again, we goin' plat' (Ooh, ooh)It's just a lil' 10-piece for her
Just to blow it in the mall
Doesn't mean that we're involved
I just... what? I just... uh, put a Richard on the card
I ain't grow up playin' ball,
but I'll show you how the fuck you gotta do it
If you really wanna ball 'til you fall
When your back against the wall
And a bunch of niggas need you to go away
Still goin' bad on 'em anyway
Saw you last night, but did it broad dayWheezy outta here

Lyrics provided by https://www.songarea.com/