

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