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
I used to want that SRT until I hopped in the Benz
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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 itNigga, 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 meI 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 itNiggas 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 lurkI 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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