

## Funk Flex Freestyle #204

Meek Mill

Uh  
Yeah  
Too good to be true  
You already know how we steppin'  
Meek Milly  
I say, uh

I come from a hood where niggas die, you gotta keep it on you  
Dreamchaser, I know how it feel when niggas sleepin' on you  
PTSD from all them pills, ain't even sleepin' normal  
My young boy come around, I feel his vibe, he got the reaper on him  
And my other homie hide, he got them people on him  
But he know I ain't leavin' on him  
Two million worth of jewels, I show you niggas how to move  
You got them people on you  
They gon' put a track on your hawk and try to keep it on you  
Gotta play your part and play your - they start schemin' on you  
Knock 'em out the park right when it start, when they start speakin' on you  
Niggas rockin' ice and try to slide without them heaters on you  
That's how you get caught lackin'  
Quarantine money ran out, was goin' out with all them hoes  
And got caught cappin'  
I caught time around them Glocks, I said you goin' backwards  
My young bull could've went NBA until them boys grabbed him  
DA gave him drug numbers and you know some more happened  
Some shit that I can't speak about, did this to get my people out  
23 and 1, felt like my soul was like leaking out  
I ain't cry, what I do? I doubled up my hustle nigga  
I ain't die, showin' too much love, niggas try and finesse me  
From the blind side, niggas try and find me, they better off  
Tryin' to find God, 'cause I be with them hitters that put niggas on them  
Timelines  
Yeah  
Let me get another one Sam  
I'm just finding it Sam  
Let me get another one

Big Phantom on the road make wide turns  
Fuckin' on a real pretty bitch with good sideburns  
Been getting to the mims, its the mob turn  
Big stones, look at 'em too long, make your eyes burn  
Uh, I say I ain't even pullin' up  
Niggas dyin' in the trenches, everything get bullied up  
What else? Louis chinchilly with my hoody up  
I say, when they drip check I had on twenty bucks  
How can they relate? I'm too real, niggas fake  
I was in the field when niggas ain't, how they gon' feel me when they can't?  
If you touch me I get money, I ain't in the hood, I'm in the bank  
I'm smokin' on woods to the face until all the real niggas make it, yeah  
I say, creepin' in the Urus doin' the whole dash  
Goin' fast but count a milli up in cold cash  
I'm from Philly, niggas drillin' 'bout that third tag  
I seen a nigga line his homie, take his whole bag  
I say, it was all good 'til it turned bad  
I say, niggas turn fast, gotta learn fast  
All it took was see my homie move a bird fast  
I started tweakin', never made it to my third class

I wanted some Hermes, now I got everything  
Birkins on my baby mommas, ain't give them wedding rings  
Rollie cost me eighty thousand to see my brother bling  
I put that on everything that my kids gon' get everything  
Ain't settling, I put on my gun and now I'm leveling  
Flippin' through that paper like a fuckin' gold medalist  
I cannot trust Ernie 'round that tool 'cause he too reckless  
We was skippin' school and bendin' blocks like it was Tetris  
Grimy, thirsty, hungry, treacherous  
90 sittin' in this clip in case it get hectic  
Find me chillin' on an island, I'm doin' jet skis  
I'm freestylin', I can't even tell you what we doin' next week  
You the type get killed quick, we the type get M's quick  
Never ever let a chick get at me like Will Smith  
I'm the type get real real picky, make a girl switch  
My young boy never seen one, we blessed him with a real switch  
And told him hit the kill switch

I'm too rich to catch a dope case, I filled up my whole safe  
I been up a while, ain't had to trap since way back, '08  
He was pillow talkin' so I had pull out on his hoe face  
When she ate my nut she started smilin' like it's Colgate  
Only in God we trust, can't trust these hoes, these hoes gon' rotate  
I was on demon time, lil' shorty a demon, she like "okay,"  
I ain't even need no time, when I went to Miami, was having a four way  
One of them hoes from London, two I think from Norway  
Coupe with the Hermes seats, like I'm sittin' in OJ, huggin' the roadway  
Stick at the light, if niggas don't pull up right then we gon' road rage  
They got me in my old ways, we gon' take it back to the old days  
44 bulldog in my [?]  
I say, nigga I been trappin' since the third grade  
If that pussy wet I'm lockin' her number in as 'mermaid'

Gang, gang, gang  
It's double M G  
Too good to be true  
You already know how we rockin'  
When I slide back in this bitch y'all gettin 30 minutes straight of pain  
Shout out Rozay in this bitch  
That album out, make sure you go get that  
Too good to be true