

Funk Flex Freestyle #017

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 dipping and dodging 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
I'mma let 'em shuffle when I cut it, got to deal with it
When I go 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 Mill, 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 like Mac again, Philly
Money can't make me, suckers can't break me
Back to back Jasper, 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 consign 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 though 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 trapping 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 on the regular it was regular
Said it made us cold but really that shit affected us
Fell in love hoes they the only one that accepted us
White folks was prejudiced so the foreigns 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 prolly set us all back
Started public housing, now we Kings
Grandma and momma we called 'em queens
Chasing that money and chasing dreams
Swerving out perople cause they was fiends
On the North side of Philly where niggas'll serve they mommas
And go spend that money they made on designer
They say I'm still stuck in my ways and to be honest
I prolly am, sorry Your Honor
I was made like this, I was raised like this
Selling coke to get a mil I was paid like this
New York City what we doing 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 momma a fiend but your lil' sister a queen
And the fridge so empty its 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 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 momma and them
Summertime you hear them sirens again
They said that boy won't make it you hear them screams momma 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 the P's runing around with the fleas
All them As and them Bs start to turn into Cs
Go from crossing niggas over into running form Ds
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 worst 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 would leave nigga we poor
Young niggas worrying about that corner store but the chinks on 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 thatYou should think on that
Poison water out in Flint they let them little babies drink on that
They don'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 wall
My young niggas stuck in the trenches
You know what it is
New York City like my second home nigga

Views from the trap nigga
I'm back nigga with two nines Warren Sapp nigga
The crack dealers was new slaves I toot Tre's

Jordan with the mic making dues fade I do says
Sipping on that shit like its Kool-Aid
Rollie with the blue face, diamonds 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 winning
They want to see me on the yacht, no
They want to see me in the drop, no
Coming down Collins with my young niggas wilding on the bike
Vroom, vroom 12 o' clock, woah
Hear no evil I don't see no evil
Pocket full of dead presidents them C note people
WE though you was flaming hot why you cheat those people
You fraud niggas we don't believe those people
I need a witness
Now back to them trenches, we trap on them benches
With macs with extensions, this Shawshank Redemption
Lock my body up but my soul free
Niggas do not know me so how could they appose me
Kill 'em with success they gon' kill me with emojis
Kill me with a meme you nigga couldn't 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 to 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 I ride past niggas
I know how that money feel
Delaware State landing chopper son the fucking field
My life so fucking real
I don't ever go to sleep cause I'm trying to see a hundred mil
That automatic, automatically on me
I automatically clap suckers for running on me
And automatically slap suckers and fuck up their homies
Finna fuck up that money you think it did something to me
I do thing, new thing
I'm getting blue cheese, no hot wings
I really cop things, new Vs and hard top
And y'all niggas had hoop dreams was hard rock
And serving samples to the new fiends woah