

Aint I

Meek Mill

Ain't I ain't I ain't I
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Ain't I on some shit
Ain't I fuck your bitch
Ain't I Grand Hustle
Ain't I fuck with TIP

Drama be the DJ
I just spit that shit and he gon' bring it back like replay
I come from the east side, run shit like a relay
Bunch of Philly killers with me they all look like Freeway
I know what we do is wrong
You can catch me in the hood probably somewhere don't belong
I keep with my tre pound long
And Omelly keep his glit
His clip hold like 33 that's three circles from a brick
On some shit, that's your bitch
No it ain't cause she ours
Pull up to the club we be on Banshees and CRs
Ask about us who we are
I'm a young king I'm wassup
I ain't asking for no ride I made it here all by myself
Come for the belt ya for the ring
Ask your ho I do my thing
I was locked up in the pen but still I shine like I was bling
On the block with that Yao Ming
Tryna move that China white
Ya I grind like I ain't even about to blow like dynamite
I'm that Bull just call me Mike
I change hoes just like they're clothes
I change O's just like they're floors
And keep my money for them hoes
I keep money on re-load
I keep cash up in this stack
I don't even know these lames but yet they Joe me like Jihad
And I just laugh, Joe me like GI
Bitch I'm trying to fuck you, you keep worrying about TI
Haters they can see I'm all about my BI
Bitch I been on swag

Ain't I on my job
Lotta niggas hate cause we be moving like the mob
My boys in all black
Nigga run his mouth then then nigga lose his cap
West Philly back block that's where you find me at
State they got my nigga Dean
I be on promethazine
Show you how we walk them down
No time with them triple beams
I get a jawn break it down let my youngins grind
You see them tres of the meter, and they done with dime
You had your work all week shit I hustle mine
I hustle hard, hustle hard I ain't never fine
I just hit a lick, all white bricks
Fuck the drought we be flipping like a light switch
Ask my nigga he got a
We like a junkyard, we stay with metal shit

I can do it right or I can do it wrong
You buy it soft, try to cook it you be losing homes
Neef Buck told me get them where I fit in
The mac look great but its gorgeous with the clip in
And when it start to ripping, niggas start to scraping
And dipping, hoping they don't catch it in their biscuit
West side of Philly nigga that be me
Disrespect and we check 'em like an ACG
They say your green not fire
Your white not oil
You niggas at loyal when you shining like foil