

From Da Bottom

Meek Mill

Young niggas gettin money
And we don't owe yo niggas shit
I'm from Philly nigga
We come from the bottom
Come from nothin
And niggas got the nerve to ask me why I'm stuntin?
Huh?

I'da sip Ciroc with Diddy
Drunk Spade with Hov
In the vip with a 40
With some badass hoes
Had my grip on my forty
Still was at that stove
The same night word got cooked half that sold pyrex and a triple beam
Like Mr. King had a dream we ain't miss a thing
Talkin dirty to these niggas with my listerine
If I was there you know we ball Mr. clean
I'm talkin LIV Sunday blowin hella racks
Just gettin right cause in my life I been from Hell and back
I'm just that nice and I don't write so you can tell em that
I'm just makin up for nice when I was sellin crack
On the corner in the cold trying to sling them O's
And half my niggas in the city went against the code
Them niggas cold still partying them niggas bold
But I'm like fuck it I'm young and gettin it them niggas old
Take a walk up to that mirror boy and take a look at yourself
You see a kid all nigga just looking for help
And every night I'm in the studio killin myself
A lot of niggas hatin on me now cause I'm feelin myself
Fuck em though
They screaming be humble, boy be humble
But ain't nobody say that when my stomach used to rumble
Looked in a cell when I saw my dreams crumble
Now I'm out here buzzin you can here the bee's bumble

Seen some things that can't be told
I was told these roads were pure as gold
I never told I never sell my my soul
I just went at every thing I dove

Nobody's going back to da bottom
Nobody's going to da bottom
I can't be every nigga role model
I can't go back to the bottom

Niggas gettin high
Just to take the pain away
When I'm just gettin by a couple million for a rainy day
Off season but I practice like I got a game today
And everybody ain't gon make it out it's genesay
Feeling like Mike before the fade away
I'm like should I take the shot? or let it fade away?
And all this love I'm getting ain't gon take the hate away
But these haters motivate me in a crazy way
Ain't no I in team
From what I've seen every man for himself

Well, until I intervene I put my niggas on
Paper we swarm paper like lions when they smell blood
When dream shatters they sell love like cocaine
Or heroin from heroin I'm Cobain
I'm blowing up I did my own thing
They want my soul and my body for a little chain
I'm dancing with the luminati call it Soul Train
Nigga

Yeah, Last night I forgot to pray for shit that I got today
The devil ran the corner and the reaper a block away
It's body after body very few it's finer way
You got right for the hook like you stickin Dr. J
My defensive is like three fences and a brick wall
I get soft every time we go against ya'll
I'm on guard play the point like I'm Chris Paul
You get cross like hey I did mine for this ball
For this rock you get shot big dog
Cause in this game we shootin metal like it's pin ball
I put this mac to your face like lip gloss
And do you right and put you on ice like Lindros
Nigga

I started with a dollar and a dream
And I'm willing to go and get it by any means
I can't be every nigga role model
Why nobody my role model
I got my own son and race
And my life is very precious
And my son expect me to walk through that door every night
So any nigga try and stop my shine gotta get it
All my niggas out to get it
And we ain't never goin back to the bottom
None of my niggas
I hear everybody talkin
He spending too much money be humble
Man fuck all that
Who was talkin when I was dead broke starvin huh?
Ay Guttta, what these niggas talkin huh?
It's D.C. double M, G
We been jumped out the barrel on your crab ass niggas
You heard me?
Meek Milly, real nigga For Life!