

Goons Gone Wild

Meek Mill

Tre pound, crack crown
Meek Milly, Bloodhound
Grimy, thirsty, 'bout it you heard me
Glizzy on de-deck
Clip whole thirty
Looking for these fuck boys to do these niggas dirty
Ya play tough I dare you
My goons, they balloon shit air you
Nah nigga I ain't trying to hear you
And I don't need no four pound cause I ain't trying to scare you
I just take the nina raw, get up on you near you
Action 40 lightning bloody near you, tear you
My niggas be riding low
Tinted with them choppers though
We spin yo block my Mr. Softee, spot you like a domino
Simon say he want you dead, I say that you got to go
So we gone drop some shit on you Geronimo, asap
Make that nigga Diddy bop take that, take that
Send him on a trip without a space pack, bow
My hood like goons gone wild
Where Ernie said he don't want no beef he want a cow
A fool with them tools we don't even let him touch them
Get freaky with them heaters he be trying to finger fuck them
Niggas creeping in my main yard, peeking through the window
Bird hunting like the gun game on Nintendo
Wish that I was there I probably would've let them in though
And stretch one of them nigga like a limo
Trying score a touchdown, nigga fuck around and catch an INO
Cause I ain't never go to sleep n-o, nizzaw
Can't get behind me cause my back to the wizal
Gat in my drizzaws, ready to clap izzoff
They gon' murder me so I got to murder them first
And I gon' kill his brother cousin, him first
Give them niggas brim work, chest work
They say that that's the best work
So I'm gon' gun them down like an expert, tise
Aiming at chu and my mac gon' sneeze
My refrigerator put you on freeze
Fuck out of here
We do them niggas right and get up out of there
Same place you put your hat my niggas throwing hollows there

I'm loading up the oo-wop
Listening to 2Pac
I'm a dope boy so the money in the shoe box
A hundred grand large, all off of hard
I don't fuck with rappers all y'all frauds
Calling all cars, AR-AB got a gun
Crack in the bag cause AR-AB got a son
And he got to eat, by any means
I got two fiends, fuck a hoop dream
Make it to the NBA that's a pipe dream
They end up smoking rock out of pipe screen
I play the night scene, hard rock pitching
Forty-four with the long nose Scott Pippen
I put it on the line, I put it on my mom
I've been shooting niggas since they put it in my palm

Put it in my hands, them cooked up grams
Where I'm from all the drug dealers was the man
So fuck a rap buzz, I got a rap sheet
I'm a legend in jail, and trap streets
Cass an Swizz like, "AB, juss chill!"
You just beat a body and you still trying to kill
They talking to a deaf man, forty in my left hand
Give a nigga wig shots then look for the next man
I shoot 'til the tec jam, then pass [?]
A lord take my soul if AR-AB [?]
Trying to rob AR-AB niggas asking to die
Last nigga tried I was booking that five
Years in the cell, I called my little brother
He hit both witness, then I got acquitted
I wave one hand and my niggas tilt heads
I tell them break a leg I ain't talking show biz
I talking your kids, I make them show ribs
My gun so big it take his whole head