

Otherside Of America

Meek Mill

What do you have to lose?
You're living in poverty
Your schools are no good
You have no jobs
58% of your youth is unemployed
What the hell do you have to lose?

Reportin' live from the other side of America

Mama let me sip the forty, I was just a shorty (Damn)
Then I started spittin' godly, then they said record me
I feel like this shit was for me, this shit just my story (Facts)
Yeah, uh
Jumped off the porch, uh, I got a Porsche, won't take it back
I'm on the block with the killers and holdin' my own, of course (Yeah, check
, check)
I seen my mom and dad separate, ain't talkin' divorce (Talkin' divorce)
Said daddy was livin' by the fire, and he died by the torch (Check, check)
I'm where the AKs is, we like the Bébé's Kids
Ain't have a daddy, I listened to suckers the same way that Ray Ray did
I'm totin' Smith &'s and HKs and I just was a grade A kid
Ain't have no guidance, we grew up with hitters and did everything they said
Point out the block, we spinnin' that (Spinnin')
Run in the spot, we gettin' that (Get it)
Give us some work, we flippin' that (Flippin')
I'm hittin' from jail, they ain't hiittin' back
I need a lawyer, money for commissary, and nobody ain't sendin' that
I'm in my cell like, "When I get out, I'm makin' a movie, no Cinemax" (Woo)
Yeah, back home and I'm fresh on bail
Phone chirpin', it was next to Tell
Block popppin', it was extra sales
Big dogs, they ain't showin' remorse
I was beggin' just to catch a sale
Same block, we was goin' to war
I was prayin' I ain't catch a shell (Check)

Uh, we was starvin' for a thousand nights
Livin' like we tryna die tonight
Glock .40 sound like dynamite
I was fuckin' up my cop money
Sellin' soap like it's China white
OG's said, "You fuckin' the block up"
I was mad, I was tryna fight
Nigga, we hungry
Mama at work, daddy, he dead, nigga we lonely
Stomach growlin' like a AMG, goin' to bed, we hungry
Uzi on me, all my friends are dead, nigga, we lonely
Reportin' live from the other side of America

Reportin' live from the other side (Yeah)
Same corner where my brothers died (Yeah)
Livin' life, we ain't got a care
Told my mama I ain't dyin' here (No)
.40 on me, I ain't buyin' beer (No)
Ain't have a will, now I'm flyin' Lear
Bunch of felons on the jet with me
Make a movie like it's Con Air

Started off in the basement
Now it's rooftops and LeBron there
Still fightin' open cases
Out on bail, nigga, but it's my year
Summertime, it get cold out
Heater on me like a Moncler
Closet bigger than my old house
Thinkin' 'bout it, I was fine there
Came out the dirt (Dirt)
Dedicated, I was makin' it work
Medicated, I was takin' them Percs
Devastated when my niggas got murked
Educated, had to get to it first
I knew trappin', it would get me in jail
Playin' with pistols, it would get me hearse
But I ain't give a fuck, send me to church (Woo)
Yeah, they gotta catch me in traffic (Traffic)
I ain't with none of this rap shit (Rap shit)
I've been tryna run from these caskets
All this pain built in me, nigga
You don't want none of this action
Go get some money and feed your fam
'Cause this is a fuckin' disaster, yeah

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I always dreamed too, of being like, on like CNN and being able to like express myself
And, and, and speak for like the voiceless young men of America (Do it)
The first step, I would say, I grew up in American in a ruthless neighborhood where we were not protected by police, uh
We grew up in ruthless environments, we grew up around murder, you see murder
You see seven people die a week, I think you would probably carry a gun yourself
Would you?
(Uh, yeah, I probably would)