

Slippin

Meek Mill

I'm slipping, I'm falling
I gotta get up
I'm slipping, I'm falling
I can't get up
But I'm slipping, I'm falling
I gotta get up
I'm slipping, I was falling
Yeah I bet I'll get up
I'm slipping, I'm falling
I know I'm getting up
I'm slipping, I'm falling
I better get up
But I'm slipping, I'm falling
I gotta get up

Use that money for motivation
Them same ones that came up with me hating
When money talking, it can change a conversation
They'd rather see me locked in shackles, watch me take off
I'm dedicated, but I'm running out of patience
Hoping these pain pills take away frustration
We drinking lean and pouring up until the eighth gone
On medication, me and Satan conversating

Okay that lean had me slipping, damn dawg you tripping
Had to tell my niggas and stay focused on the mission
Now we at the Grammys, started in the kitchen
And I brought the family, fuck them other niggas
Cause ain't nobody listen when I told em I would blow
Now the VIP be crowded every city that I go
Shorty said she like my style, I be thinking, yeah I know
Would've never gave me play back in the day when I was broke
So I ball hard, post it on the Gram just to motivate em
When you're getting money, niggas broke, they supposed to hate it
Hurt my heart when I seen my closest homie caught the vapors
Gotta watch em closely, backstabbers they poke me
Shot me, brought me down on my knees, tried to Derrick Rose me
Won em a ring, still did me like I was Kobe
Talked down on me when they thought that I slipped
You niggas crazy if you thought I would quit, no!

Yo, being broke is so embarrassing, got sick of wasting time
I took some packages to Maryland
Me and Leek, couple pounds of tree in the caravan
Before I ever wrote a rhyme, I had a scam
Might have been young, but I had a plan
I wanted designer clothes
Pooch was in the kitchen with a lot of coke
I wanted this money since a snotty nose
We was in the staircase, watching fiends drifting off
Now it's Teterboro flying private jets, lifting off
Tell the pilot I just need to know when we about to land
I was watching Ds sending out them fiends
Stashed a couple pieces in my Nike sock
Never could I like a cop
My man ain't know his mother used to like the cop

Damn, homie
A Cuban chain and a Rollie'll make your man switch
Same one you flipped grams with and split your sandwich
Meek told me just get this money and motivate em
It's no debating, if you broke we ain't got no relation
Harlem!