

# Freestyle On Flex

Meek Mill

What we doing, Flex?  
They see us, Funk Flex, Meek Mill, 017  
I mean, why not?  
Dreamchasers in the building, you know what it is  
Philly, New York City, what's up?  
All my NY niggas, what's up?  
The mafia, ha, let's get it!

Mixed the Balmain with the Bape shit, I've been going ape shit  
Finna go banana like the K clip  
Niggas talk about me, they see me and never say shit  
Keep them suckers dippin' and dodgin', like it's The Matrix  
Heart full of hatred, show it on the Internet  
Weirdo niggas in my comments, but we ain't into that  
We was in there making it double and tryna get it back  
Bust a thousand traps all in it and take that rental back  
Couple hundred, tint it black, tryna make a mil in it  
I'm a let 'em shuffle when I cut it, got to deal with it  
When I got it, put my homies on like a real nigga  
And they all still with us  
Seen too many trill niggas fall to let you bitch niggas beat me  
'Fore I take a loss they gon' have to RIP me  
But that'll never happen, take this war shit deeply  
My young niggas starving in them trenches and they need me  
They like, "Meek Milly, won't you spit that crack again?"  
Fake niggas up three, bring us back again  
Riding down Broad Street, I'm in the Bach again  
I bully niggas, I'm unlike Mac again  
Philly, money can't make me, suckers can't break me  
Back to back jabs, but I'm still gettin' eighty  
Just to walk through, and have them hoes going crazy  
All this cash money, got me stuntin', like I'm Baby  
Posted up with Nicki, that's when it get tricky  
Niggas in their feelings, that's when it get drizzy  
Speaking on the Chasers, definitely get busy  
We get money, stay a hundred, we don't never keep it 50  
And we don't cosign no rats over here, my G  
On scopes on them straps over here, my G  
Lot of security with badges over there, I see  
You brought the law with you, I brought them hittas with me  
It ain't a nigga that I met I thought was realer than me  
I'm 'bout to take 'em 4th quarter, I can feel it in me  
Catch 'em on the inbound, watching for the shot clock  
5-4-3-2-1, pull up for the jumpshot  
Swish, nigga! We used to play Sega  
Now its Glock 40, with the red lasers  
Niggas want to kill us, but they can't fade us  
Play them corners, we trappin', watch for the damn neighbors  
Call the cops on us, and we had them Glocks on us  
Pocket full of rocks on us, they was sending SWAT for us  
Super predators, is what they said of us  
Watching bodies drop on the regular, it was regular  
Said it made us cold, but really that shit affected us  
Fell in love with hoes, they the only one that accepted us  
White folks was prejudiced, so the foreign's all black  
We done turned nothing into something; what you call that?  
Eighteen, caught my first case, had to fall back

Ten years of probation probably set us all back  
Started public housing, now we Kings  
Grandma and Mama, we called 'em queens  
Chasing that money, and chasing dreams  
Serving out people, 'cause they was fiends  
On the North side of Philly, where niggas'll serve they mamas  
And go spend that money they made on a new designer  
They say I'm still stuck in my ways, and to be honest  
I probably am; sorry, Your Honor!  
I was made like this, I was raised like this  
Selling coke to get a mil, shit, I got paid like this

New York City! What we doing, Flex?  
Special cloth, special cloth  
Shout out to DJ Khaled, this that special cloth  
At the radio station  
Going brazy with your boys in the building  
New York City, what the fuck is up?  
We here! Let's get it! Let's get it, Flex!

I'm from a hood of broken dreams  
Shots firing, yellow tape on the scene, as spooky as Halloween  
Go to school, what do you mean?  
When your mama a fiend but your lil' sister a queen  
And the fridge so empty it's hurtin' your self-esteem  
Now to get out on the corner and get it by any means  
How the judge gon' judge us when this is all that we seen?  
This is all that we know, eviction note at the door  
So we pray like we gon' get to eat one day  
I promise we gon' beat them streets one day  
Running 'round, living reckless  
Knowing we gon' live at peace one day  
I'm thinking, "Should I get to sleep some day?"  
'Cause I've been up all night chasing this cake  
To feed my mama and them  
Summer-time, you hear them sirens again  
They said, "That boy won't make it."  
You hear them screams, Mama crying again  
We had to kill and get as violent as them, we tryna live  
My young bull, she was supposed to go to the league  
Started popping on them P's, running 'round with the fleas  
All them A's and them B's start to turn into C's  
Go from crossing niggas over into running from D's  
'Fore you know it coppers pointing at you, telling you "Freeze!"  
And you can't afford a lawyer, so they telling you "Plea!"  
Man, this shit worse than cancer, like a fucking disease  
Living this nightmare, they telling us "Dream!"  
Look what they did to Martin Luther, bullet holes in our Kings  
And they wonder why we never believe  
And they wonder why we never would leave  
Nigga, we poor, young niggas worrying about that corner store  
But the chinks own that  
And you claiming that's your block; who you think own that?  
Quicksand in the hood and we gon' sink on that  
You should think on that  
Poison water out in Flint, they let them little babies drink on that; they d  
on't care about us

New York City  
DC4 on the motherfucking way  
You already know what it is  
We only doing it strictly for the streets  
We ain't doing it for the Internet

Strictly inspiration for the streets  
Motivation for my young niggas behind them walls  
My young niggas stuck in the trenches  
You know what it is  
New York City like my second home, nigga  
Flex, we in the building  
Hot97, you already know what it is

Views from the trap, nigga  
I'm back, nigga, with two 9's; Warren Sapp, nigga  
The crack dealers was new slaves, I toot Tre's  
Jordan with the mic, making dudes fade, I do says  
Sippin' on that shit like it's Kool-Aid  
Rollie with the blue face, diamonds, they clear as Blu-ray  
Suckers all in they new ways, different chapter, a new page  
You fake if you don't speak to me  
Real soon as you wave, I get it  
Favorite singer, favorite rapper, I hit it, I'm with it  
Try to tell me I'm losing and niggas winnin'?  
They ain't want to see me on the yacht, no  
They don't want to see me in the drop, no  
Coming down Collins with my young niggas wildin' on the bike  
Vroom, vroom, 12 o' clock, whoa  
Hear no evil, I don't see no evil  
Pocket full of dead presidents; them C-note people  
We thought you was flamin' hot, why you cheat those people?  
You fraud niggas, we can't believe those people  
I need a witness  
Now back to them trenches, we trap on them benches  
With MAC's with extensions, this Shawshank Redemption  
Locked my body up, but my soul free  
Niggas do not know me, so how could they oppose me?  
Kill 'em with success, they gon' kill me with emojis  
Kill me with a meme, you pussies never could expose me  
Did I fuck his bitch? Maybe it was the 'gram  
Hurting these niggas hearts, I really can't understand  
I started off with a dollar, turned it into a grand  
Flipped it into a milli, I'm still reppin' my city  
I pull up poppin' a wheelie, bending corners on coppers  
Toting choppers and whipping the work up like Betty Crocker  
Money, power, the crab in the barrel, no getting out it  
What I told 'em, but I'm in Miami eating on Lobster  
Bad bitches, I bag bitches that bag bitches  
They mad niggas, they only hate, I get the cash quicker  
Savages that blast with us, I past niggas  
I lap niggas, I bend the corner, ride past niggas  
I know how that money feel  
Delaware State, landing choppers on the fucking field  
My life so fucking real  
I don't never go to sleep, 'cause I'm trying to see a hundred mil  
That automatic automatically on me  
I automatically clap suckers for running up on me  
And automatically smack suckers and fuck up their homies  
Finna fuck up that money, you think it did something to me?  
I do things, new things  
I'm getting blue cheese, no hot wings  
I really cop things, new V's and hard top  
And y'all niggas saying hoop dreams was hard rock  
And serving samples to the new fiends, whoa