

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 Glockes, 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