

# Aint I

Meek Mill

Ain't I ain't I ain't I  
Ain't I ain't I ain't I  
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