

Respect the Game

Meek Mill

Yah

Big bag, got 'em big mad

A nigga gettin' to some money and his bitch bad

Jumpin' out the Rolls truck with the temp tag

I'm gettin' money, I don't get mad, ugh

Ask a nigga in my hood, he go and said it on stand

And when them situations came, I came out like a champ

When it was pourin' down rain and I came out of it damp

But now it's champagne showers when we poppin' the champ', ugh

We dodged all the feds and they traps

Niggas can't be us 'cause they rats

Stand tall, point a finger, never that

I knew a nigga had it all, went to the B, ain't get it back

That's why I'm humble as ever, and I rumble whatever

Don't chase hoes 'cause they come with this cheddar

I seen my man girl start actin' bougie when he fuck up his cheddar

Before you knew it, niggas was fuckin' her better

I knew about it and I-

Wanted to tell him, I felt funny as ever

But when I told him, he went runnin' to tell her, damn

Remember I was down bad, I'm talkin' under the cellar

Now the Rolls Royces come with umbrellas

For the rain and all the pain that we been through

If you don't feed your wolves they gon' put you on the menu

That's why I be with family and some bulls that I been knew

If money determined loyalty, we'd cut you with a Ginsu

Now I go against you, facts

Rule number one, never count your homie pockets thinkin' you deserve it

Rule number two, never trust a bitch that'll fuck you for some purses

Rule number three, save you some of that money, shit you better stop splurgin'

'Cause when it's all said and done and you back at the bottom, they gon' treat you like you worthless

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Fuck the fame

We millionaires fuck your watch and lil' chain

Niggas disappear as quick as Lil Xan

You feelin' yourself, I know you got a lil' lane

Just hold your composure, I seen this shit happen over and over

That couple hundred thousand holdin' you over

That ain't real money

That's bill money, buy a Rollie, get a wheel money

Catch a case, pay a lawyer, take a deal money

Now you tapped out and got no appeal money

Callin' home like niggas done did you wrong

But when you had that money you could've put niggas on

And the moment they put cuffs on you, your bitch was gone

Student of the game, I'm just ahead of my class

I'm that nigga, but I never got my head up my ass

You doin' good, but I'm ready for bad

And you won't never catch me frontin' 'cause I'm used to bein' second to last

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