

## 4 You

Meek Mill

BH, flamers  
Ya you, you bitch ass nigga  
You know how we do  
Blood gang sucker

This is where the game stops  
When my hammer to your head and that chain pop  
I had them carry you to bed when that thing chopped  
Flame chopped brains dropped on the same block  
Where your mains watched  
Them niggas pussies, I catch them in the same spot  
Different day, same Glock  
Sunny weather, rain shots  
We live by the day, run with metal sling shots  
Arm ready fire squeeze make his whole body freeze  
How many niggas down to ride I want to know  
When this time to catch that body who gon' say they want to go  
Matter fact, I don't care put that 40 on my belt  
On the mission for that man 'til I turn him into dust  
What, I flow haze burning in the dust  
You more like regular burning in a blunt  
I'm hotter than I ever was burning what I want  
Any track come on, every single one  
Now back to that real shit how niggas get done  
Dirty in the field, that's why its thirty in there still  
All I really need me is a birdy and a wheel  
Quick fast sell four shit, stash in the door shit  
Super dirty cops come, gas to the floor shit  
Double pipe, [?] flash like a [?]  
Blood gang who we are, y'all niggas bullshit  
We live upon money murder, robin' extortion  
Riding and torching, anything that's in the way  
Going through it blowing on I could die any day  
But I ride any way, this is that crack music  
Can't feel my face what he say wind it back music