

# Lights Out

Meek Mill

Yeah, this that "just got to a half a brick" music  
Young nigga, putting lobster in the Oodles of Noodles

When I walk up in this bitch, they turn the lights out  
All the young niggas with me and they iced out  
I had to stack it up and get my mom a nice house  
I could've did the Wraith, instead I brought the bikes out

We never live for tomorrow, new half a brick in the car  
Rich and my chick is a star, I never wish on a star  
Pull up and sit on the car, 'member when we used to starve  
Most of these niggas is frauds, they not who they say that they are  
Niggas do it for the Internet  
We ain't really really into that  
Push a foreign but you rented that  
Shoot a scene, gotta give it back  
Took a loss on a lil cash  
I ain't trip about it, had to get it back  
Move work like SlimFast  
Niggas in and out it with a fifty pack  
Plugged in with the plugs, spikes on with the blood  
Fell back, got the Balmain 'cause the pockets only fit a dub  
That was never what it was, I'm a tell it like it is  
Bust down with the sig, whole gang with me on the way to LIV

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Every nigga with me iced out  
Diamonds dance when the lights out  
I just upgraded my lifestyle  
Overnight and they like, "How?"  
I treat my whip like a pet  
I step on the gas and you hear the pipes growl  
I got like twenty on me at the car wash  
Got the Benz getting wiped down  
Diss records, keep my name out it  
I promise you won't get no fame out it  
Driving by certain trap houses  
Reminiscing when I used to sling out it  
My life was excitin', all of this ice on  
You catch me in Dyckman, I make it look easy  
They hate when they see me, I'm high on the Deegan  
I'm speeding with Meeky and chasing the 'guine  
Or you broke, you just feel abandoned  
Crowd screaming and I hear 'em chant  
Watch you steer the Phantom when I'm in the Hamptons  
Same crew since when I was wearin' Vansons  
It's show time when the gang appearin'  
Niggas hating but the bitches starin'  
Who would think that I'd get a mansion?  
Twenty chains in the mirror, dancin'

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New crib with the elevator  
I got hella haters and they mad at me  
Up in Niemans, going bad at it  
Canada, like it was mad madness  
'Member back when I was dead pop  
Pretty bitches used to laugh at us  
Now I pull up in the red drop  
With the thirty on me and the red dot  
And I lean on 'em when I come through like, "Swerve"  
Rat niggas up the street, shit, I'm like, "They got some nerve"  
Every nigga 'round me look like they got them birds  
Bust down, Big Meech, nigga, we ain't sweet beef, we purge

I bet a mill that you know me, I used to run in them spots  
We was just punching the last four, you was just punching the clock  
I just got rid of my last whore, then I gave her mother a shot  
Pour up, I'm down to my last four, and I fill my cup to the top  
To my hood, I'm an icon, watching out for the pythons  
10K on the left wrist, another dub on my right arm  
I still come and spend nights on corners niggas took lives on  
And they ain't lackin', believe me, they packin'  
My youngins, they keeping they pipes drawn

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