

# 100 Summers

Meek Mill

I gotta place my rearview when I pull in the parking spot  
'Cause where I'm from all you niggas die in the parking lot  
Get ten seconds on the news, they barely talk about us  
You gotta watch the way you move, they'll make a target outcha  
Oh, the Reaper comin', gotta keep it on me  
I told my momma I won't leave her lonely  
Too much drama, get these demons off me  
We still at war, I got that thing in arm reach  
Fuck what happened  
That's what my momma told me when they caught me with the ratchet  
Rather see me in a cell than see me in a casket  
I show love to all my fans 'cause I prevail through all this rapping, whoa  
I got homies that died young and I miss 'em, tell the truth  
I feel like I let 'em down and that's word to Lil Snupe  
I put diamonds in yo face so when they see me they see you  
Know they'd kill me in my hood, but I just keep on comin' through  
Still wit' it, the graveyard throwing a party for all the real niggas  
They invited me, but shit I got a meal ticket  
When everybody want me to get out we gotta deal wit' it

As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death  
I did some things that I had to regret  
I seen some things I could never forget  
The reaper took my homie's soul, feel like he after me next, oh Lord

I just wanna ball hunnid summers  
Seen too many of my dogs goin' under  
How I made it out alive, sometimes I wonder  
'Cause we been goin' to war since Contra

Grew up 'round them monsters they'll shoot you in your face  
Ain't used to showin' no love that's 'cause we grew up in that hate  
Live by the sword, die by the sword way  
Tried to make it home, they shot him in the hallway  
Tears on my face feel like I be cryin' blood  
Momma won't see her son again, we call that blind love  
I can't trust these niggas, they'll get you lined up  
Tried to rob me, he got smoke for a Rollie, his time's up  
You gon' be a killer or a homicide  
Make your momma shed a tear before my momma cry  
Was young and great, but they still smoked him at the waffle spot  
Only God can judge me when I clutch and let that chopper rock (Brrr)  
Feel this shit  
I wrote this in blood, this some of my realest shit  
They say if he rich as fuck, why he movin' so militant  
'Cause in my hood it ain't no love and I know what I'm dealin' wit'

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Oh, yeah yeah