

# Boss Freestyle

Meek Mill

Free my nigga lil  
BH

I fell in love with the streets, yeah I was 16 (youngin)  
Grinding like Clipse, tryna get cream (let's get it)  
A little nigga in the field, was doing big things  
Big hammers, big work, and had a big team  
It was popping round the time we had it in green  
Yeah we was dirty, narcs tryna sweep the strip clean  
Plus we had that white girl, you know, that Christine  
Aculera, that should dare her, make a rich fiend  
Go broke tryna fix dreams  
Watching niggas cook the coke it looked like whipped cream  
And I was tryna get cake (I was hungry)  
My old head would tell me just wait  
But I was crooked, tryna get straight  
The hundreds with the big face  
The money made me feel great  
Like Tony the Tiger, when he get flakes  
Talking the frosted ones  
My heart was so cold had to defrost my lungs  
Getting high, was paranoid and going hard with guns  
Ready to squeeze on any nigga with ease  
Nightmares of being murdered I believed  
How the judge gon blame me  
Cause when them niggas come to kill me nobody gon save me  
Label me a felon 'fore you label me as telling  
Upstate jail and tuna soup and getting melon  
Tell em, was raining yesterday but now it's hailing  
It's death up in the air, you can smell it  
Man they got the reaper round the corner tryna catch a body  
The hungry youngins up the street they tryna catch somebody  
Slipping, they got their smith and they gon stretch some bodies  
If they don't get paid, somebody gon get sprayed  
And one love to my niggas in the twist cage  
No commissary chow without the lid tray  
Guard spit in it, but you can feel your rib cage  
Touch it so you're like fuck I got to live today  
You niggas fucking with them hoes, I'm fucking with them Benjis  
I be cutting up them O's, fucking with that stove  
That shit you made last week, I fucked it up on clothes  
Spend half of that on Prada and the other half on dros  
Woah! (woah Meek Milly!)

I said nigga do you, Imma do me  
That haze it got him in the zone like a 23  
Them niggas need a smoke, we got that oohwee  
Purp by the pound, ounces of the sour D  
We 32'd the Glizzy's, compact to max  
Sliding through they hood, tinted down, back to back  
Looking for these pussys, now where these faggots at  
Skis, dickies, and hoodies show where they trapping at  
Murder murder graveyard, funeral service for em  
Embalming fluid, obituary and hearses for em  
That choppa do him, his mama mourning and hurting for him  
We collect bosses, they flunkies, whoever working for em

Yeah, Meek motherfucking Milly

You niggas know what it is  
BH we straight to the motherfucking day that I die nigga  
Free my nigga lil  
GT franchise we got the game on motherfucking lock  
And if you think you fucking with me nigga, hit that stu' hard  
And get your fucking game right  
Plain and simple  
Boss