

Maybach Curtains

Meek Mill

Look how far we came
Through the fire, I stood knowing we would reign
Feels like yesterday when all this was a dream
Through these Maybach curtains I see how life has changed

I think Ima dedicate this one
To all the people that thought I wouldn't make it here
Dream chasers

Yeah, it was all a dream
On the corner servin' all them fiends
Me and a bunch of my niggas, yeah, we was all a team
The system labeled us killas, but momma called us kings
Walked through the hall of a prison, now it's the hall of fame
And people got the nerve to ask why I wear all these chains
When I was booked, they had me shackled to the wall of shame
So I'm just representin', better yet just reminiscin'

Put down on that Bentley truck, I used to want the Expedition
Now it's bigger things, grew up and got bigger dreams
Cause in my hood, niggas try to smoke you just like nicotine
And this money shit ain't funny, all the shit it brings
You bound to lose your family and your friends, boy this shit is mean
And birthdays was the worst days
Last week I made a hundred on a Thursday
And Club Liv got me sinnin' on a church day
Stevie J all on the mic, he screamin' out my birthplace
Philly, we back!

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I'm blunted, you wanna see life's meaning?
On the radio, Al Green, while Mom's cleanin'
Mom's singing along with the songs
And shortly I learned the words to 'em
Nerf balls, I threw 'em
But now I'm a perfectionist to a fault like Jesus
Judgin' his own miracles, but he won't cause he automatic
I'm like an old blues singer living in the bottle
Whose wife left him down in the bottom
Writing songs is how we solvin' the problem
My liquid money's a hypnotist to your Mrs

Lay back like I'm in the chair of a dentist
Nasir relentless, a freak like Prince is
Mystique like Sade
Soon as I enter people, point and see my anointment
I ain't tryna do too much
Same time, I ain't no bum nigga not doin' enough
But I ain't tryna do no dumb shit, chasin' my tail in a circle
I made it so I'm chillin' now
Transparent ceiling now

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The chorus cinematic, going back to Cali
Young street nigga, late 80's suede Bally's
Jewels like Rick the Ruler, looking like I ripped the jeweler
I could cut a check, make some people hit your shooter
Domino effect, you in that magic city
Where all they do is flex; call it Milli Vanilli
Coming from the bottom, my lil' nigga from Philly
Young legend outta Queens, take over city to city
Honor thou mother, go to war for my brother
Giving sufficient funds to significant others
Went from poor now women screamin' for my signature
More war came from the bottom so I know the war
Never worn, always on, y'all niggas luke warm
Talking cash over salads, heavy croûtons
Cuban Linx's equivalent to having suits on
Stretch Maybachs 'til they bring the coupes on

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