

Hip Hop

Meek Mill

Yeah, we back in the hood
I like recording in Philly
Put me in my zone
(Philly, wassup?)

I remember it was no lights
Mattress on the floor
A thousand roaches, four mice
Yeah, I remember it was no lights Mattress on the floor
A thousand roaches, four mice
Yeah I remember all the cold nights (I do)
Niggas sold white just to live the low life
[?], I was sinning
The crazy part is the designer ain't wanna send it
The dope dealer, was I Emmet
And not magic, you couldn't imagine
The shit I saw, had no choice but to get involved
You either spit it raw, or sell crack and dribble the ball
It's crazy when I seen my own neighbor hitting the soft
I was thinking in my head like I gotta get with this raw
Shit's getting tow up, as she watch me grow up
Right in front of the kids, she fucking her nose up
She's thinking like so what
My homie got colder
She even sold a nintendo, I'm thinking like hol' up
I done seen my homie mommy turn into a zombie
And it was like New Jersey Drive the way we throw them johnnies
When we throw them cars
Slip through like a bowling ball
Ain't had no way to go at all
Who thought that we would go this far?
Matter fact, who thought that we would live this long?
I got the money and the power, made a nigga strong
I had respect before that
Cause every fight, I fought back
Cause I was always taught that
A nigga hit you hold that
Down baby, now it's thirty rounds baby
As I'm riding through my hood
It been going down crazy in this bitch
Where they murder for a half a pound baby
So imagine for a kilo
Shark in the water, nemo
Skinny niggas with a full pound, turn to Deebo
Got the four five and the six call it Cee-Lo
Ya'll niggas talking 'bout murder, that ain't be though
Fuck around and get your life took nigga, repo
Fuck what niggas tell us, I see 'em and know they jealous
Steppin' in my Margielas this nieman like my umbrella
Ballin' like I'm melo
And kinging like I'm Coretta
They my beretta and singing I won't do never
We shooting at all you pussies
Ringing on all you niggas
My city body for body
My finger all on the trigger
I'm ready my niggas heavy

Yellow gold all on my prezzi
I'm switching gears in my rari
I'm feeling like I'm Andretti I'm Freddie all in your dreams
Lean Like I'm Kareem
750 my beam I'm clean fuck do you mean
My team full of gorillas
Killers on 4 wheelers
They stuck me back in the trap
Fresh off of tour nigga
They wanna see my demise
Wanna see me with no job
Wanna see me back on the corner
Fifty niggas we mob
With choppers like fuck the coppers
Duckin' them helicopters
They wanna lock us in boxes
Courthouses and teleprompters
They jealous my album sellin'
Jealous that I ain't jealous
They jealous that I ain't tellin'
I'm focused no I ain't failin'
Propellin' up in the sky
Jealous I ain't die
They jealous a nigga made it
They jealous I don't know why
I don't understand y'all suckas
Guess I ain't meant to
Pussy motherfuckers
Lemme tell 'em what I been through