

# Tap (feat. Meek Mill)

NAV

[Intro: NAV, Meek Mill, & Kodak Black]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah Yeah, yeah [Verse 1: Meek Mill] Thousand nights on that corner eating egg-

rolls They tried to extort me, I ain't pay though

Only thing I gave 'em was a halo

A-hole, Uber on the way, ho

Fuck her from the back, put my thumb all in her A-hole

All these sticks and drums, banging like we in a band for real

I got cake, I stay humble, know I'm the man for real

I got hitters, we don't rumble, tell your mans to chill All up in my section Instagramming shit

I be with some real hitters, they ain't with that camera shit

'Cause they really out here in the field and they be slammin' shit [Chorus: NAV]

Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap

Giving head taps, left tats, tats, tats

They said that they were with it but it's cap, cap, cap

Aimin' at your fitted, push it back, back, back

Work, work, work, work, work

One phone call get you whacked, whacked, whacked

Try to slap me, we gon' let it slap, slap, slap

Cross a line, it's too late, you can't take it back, back, back (Yeah)

Verse 2: NAV]

They got my brother locked inside a cage (In a cage)

Take them shackles off his feet, he ain't a slave (Slave)

Growing up in the hood, you'll learn how to behave (Have)

How we gon' learn to stack if we ain't got nothing to save? (Save)

Got a little bad bitch, got some work done on her butt (On her butt)

Gotta catch another flight as soon as I catch my nut (If I nut)

Just being honest, Meek was the first to show me love (Show me love)

And the first time that I seen a Maybach was with cuz (Cuz)

Gettin' these bags, we model, I tell the opps it's up (It's up)

Got wedding bands but I still don't got a bitch to cuff

In every city I go, they already know what's up (What's up)

I got resources, I could get straight to the plug [Chorus: NAV]

Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap

Giving head taps, left tats, tats, tats

They said that they were with it but it's cap, cap, cap

Aim it at your fitted, push it back, back, back

Work, work, work, work, work

One phone call get you whacked, whacked, whacked

Try to slap me, we gon' let it slap, slap, slap

Cross a line, it's too late, you can't take it back, back, back (Yeah)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>