

Make It Work (feat. Wale & Rick Ross)

Meek Mill

I used to want all that shit, now I got it
I gotta think of some more shit to want, nigga
Oh! I used to want a quarter bird 'til I got me a brick
I used to want that SRT until I hopped in the Benz
I used to really want that hoe until she hopped on my dick
You niggas said they wanted war, we started droppin' that shit
Like oh Lord, oh Lord!
She ridin' waves, I tell your bitch to surfboard
Surfboard, surfboard
She want the money, tell that hoe to work for it
I used to really want that hoe until I hit from the back
I started trappin', no hands, tried to get me a pack
I took my talents to South Philly, had to get me a sack
You niggas know you fuck around, Meek Milly gettin' you whacked
I used to want a pound of weed, I started flippin' that crack
Sellin' that dope, I went through hell bein' broke
A nigga called me, say he got it, I say front me in four
And he ain't heard from me since and now he smellin' the smoke
You fuckboy! Fuckboy!
Niggas hatin', I'm like what the fuck for?
I'm in the 6, I'm ridin' with a plus 4
She a 10, I fuck her and all her friends, pussy nigga
I used to want a quarter bird 'til I got me a brick
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She ridin' waves, I tell your bitch to surfboard
Surfboard, surfboard
She want the money, tell that hoe to work for it Nigga, so tired of these lame niggas
Keep changin' on you like late winter
Springin' on you for a hoe or somethin'
My coat season and game different
Self made, self made nigga
Well dressed, well paid nigga
I daredevil err'day, nigga
Like Hell's Kitchen and faint vision, oh Lord!
Tell them niggas I'ma need a minute
Undefeated, young sneaker nigga
Hundred deep, you never see a nigga
Hennessy in moderation
But my niggas drinkin' like them Black Ink niggas

Hah, Dutch Ceaser nigga
Meanin' I cut and leaf a nigga
Get it? That's leavin', nigga
Scissors, clippers, please forgive me
Real nigga, hoes around me
Take bitches, repeat offender
Ho, ho, please don't let me
No, no, Easter pinkin'
I done prayed the rappers get the Actavis
So they can all go back to just sleepin' on me I used to want a quarter bird 'til I got me a brick
I used to want that SRT until I hopped in the Benz
I used to really want that hoe until she hopped on my dick
You niggas said they wanted war, we started droppin' that shit
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She want the money, tell that hoe to work for it Niggas lookin' at me when I step into the party
It's the 50 millionaire, mothafuckin' Don Dada
All my niggas on coke, all these bitches on molly
Half my niggas do both, you better get yourself some money
Catchin' feelings when I pull up in it... rrrk!
Bad bitch, she a stripper, now she gettin' spinach
Now follow me, Balenciagas like they're Nikes, nigga
Fine bitches in the club, all wifeys, nigga
Now follow me, back to back, we in the Wraith, dog
Parkin' lot, chicken wings, then we skatin' off
Still headbussin' bitches, now I break you off
And if a nigga step to me, I'll break the law
Now follow me, front your boy and I'ma make you work
If I got the bitch a purse, she had to make it twerk
Nigga, ridin' through the city, I remain alert
Cause these niggas full of envy and they tend to lurk I used to want a quarter bird 'til I got me a
brick
I used to want that SRT until I hopped in the Benz
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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