

# Litty (feat. Tory Lanez)

## Meek Mill

Woo!

I'm on my way to an island  
And I'm popping shit at the pilot (fly shit only)  
Niggas be broke and still shopping  
But still talking shit like they violent (niggas is broke)  
They said they honest, talk money  
These niggas gonna say that they got it  
Get it now boy, the key to success  
And these niggas gon' blame it on Khaled  
They don't want to see you win (they don't)  
They don't want to see the Wraith (no)  
You don't want to see your bitch caught up in the stars  
Like she's outer space  
Mansion at the condo, condo at the mansion and I'm running out of space  
K.O. on me, keep 'em coming out his mouth, I'm sending somethin' round his way  
Niggas barely getting lawyer money  
Better get some 6 oil money  
Running around like you're superman  
Don't be selfish, get your mom insurance money (hah!)  
Cause I'm the one to put it on your money  
I'm the one that make it happen it to you  
Niggas with you fuck around and do it for me  
Hopped in the Wraith and I bought it, it's litty again  
Fly out the piff and the tropic, it's litty again  
All of my parties is poppin', you know that we litty again  
Pourin' the fours on Collins, you know that we litty again  
They don't want to see the squad  
They don't want to see the Wraith  
They don't want to see your bitch up in the stars like she going outer space  
Litty again, litty again  
I got it we litty again  
Litty again, litty again  
I got it, we did it, we litty again  
Feature money out the safe  
Went and brought a Wraith  
Brought it down Collins  
Niggas talking like they want it, when we in the city they don't want problems  
Niggas said they gon' rob us  
But nigga we coming for warefare  
A shooter money when I pull it out of you  
Catch a bullet like a NFL deal  
Should've known it was litty

When bitches start lying on my dick  
Lie on that pussy like I hit  
Can't even be a side, side bitch  
I'm hittin' 9, 10's and you ain't even looking like you a 5  
Roll bitches trying to do it for Twitter  
When they used to do it for Vine  
I'm the man of the hour, I'm the nigga with the airtime  
Rolls Royce Wraith  
Put your bitch in the stars like she in the airline  
Niggas be talking 'bout my hair line  
I laugh about it, I be feelin' them  
See, we both be making M's  
They be making memes, I be making millions  
I just counted up a Quinten Miller  
A Q.M, that's a quarter milli  
They don't wanna see Jay drop "6 Fly"  
Private when he go to Philly  
Funny money, yeah I know it's silly  
But your hoe feel me when I pull up and I got a pour a whole four on it  
I promise she gon' know it's litty, motherfucker, yeah Hopped in the Wraith and I bought it, it's  
litty again  
Fly out the piff and tropic, it's litty again  
All of my parties is poppin', you know that we litty again  
Pourin' the fours on Collins, you know that we litty again  
They don't want to see the squad  
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Litty again, litty again  
I got it we litty again  
Litty again, litty again  
I got it, we did it, we litty again All my niggas is way up  
These niggas are haters, I know that they're haters (fuckers)  
I score your bitch like a lay up  
I make a mil' like a layup  
I pop a pill just to stay up  
I sip the lean just to slow it up  
I'm with my team and we going up  
All these foreigners, they know it's us  
Whip it whip it whip it whip it like the coco when we mix the soda up  
Perfect timing and we're blowing up  
Fuck it, I'm gonna light the Rollie up  
Shawty fucking for Chanel  
I ain't tripping, that's a Coke or nothin'  
Push the ride to the motor bus  
Stack the paper fill the sofa up  
Lie on that paper, I am not slacking, I stay on that paper  
I feel like it's a restraining order on that money cause y'all stay away from that paper  
I know some niggas that used to be balling but know they all feeling a way 'bout this paper  
I be spending hundred, hundred, hundred, after hundred

They thought I was making this paper  
Fuckin' it good, I be rapin' this paper  
Shit I might as well get married to money  
I marry Nicki, still married to money  
She rich as Mariah, I carry the money  
And fuck a deposit, I bury the money  
(Bury the mills), I bury the money  
It hang out my pocket embarrassing money  
I act like I ain't used to having this money  
Hopped in the Wraith and I bought it, it's litty again  
Fly out the piff and the tropic, it's litty again  
All of my parties is poppin', you know that we litty again  
Pourin' the fours on Collins, you know that we litty again  
They don't want to see the squad  
They don't want to see the Wraith  
They don't want to see their bitch up in the stars like she going outer space  
Litty again, litty again  
I got it, we litty again  
Litty again, litty again  
I got it, we did it, we litty again

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>