

Chiraq

Meek Mill

You fuck around get smoked
You fuck around, you fuck around, you fuck around, get smoked, nigga
You fuck around get smoked

Uh, niggas know the rules in my hood, if you touch me, you get murked
We ain't with that back and forth, it ain't no rap, we hittin' first
G-5, we be at LIV by Sunday when you in the Church
Momma stressing, selling dinner platters, tryna get your casket, and get ya hearse
Last nigga that slid on us, got dropped on it, he told on us
Every nigga you see with me got ice on 'em, bank rolls on us
Naw, nigga no 1 on 1's we don't fight fair, we just roll on 'em
V-S stones and cuban links, all that ice wear with that gold on 'em
We ain't swinging no flag, nigga
We ain't need no pass, nigga
Glock 40 with a 30 clip and laser on it, play tag with us
Everybody wanna talk bricks 'till them feds, swoop in and grab niggas
Dream chasers got into something, we don't never bleak cause we trash niggas
I don't know if y'all heard about what my homie do with that 30 out
Deen Buck still in the cut and stay fittin' to let Ernie out
I ain't even gotta say nothin' 'bout that other homie that you heard about
Cause if he heard about that you run your mouth
He come to your house and start swervin' out
Catch me in Y-C, out Shadyville, I'm in the tank
Only time its mayhem when I'm in the booth or I'm in the bank
Summertime in La Marina with Dominicans going in the paint
Pullin' up screamin' Dimelo catch you in Brooklyn, get pita rolled pussy!

(Yeah, Meek what up? Bang!
Oh, man in Chiraq!)
Niggas say me and Sosa beefin' but we both eatin', but only one keep it
Told Law he take 15 years, every crime we did we gon Keep It Secret
Can't Tweet Teyana corporate nigga lookin, so what I'm on I gotta Keep It Secret
That face no Stevie no Mimi, I promise Teyana that I won't leak it
Gripped the 30 just cashed out, if you caught stripping, then you assed out
I'm the same nigga that my city asked about while you in the cut steady buying clout
Fuck the judge, let 9 out, hairpin trigger, let 9 out
Four birds in the trap like
4 wings at Harold's with fries covered in mild sauce
Everytime a nigga rap beef, get clapped up in a couple weeks
IG comments and a couple tweets, location on we can go and meet
Headshot, I'm outta town, I'm in Killadelphia with my nigga Meek
Pop a wheelie in N-Y-C I got the 30 on with my nigga, Flee
Heard Tyga sneak dissing on me, tell them that bitches I'm not right
Tyga only got one name but that nigga ain't got one stripe
He backpack, so easy to get the nigga shit snatched
Ask Marly Marl to get his shit back
In Chiraq, don't come here
You ain't from here? Don't come here!
Cause shorty snipin', bag on him if he don't like this
No Young Chop, that .40 bangs, just like him
30 punch like Tyson
Back to the rap flow, hot shit
Fuck I gotta rap for, got bricks

Every city I go, got sticks
Pockets Wells Fargo, no bricks
Say I'm on top now, no shit
You can never say I, wife shit
I don't even like shit
I just pipe shit
One night shit
LA with killas and thuggers
New York SlowBucks them my brothers
A-T-L with Migos and Young Thugger
We gonna shoot up in public
And they gotta urge to take
Chiraq, look at the murder rate
500 dead bodies, better go and get money 'fore you be on first 48

You wear red bottoms and Phillip Lim
Everybody trynna get a hold of him
Bad bitches, they be in Benz
I knock 'em down like bowling pins
Feds snatch me, I don't know them
Real nigga, on 4nem
Young Jefe, the new Soulja Slim
Hangin' out the tank with Slow and them
Come take a trip to D.C.
Hear a lot of Me and see GG
I'm the big dog
I'm ringing off
Like Mambo Sauce on a 3 Piece
"Glizzy, Why you ain't D.C.?"
"Who said I ain't D.C.?"
Fuck ya bitch to my CD
She lemme record her like Mimi
A nigga playin', it's lights out
Oo, Shine got me iced out
Stay low, cause the mice out
You only get fly when the Mikes out
Wait till it get nice out
Tell Chino bring the bikes out
Got 50 guns in my trap house
You better off fucking with the White House
I'm the realest youngin' in the fucking world
I got plenty money, I got plenty girls
Got the Villa for the week, got fifteen freaks
And they all wanna go for a fucking swirl
Had her come to us with the marble peals
Glock 23, treat her like my girl
357, that bitch just twirl
Make him catch our shit like Fitzgerald