

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 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