

# Lay Up (feat. Wale, Rick Ross & Trey Songz)

## Meek Mill

DC, unos, dos, tres, cuatro  
Free El Chapo! Fuck your bitch, get a bag from her, then I never call her  
Now she trippin', goin' crazy, nigga tell her let up off us  
OGs see me comin' through and they say, "That's a baller"  
That's that nigga really started from the bottom really in that order  
Make a call, bring them plans down  
Smokin' loud like surround sound  
Niggas wanna come around now  
Cause they know that Meek Milly got the crown now  
Put my mask on, put the crown down  
Tell 'em turn up  
When it come to action, niggas ride with me  
Screamin' murder  
Niggas fallin' off, bitches fallin' through  
Callin' plays like an audible  
Get that money, what you oughta do  
Need the plug, got them niggas callin' too  
Put you on, nigga, put you on, I can put you on  
What you doin', nigga, what you doin', nigga, what you doin'? Get the bag but don't write triller  
You around cause you paid niggas  
In the dark when we spray niggas  
When we run into you, we ain't playin' with you Meek put a rapper on CNN  
Niggas said I wouldn't eat again I just counted 5 mil' in cash  
I'm a real nigga they won't see again  
Pray to my God we don't go to the feds  
We don't go to the feds  
I pray all that money don't go to my head  
Don't go to my head I pray on my Glock when I'm goin' to bed  
When I'm goin' to bed Now pray for the suckas that wanted me dead  
Cause all of 'em dead! Fuck 'em People locked me, put them chains on me  
Wonder why I got these chains on me  
Audemars, I got a range on me  
Shit a hundred thousand ain't a thing to me  
What's your range, homie? This another level  
Flood the Rollie, get another bezel  
She don't dig me, get another shovel  
Go and get the money, we don't ever settle  
Went to jail, came back home, then I got rich, damn  
Went to jail again, then I came home then I got Nick, damn  
Niggas prayin' that I go to jail again so they can pop shit, damn  
Only trap nigga doin' real numbers spittin' hot shit  
Niggas hatin' cause my numbers down, what'd you do, 50?

20 somethin', I did 250  
MAC 11 hit you 20 times, now you Harlem Shaking like you Diddy  
Pop niggas spittin' melodies when it's really nothin' they can do with me  
Ballin' on 'em ain't new to me, fuckin' bitches ain't new to me  
Summers, summers  
10 summers I've been at my tempo like I'm Mustard  
At the Grammys with the hustlers  
With the trappin', you a busta  
Spillin' lean on the red carpet  
Phone tapped, I hear the feds talkin'  
Still trappin' out the bando  
Moonwalkin' on that damn marble  
Ballin', ballin', ballin', ballin', ballin'  
Ballin' on 'em like I'm James Harden  
I don't drive it if it ain't foreign  
I don't fuck it if it ain't foreign  
Still eatin' and I ain't tourin', nigga gettin' it  
Got that ladder with me with the 33, I'm Scottie Pippen it  
Pray to my God we don't go to the feds  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>